

IND38372

NATIONAL LAMPOON

\$2.50

Comics

OH, WOW!
LIKE THE BEST
FOTO FUNNIES!

YOU KNOW, TROTS,
GOOD TASTE ISN'T
EVERYTHING!

COMICS BY
BLECHMAN, GOREY
AND ROTH!

FUNNIER
THAN A KICK
IN THE
HAT!

THE VERY
QUINTESSENCE
OF THE FUNNY
PAGES!

CONTAINS THE
INFAMOUS MAD
MAGAZINE
PARODY!

LOTS OF SUPER
HEROES LIKE
ME!

WHO
NEEDS THIS
CRAP

AT TIMES
LIKE THIS, WHY
DO I THINK ABOUT
MY MOTHER?

If there's one thing the world needs less than another anthology of comics, why, it's another introduction to an anthology of comics, socio-historically inclined, paying tribute to the pioneers in the field, and couched in that cruel parody of English prose style affected by an academic who has lately come to love popular art forms, or an aggressively low-brow comic artist who has discovered that he has been—holy cow!—making art all his life.

This is a collection of comics from the *National Lampoon* magazine, 1970 to 1974. Period. If it becomes a collector's item, that's not its fault. If it finds itself cited in a thesis or two, it cannot be held responsible. If it finds itself crooned over and fondled at comic fan conventions, so what?

It contains hitherto unreprinted comic book parodies from the magazine, the best Foto Funnies we could find, and a goodly sample of the Funny Pages, Cheech,

Nuts, Idyl, Doctor Colon, Dirty Duck, Trots and Bonnie, and all those guys.

The Funny Pages were a stroke of editorial genius struck by Michael Gross, who art directed the *National Lampoon* up from a scruffy little book to a magazine that wins so many design awards it's embarrassing. (Blush.)

Michael Gross likes comics. He doesn't patronize them, admire them as unconscious fine art, camp around with them, or otherwise abuse them.

And now, after more than four years with the magazine, Gross has left us. The editors would like to take this occasion to express to Michael our heartfelt wish that in his new career he is a complete failure, that his business collapses around him, and that he comes crawling home, begging for his old job.

We might take him back.

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Publisher: Gerald L. Taylor

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Another "POPULAR LAWMAN" adventure by MARY KAY BROWN

FEATURING



"SGT." LARS LAWSON

SAGA OF THE FROZEN NORTH



GIANT SLED-DOG "BIG TIM"

plus the whole McClellan family



"DADDY JACK" MACCLANAN
"RETIRED"
MINK RANCHER



MRS. MCLELLAN -
"MOTHER"
OF THREE



Eldest Son NGOMA -
PRIVATE EYE -
HOME FOR THE
HOLIDAYS - WITH
FAITHFUL DOG



DAUGHTER JOY -
NURSES' AIDE
UNMARRIED
BUT 'LOOKING'



YOUNGEST CHILD
- LYSLE -
"LAYABOUT BOY"
HIP BEFORE
HIS TIME



BUFFY



THE MACCLELLAN MINK RANCH - CHRISTMAS EVE - 1953





LATER

¡AYE-CHIHUAHUA! WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE AM I? WHERE'S QUEENIE?
IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST I...
SAY, WHO ARE YOU!?

SHHH! DONT TALK.
I WILL BRING YOU
SOME HOT SOUP.
YOU'RE GOING TO
BE ALLRIGHT.
I'M A NURSE.



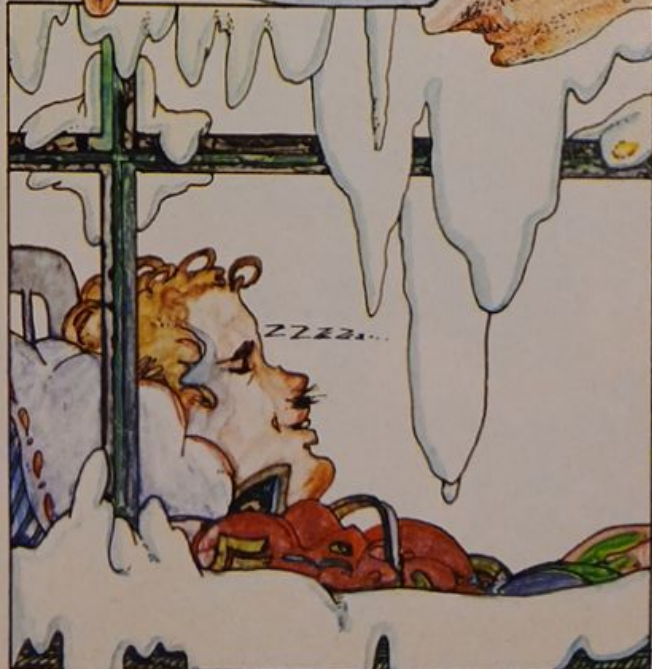
OH THERE
YOU ARE!
I WONDERED
WHERE YOU
WERE.

OH, HI, SIS! POOR BUFFY WAS
TERRIFIED AT ALL THE
COMMOTION, SO, HEH, HEH,
I THOUGHT I'D STAY WITH
HER FOR AWHILE...



SHH, DONT TRY TO
TALK NOW -
YOU MUST
REST.

MMMM
GOOD
MMM



NEXT MORNING...

OH BOY! WAFFLES!
I LOVE WAFFLES!
I HAVEN'T HAD WAF..

SERGEANT!
I HAVE TERRIBLE
NEWS! YOUR DOG
HAS DISAPPEARED
IN THE NIGHT.



MY DOG? BUT-I DON'T HAVE A DOG, I HAVE A HORSE!
YOU SEE, I WAS RIDING ALONG ON OLD QUEENIE WHEN
THIS HUGE DOG CAME LEAPING OUT OF A TREE
OR SOMETHING - RIGHT ON TOP OF ME! I CAN
REMEMBER IT NOW- HE KNOCKED ME DOWN!
IT WAS AWFUL- THEN HE FOLLOWED ME FOR
MILES THROUGH THE SNOW, TRYING TO
BITE ME - MY CLOTHES WERE SOAKED... AND
THEN I SAW YOUR LIGHTS AND... AND...

SHHH



WELL-BYE BYE EVERYBODY.
BUFFY AND I HAVE TO HEAD
BACK FOR TORONTO. HEH HEH HEH...
SAY GOODBY, BUFFY
HA HA.

GOODBYE DEAR
THANKS AGAIN
FOR THE T.V.

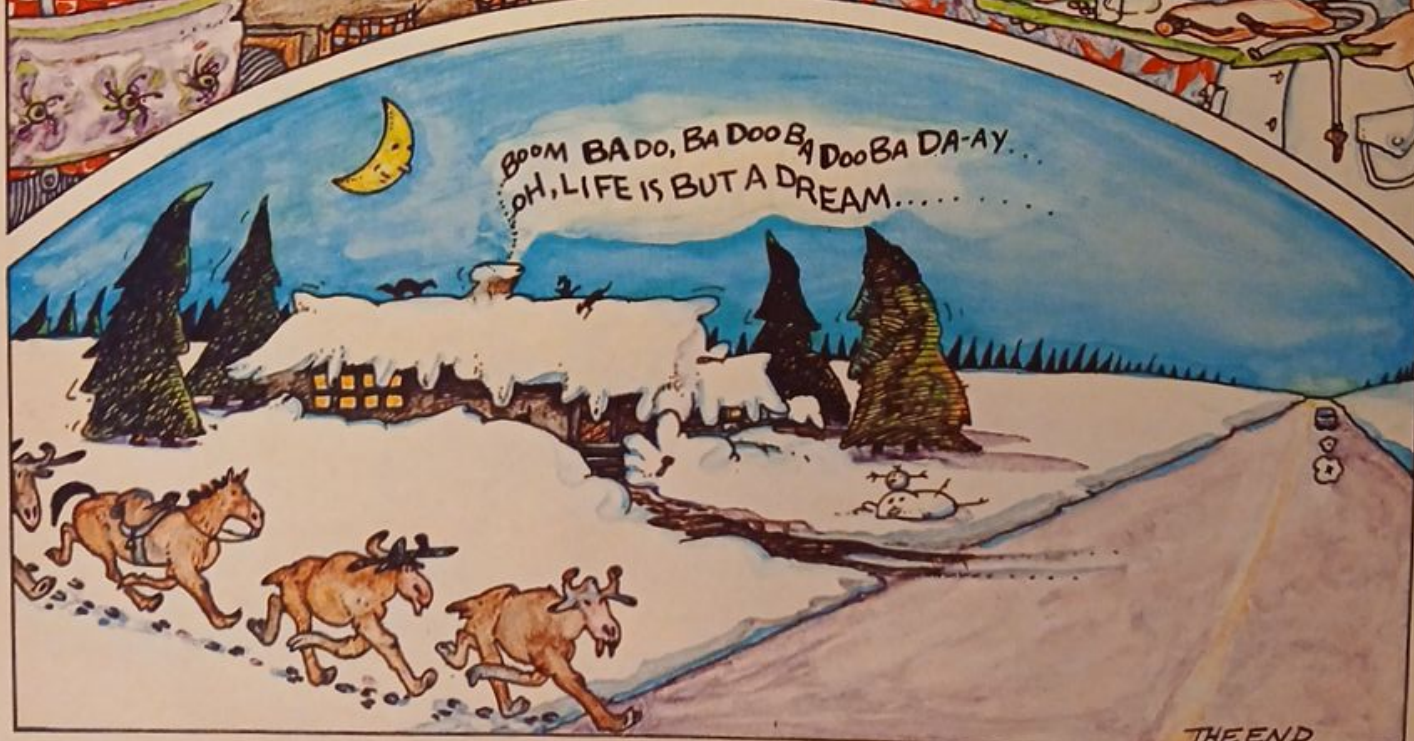
YEAH, SO LONG,
HEY.

IT'S VERY
NICE.

TRA
LA
LA
LA



BOOM BADO, BA DOO B, DOO BA DA-AY...
OH, LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.....



THE END



G. GORDON LIDDY AGENT OF...



COVERT
COMICS
GROUP

20¢ IN
CASH

CREEP

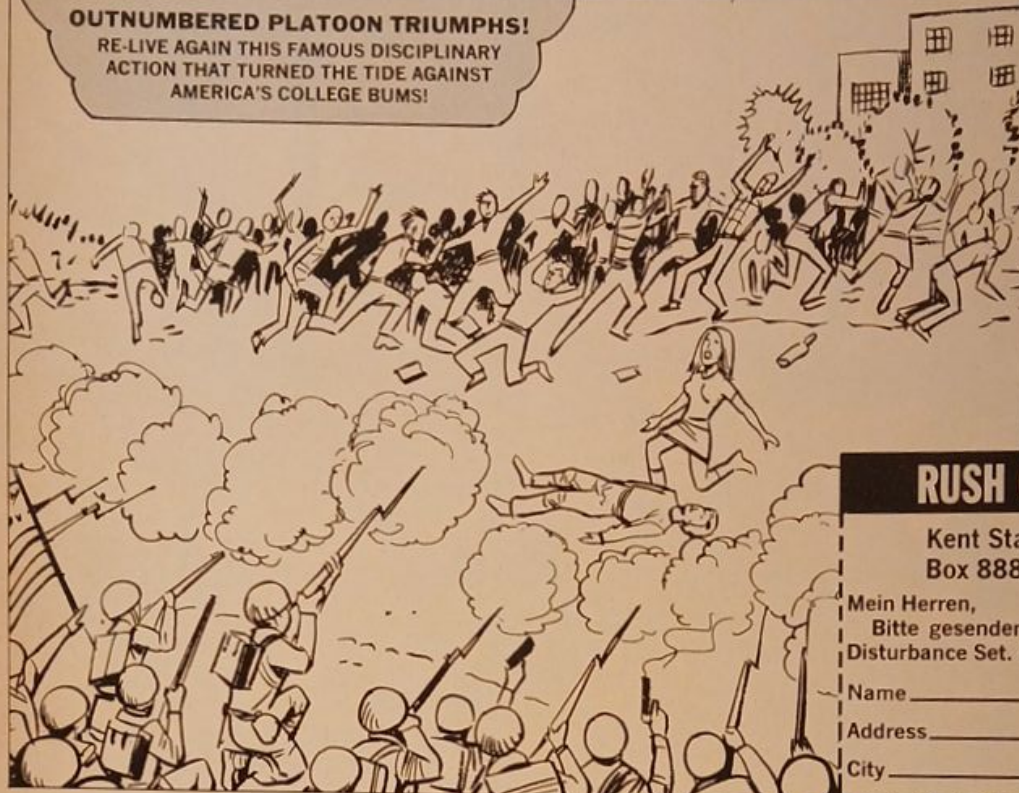


DICK
AYERS

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OUTNUMBERED PLATOON TRIUMPHS!
RE-LIVE AGAIN THIS FAMOUS DISCIPLINARY ACTION THAT TURNED THE TIDE AGAINST AMERICA'S COLLEGE BUMS!



HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

- 110 Fleeing Students
- 9 Bleeding Students
- 4 Dead Students
- 1 Kneeling Girl
- 36 Standing National Guard Riflemen
- 12 Kneeling National Guard Riflemen
- 12 Prone National Guard Riflemen
- 7 Officers 9 w. pistols
- 5 Rock-throwing government provocateurs
- 7 Negroes
- 1 Guttured ROTC Building

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

Kent State Disturbance Set
Box 888, Washington, D.C.

Mein Herren,
Bitte gesenden me zis 204 pc. Kent State Disturbance Set. Danke schoen.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

NEVER FINISH HIGH SCHOOL? Train at home to be a White House aide!

DON'T FORGET, HONEY, WE HAVE A DATE WITH ULASEWICZ'S TONIGHT.

AW, HONEY, I'M BUSHED. DRIVIN' THAT LOUSY TRACTOR TRAILER ALL DAY WITHOUT A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA...

OH, ALRIGHT.

PLEASE, DEAR. WE HARDLY GET OUT AT ALL ANYMORE.

LATER... SAY, TONY AND HELEN GOT A PRETTY NICE PLACE HERE. HE NEVER FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL EITHER. WONDER HOW HE SWUNG IT.

OH, DIDN'T YOU KNOW? TONY WORKS FOR THE WHITE HOUSE NOW.

...AND TONY TOOK THIS ONE WHILE HE WAS IN CHAPPAQUIDDICK...

YA SEEM TO BE DOIN' OKAY, TONY. TRAVELIN' AROUND THE COUNTRY... SACKS FULLA CASH ALL OVER THE HOUSE... LEVEL WITH ME. HOW'D YA BREAK IN?

EASIER THAN YA TINK WIT WHITE HOUSE TRAININ'!

BUT DON'T I NEED A HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA?

NOT AT THE WHITE HOUSE. IN JUST A MATTER OF A FEW WEEKS DEY CAN HAVE YOU DOIN' JOBS YOU NEVER DREAMED OF DOIN'. EVEN IF YA NEVER SEEN A PAPER SHREDDER BEFORE IN YOUR LIFE! AN' YA CAN DO IT IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

HOW ABOUT YOU? WANT TO JOIN THE THOUSANDS OF GUYS LIKE ME WHO WORK FOR THE WHITE HOUSE? WRITE FOR THE FACTS TODAY!

Please send me the facts as near as you can determine them describing the various options available. I understand that requesting information on the subject matter does not put me in an untenable position, nor subject me to subpoena. All inquiries are protected by Executive Privilege.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
PHONE NUMBER OF TELEPHONE BOOTH NEAREST YOU _____

G. GORDON LIDDY, AGENT OF C.R.E.E.P.!



THE SECURITY OF THE PRESIDENT AND THUS THE NATION IS BEING THREATENED BY A NAMELESS, FACELESS ENEMY KNOWN ONLY AS **THEM**, A SEEMINGLY DISORGANIZED ORGANIZATION OF SUBVERSIVES, CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS AVERAGE CITIZENS AND HEADED BY **MAD DOCTOR ELLSBERG!**

THEIR GOAL: TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT BY DEFEATING THE PRESIDENT IN AN ELECTION! THOUGH OUTNUMBERED BY ODDS OF ONE MILLION TO 1, C.R.E.E.P.'S MISSION IS CLEARLY DEFINED - TO RE-ELECT THE PRESIDENT...

IN THE NAME OF NATIONAL SECURITY!

NO! NO! NO!



WRITTEN BY: MARC RUBIN AND CHRIS MILLER
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS HOLLIDGE

USING DIABOLICAL PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE, THEM AGENTS HAVE LAUNCHED THEIR ALL-OUT ATTACK ON AMERICA...

DOW-JONES
FELL FIVE MORE
POINTS TODAY,
AND THE
ECONOMY IS IN
THE WORST
SHAPE SINCE...

THE
PRESIDENT'S
POPULARITY
FELL FIVE MORE
POINTS TODAY,
THE LOWEST
IT'S BEEN
SINCE...

... AND IN SPORTS,
THE WASHINGTON
REDSKINS FELL
FROM FIRST PLACE
FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN FIVE...

NATIONAL SECURITY
IS BEING THREATENED
AGAIN!

... AND, INDEED THE SECURITY OF THE
PRESIDENT HIMSELF!

ENEMIES ARE
EVERYWHERE!

I'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!



AT THE SAME POINT IN TIME ...

"...THE DOCUMENTS IN ONE HAND, MONIQUE'S DIAMOND-HARD BREAST IN HIS OTHER, HE..."

"= WHA--? "

AGENT HUNT, REPORT TO RENDEZVOUS ONE!

AGENT BARKER! RENDEZVOUS ONE, ON THE DOUBLE!

R MAN IN HAVANA

BOY EATS OTHER FOOT!
NATIONAL INQUIRER

...AND SOME MORE DOGGIE FLOOR MESS, AND SOME--HUH?

NOVELTIES

MOORE CUSIONS

AGENT SEGRETTI, MOVE-A YOU ASS TO RENDEZVOUS ONE!

AGENT ULASEWICZ! RENDEZVOUS ONE, PRONTO!

BUENOS DIAS LAUNDRY

AND SO, AT RENDEZVOUS ONE ...

I WONDER WHERE THE CHIEF IS? IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO BE EVEN A MINUTE LATE!

TRY NOT TO WORRY, HOWIE!

I'M ALREADY HERE, YA BOZOS!

SCREW OUR POLITICAL ENEMIES?

ENOUGH SOCIALIZIN'! WE AIN'T GOT A SECOND T' SPARE! THEM IS BACK AN' THEY'RE THREATEN TA DESTROY NATIONAL SECURITY! AN' YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS WE GOTTA DO!

KER RASH!

GET SOMETHING ON ELLSBERG? AGAIN?

MORE ON ELLSBERG?

WHAT'S LEFT?

SHAADUP AND MOVE IT!

AND SO THE FORCES OF C.R.E.E.P. INITIATE A LIGHTNING SERIES OF SURREPTITIOUS ENTRIES, BEGINNING WITH RS. 31, MAD DR. ELLSBERG'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL...



"...COME AND GET ME," SHE BREATHED, DRAPED ACROSS THE SEDAN CHAIR. HER BREASTS WERE LIKE GEMSTONES..."

"CARAMBA, MEESTER HUNT. ILEESTEN TO THEES! HE GETS A 'U' EEN WORKS AND PLAYS WELL WEETH OTHERS!"

WHILE ACROSS TOWN, AT THE OFFICE OF DR. SIDNEY FLOTSTEIN...



"JEY, BERNIE! LOOK AT THEES! HE DREENK FLOURIDATED WATER SEENCE BIRTH!"

"I SEET STEEL OR I DREEL YOU!"

"IF WE'RE FOLLOWED, THIS BAG OF SHIT SHOULD MAKE THINGS MESSY!"

AND AT A CLEANERS NEAR MAD DR. ELLSBERG'S LAIR...



NOW TO GET DIS ELLSBERG DIRT BACK TO DA LAB!

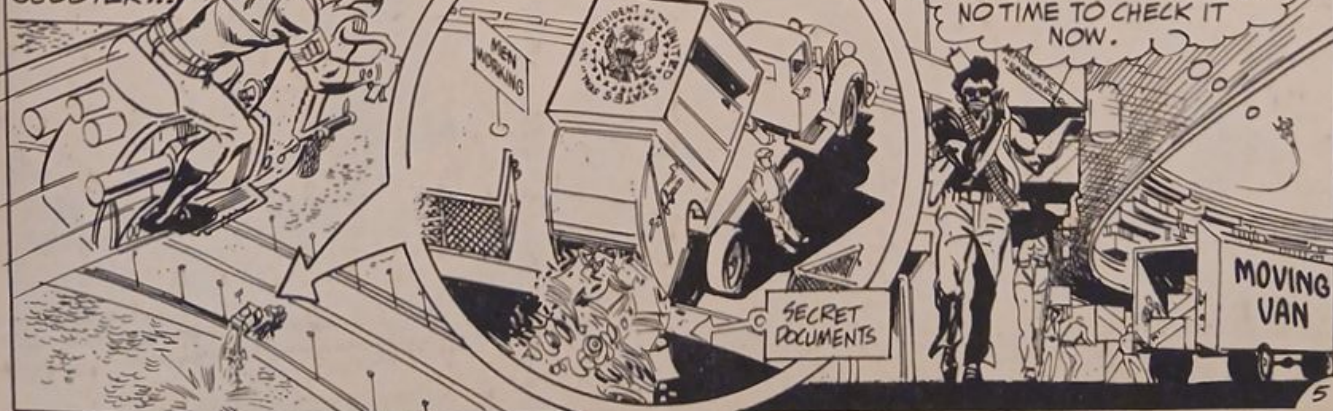
ELLSBERG

FOLLOWED BY A BREAK-IN AT THE WASHINGTON TELEPHONE COMPANY...



ELBERG... ELLIS... HERE IT IS! ELLSBERG! 497-5437! I BETTER GET THIS BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND SEE WHAT THE OTHERS FOUND!

AGENT LIDDY FLIES AWAY OVER THE DARK POTOMAC ON HIS HELI-SCOOTER...



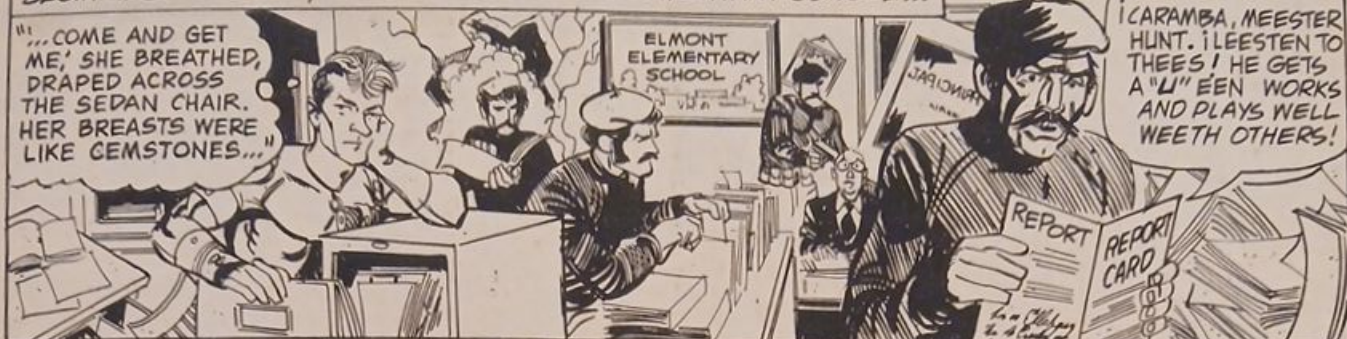
...TO THE WATERGATE HOWARD JOHNSON COMPLEX...

HMMM... SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT VAN... BUT NO TIME TO CHECK IT NOW.

SECRET DOCUMENTS



AND SO THE FORCES OF C.R.E.E.P. INITIATE A LIGHTNING SERIES OF SURREPTITIOUS ENTRIES, BEGINNING WITH RS. 31, MAD DR. ELLSBERG'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL...



WHILE ACROSS TOWN, AT THE OFFICE OF DR. SIDNEY FLOTSTEIN...



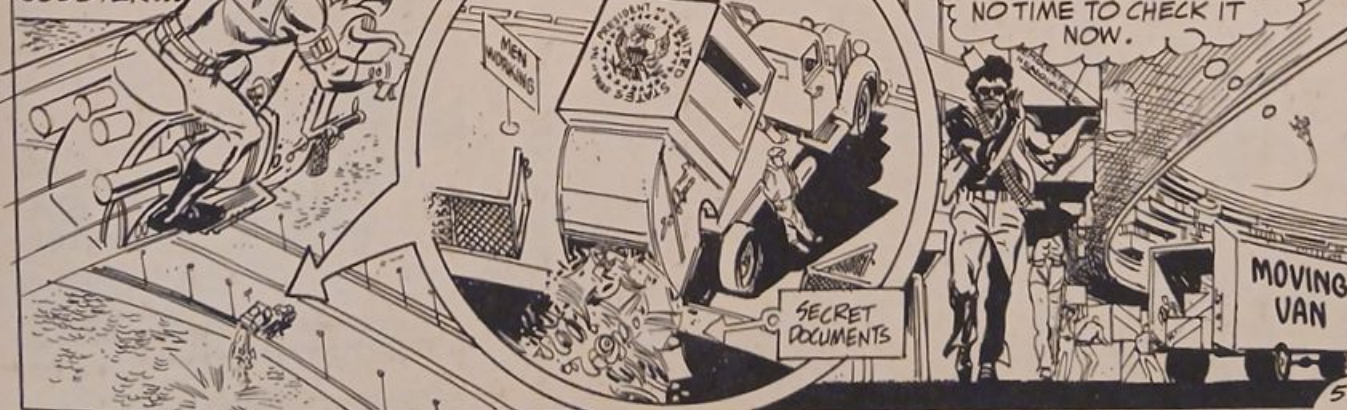
AND AT A CLEANERS NEAR MAD DR. ELLSBERG'S LAIR...



FOLLOWED BY A BREAK-IN AT THE WASHINGTON TELEPHONE COMPANY...



AGENT LIDDY FLIES AWAY OVER THE DARK POTOMAC ON HIS HELI-SCOOTER...



BUT AS LIDDY DESCENDS INTO THE CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED C.R.E.E.P. HEAD-QUARTERS...



JUST GOT TIME TO GET BACK TO MY APARTMENT, SHOWER AN' SHAVE AN' GET TO THE WHITE HOUSE!



GONZALES! WHERE'S HUNT 'N' BARKER 'N' EVERYONE?

! THEY NO COME BACK YET, BOSS!



WHERE ARE THOSE LUNKHEADS? IF THEY AIN'T BACK WITH THE DIRT ON ELLSBERG, THAT MEANS I GOTTA GO GUARD THE PRESIDENT'S DINNER PERSONALLY!

OH, GORDON! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU ALL DAY!

NOT NOW, BABY! I HAVEN'T GOT A TIME FRAME TO LOSE!



GORDON, YOU PROMISED!

OKAY, BABY! YOU WIN!



BUT WHILE GORDON LIDDY IS CONSUMED BY THE FIRES OF PASSION, HIS FELLOW AGENTS ARE MEETING HEAT OF QUITE ANOTHER KIND, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THEM HEADQUARTERS...

"...HE SWITCHED THE BERETTA TO HIS RIGHT HAND AND, WITH HIS LEFT, REACHED UP HER-- NO--DOWN HER..."

NEVER, YOU BASTARDS! I'LL NEVER BREAK MY SILENCE FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY!

I CAN'T RECOLLECT!



WE HAVE WAYS OF REFRESHING RECOLLECTIONS. BUT RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE A LITTLE DINNER ENGAGEMENT. WE'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER.





WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES BELOW, GORDON LIDDY SPRINGS INTO ACTION...



HANG ON, MR. PRESIDENT! I'VE GOT A PLAN!

...AND NOT A TIME FRAME TOO SOON!

...OBVIOUSLY DEEP-SEATED PARANOIA SYNDROME, COMBINED WITH AMBULATORY SCHIZOPHRENIA, BROUGHT ON BY GUILT STIMULATED BY AN OVERLY DOMINEERING FATHER, RESULTING IN DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR AND FREQUENT EPISODES OF MASSIVE DENIAL, RELATING TO INFANTILE OEDIPAL FANTASIES, NOT TO MENTION...

...UTILIZING MAXIMUM DEPLOYMENT TACTICS WITH OPTIMUM DISRUPTIVE FALL-BACK SEQUENCE, INCLUDING PROTECTIVE REACTION STRIKES, MINIMIZED BY ZERO-SUM OPTIONS...



I DON'T WANNA KNOW! JUST DO IT!

NO TIME TO GET H.R.'S INITIALS! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

KA-BOOM!

I USED ONE OF YOUR OWN STRATEGIES, MR. PRESIDENT! I DESTROYED YOUR DINNER IN ORDER TO SAVE IT!

I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE! I REPEAT, I HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE!

IT WAS DEAN!

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE!

I CAN'T RECOLLECT!

I WAS ONLY A CONDUIT!



BUT, IN HINDSIGHT, IT APPEARS THAT YOU'RE NOT SAVED QUITE YET, MR. PRESIDENT...

COMING NEXT ISSUE:

SENATOR SAM AND HIS COMMITTEE OF DOOM!

Earl D. Porker ★ Social Worker

MONDAY MORNING

AT HOME EARL PORKER RELAXES BEFORE STARTING ANOTHER GRUELING DAY COUNSELING AMERICA'S YOUTH...



AT THE OFFICE EARL PORKER RELAXES BEFORE STARTING THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS DESTINED TO END NO EARLIER THAN 2:30 THAT AFTERNOON...



LATER THAT EVENING...

LISTEN - HOW ABOUT SIDEBURNS THEN?

JUST SMALL ONES

AND THAT'S ALL.



WELL, DIERDRE! HOW ARE YOU?

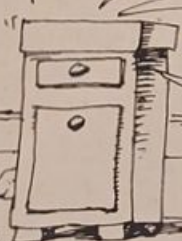
FINE.



NO, DEFINITELY NOT. THEN YOU'LL WANT A LITTLE GOATEE!

OR A MOUSTACHE.

PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE RUNNING AROUND IN A FULL BEARD LIKE A YIPPEE OR SOMETHING - NO - DEFINITELY NOT!



M.K. BROWN

BILL - THE STORY OF A NEWT WHO WAS EATEN BY HIS SUIT

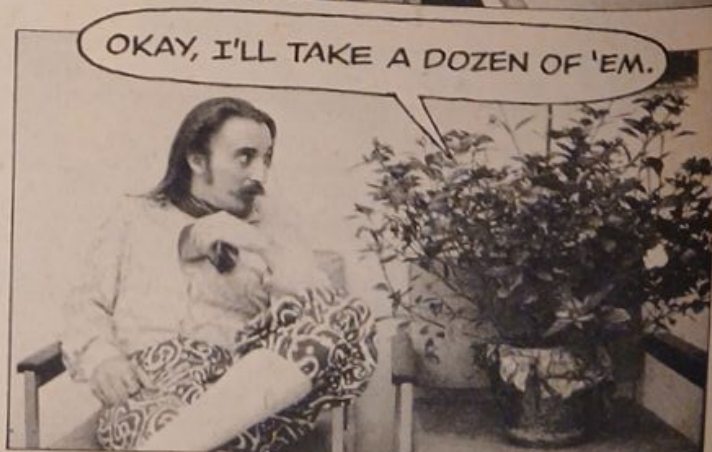


HAWHAWHAW



HEY! WHAT THE...

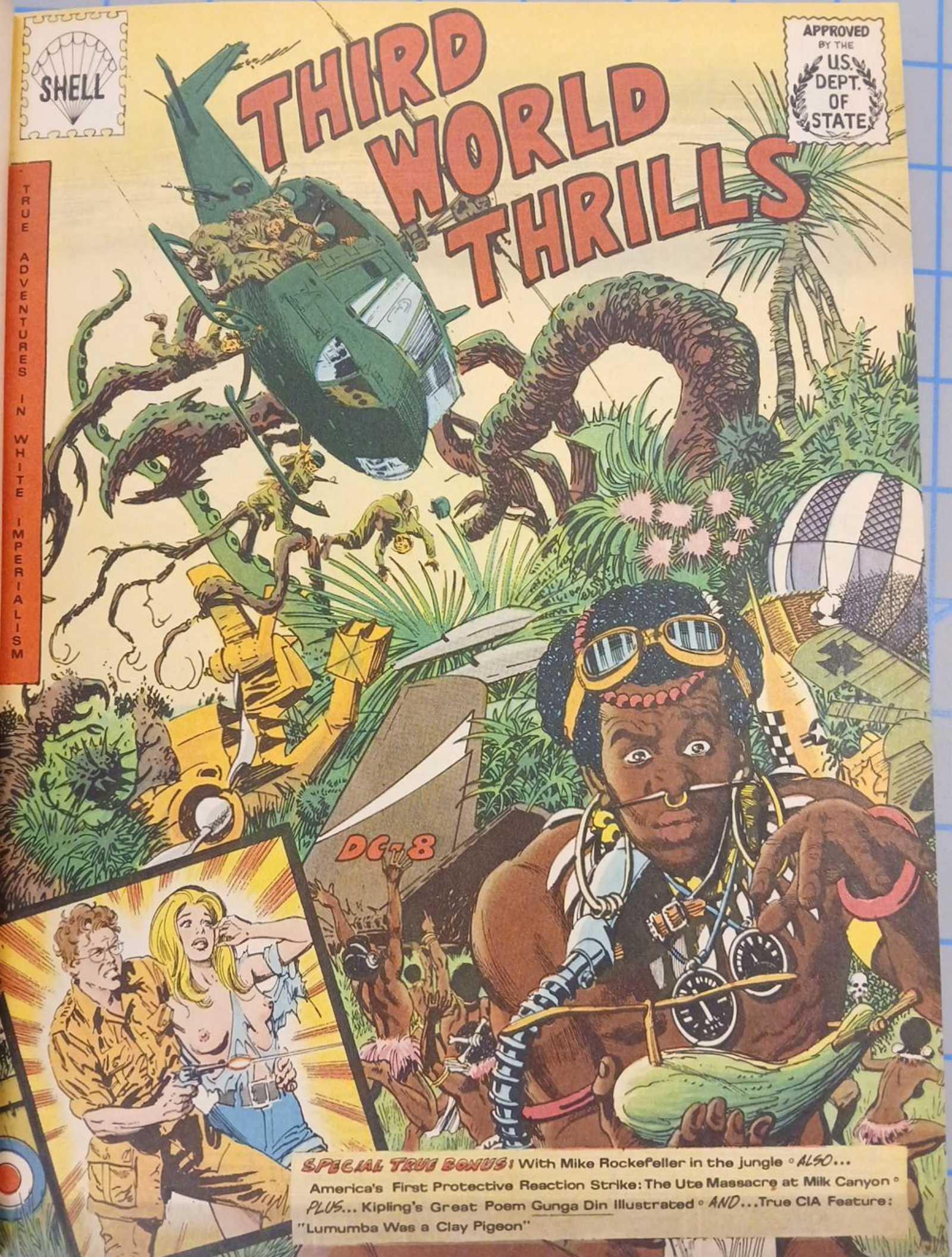
M.K. BROWN





TRUE ADVENTURES IN WHITE IMPERIALISM

THIRD WORLD THRILLS



DC-8



SPECIAL TRUE BONUS: With Mike Rockefeller in the jungle • ALSO... America's First Protective Reaction Strike: The Ute Massacre at Milk Canyon • PLUS... Kipling's Great Poem Gunga Din Illustrated • AND... True CIA Feature: "Lumumba Was a Clay Pigeon"

RICHARD M. NIXON, World's No. 1 Chief of State, says:

"Don't Be A Second-Rate Power"

Let ME SHOW You How You Can Be TOP COUNTRY from Coast to Coast—For Just \$20 Billion a Year!

Take a good honest look at your country. Are you proud of your armed forces—or are you satisfied to go through history being a "second-rate" power? No matter how impotent you feel with your present social structure—or how docile your people—the imperialistic greed already present in your electorate can turn you into THE SCOURGE OF THE PLANET! Believe me, I know—because I was once a washed-up, has-been politico myself. Newspapers used to kick me around and make fun of me... I was ashamed to speak at Party functions... shy of power... afraid to run even for the bus.

HOW I CHANGED A "NO-WIN" WAR INTO A "MORAL VICTORY"!

One day, I discovered a tactic that changed me from an appeasing, backsliding bureaucrat into "The World's Most Despised Mass Murderer"—a "lightning offensive" that can make you, too, the terror of all developing countries... a real SUPERSTATE from sea to shining sea... a figure who STRIKES TERROR into niggers and gooks everywhere... What's that tactic? MASSIVE OVERKILL!—the Old Persuader. No appeasement. No sanctuary and no mercy. You do just as I did. Simply take all the anti-personnel material you can develop, and drop them on the enemy of your choice every single day until they "submit to negotiations." Almost before you know it, you're TOP NATION in all the history books.

MY SECRET TACTIC BUILDS SUPERPOWERS FAST!

Just \$20 billion a year in the armament industries of your country is all it takes to demoralize your enemies so much they'll beg to sell you their natural resources for pennies... swell the pockets of your favorite industrialists... build your prestige in the U.N. Security Council. Cable wire today for my catalogue of "MASSIVE OVERKILL" antipersonnel devices, showing how you can decimate any developing nation that gets in your way.



WIELD THIS AWESOME POWER: Be the envy of all nations!

Inquire now, and get instructive studies from the RAND Corporation, telling you how to remotivate your people to support your imperialistic ambitions.

SO YOU WANT...

CHEESEBURGER BOMB

Next best thing to an H-bomb. Wipes out all animal and vegetable life for 300-yard radius. Leaves permanent crater 45 feet deep.



WHITE PHOSPHORUS

Even more demoralizing than napalm! Burns up to TWO WEEKS on contact with human flesh. Impossible to extinguish.



LEAF MINE

Looks like pretty-colored strip of tinfoil, but explodes instantly when touched. Very attractive to children.



... THEN BUY THIS NOW!

HERE'S THE KIND OF ARSENAL I WANT:

- ☐ MORE POISON GAS
- ☐ BETTER BIO-WARFARE TOXINS
- ☐ LOWER-YIELD TACTICAL NUCLEAR WEAPONS
- ☐ MORE UNMANTIONABLE ANTIPERSONNEL WEAPONS

RICHARD NIXON

1660 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 10000

I'm not getting the respect I deserve from World Opinion. Tell me how I can redesign my industry and remotivate my people to make me Top Man on the Global Totem Pole.

Puppet Tyrant
Nation
Defense Budget
Preferred Targets

FIBERGLASS SHRAPNEL FLECHETTES

Penetrates victim's body with jagged pellets impossible to pick up on an X-ray. Need we say more?



My very own account of the miserable failures over which I triumphed to become President of ALL the people!

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF A "DICK"



IN 1962, MICHAEL ROCKEFELLER, SCION OF A POWERFUL AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, DISAPPEARED INTO THE UNMAPPED WILDS OF NEW GUINEA. IT WAS AS IF THE JUNGLE HAD OPENED AND ENGULFED HIM LIKE SOME IMMENSE AND SINISTER VENUS'S-FLYTRAP. NO TRACE REMAINED.



CONSTERNATION SWEEPED THE WORLD. THE SEARCH WENT ON FOR MONTHS. BUT ALL THE ROCKEFELLER MILLIONS WERE AS NOTHING TO THE SLUMBERING ENIGMA WHICH IS NEW GUINEA.

DAILY NEWS NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER ROCK KIN STAYS LOST

Berserk Beast
Gobbles Gal's
Gam.



THE YEARS PASSED. THE REEKING SWAMPS YIELDED NO HINT OF THEIR AWFUL SECRET. AND SO, THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY BRAVELY CARRIED ON ITS TRADITION OF PHILANTHROPY, PUBLIC SERVICE, AND COURAGEOUS LIBERALISM.



BUT WAS
MICHAEL
REALLY
DEAD?

NEW GUINEA PIG

STORY: DEAN LATIMER and
P.J. O'ROURKE
ART: GRAY MORROW

AH, QUININE... LEGACY OF A
LIFETIME IN THE TROPICS!

Esso



THE TROUBLE BEGAN SOMEWHERE OVER THE TRACKLESS JUNGLES OF NEW GUINEA. KINDLY OLD DR. SWINBURNE AND I HAD HOPPED A CHINA CLIPPER CARRYING EMERGENCY TYPHUS SERUM FROM MELBOURNE TO MACAO. SUDDENLY, TWO HOURS OUT OF PORT MORESBY...

GREAT SCOTT! THE AILERONS ARE FEATHERED! THE FLAPS ARE OSCILLATING WILDLY! I CAN'T HOLD ON TO HER!



WE'LL CRASH FOR SURE!

BY GEORGE, GENTLEMEN! WE SEEM TO HAVE FLOWN WITHIN THE FORBIDDEN FIFTY-MILE RADIUS OF THE DREAD **CARGO CULTISTS**, WHO DRAW AIRCRAFT DOWN TO THEIR ALTAR WITH VOOODOO AND MAGIC!



THESE SAVAGES HAVE SO FAR SUCCESSFULLY ELUDED ANY ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY. IT'S MY THEORY THAT THEY EMPLOY SOME SORT OF RUDIMENTARY PSYCHOKINESIS...

SHIT!



SLOWLY I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, MY HEAD THROBBING TO THE BEAT OF NATIVE DRUMS. BY SOME MIRACLE, I HAD BEEN THROWN CLEAR OF THE DOOMED PLANE. MY COMPANIONS HAD NOT BEEN SO LUCKY...

I GEET DEE ALTEEMEETER!

I GEET DEE CUMPASS!

I GEET DEE SHORTWAVE RADIO!

I GEET DEE THREE DOZEN PERSONAL-SIZE AIR SEEKNESS RECEPTACLES!!!



ASTONISHED, I WATCHED THE FRENZIED CARGO CULTISTS STRIP THEIR SMOLDERING PRIZE OF ITS BOOTY!

I WANDERED... I KNOW NOT HOW LONG. THEN...

GASP! A CLEARING



THERE BEFORE ME, IN THE MIDST OF THIS FORSAKEN WILDERNESS, THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM ANY CIVILIZATION...



IN A DAZE I WAS LED ACROSS THE GROUNDS OF THE PLANTATION...

I GOT SUNSHINE ON A CLOUDY DAY
♪♪ WHEN IT'S COLD OUT ♪♪
I EVEN GOT THE MONTH OF MAY...

I SPOKE TO THE NATIVE BOY IN PIDGIN ENGLISH.

ME FELLA
COME FROM SKY IN BIG FELLA
BIRD. BIRD FELLA, HIM GET VERY
BAD FELLA SICK, GO DIE-DIE...

YOUSE TO SEE
DE MASSA, BOSS?



IT HAD BEEN TEN YEARS, BUT I
RECOGNIZED HIM INSTANTLY.

MASSA MICHAEL,
LOOKY WHAT
DE CAT DONE
DRUG IN!

THAT'S RIGHT NICE,
SAMBO. YOU GET
BACK ON THE LAWN
NOW.

MICHAEL
ROCKEFELLER,
I PRESUME?



IT IS MY HUMBLE® PRIVILEGE TO WELCOME
YOU TO BLACKMORT, A ROCKRESORT ©.
YOU JUST PULL UP A CHAIR AND SET A WHILE.

DINNER WAS AT SEVEN. OVER AN EXOTIC REPAST, I EXPLAINED MY
RATHER ABRUPT APPEARANCE TO MY GRACIOUS HOST.

MY YES, GLAD Y'ALL COULD COME!
THOSE UPPITY CARGO CULTISTS,
THEY JUST DON'T KNOW THEIR
PLACE... RESISTED EVERY ATTEMPT
I'VE MADE TO CIVILIZE THEM.

HAVE SOME MORE LEECHES
AND PAN-FRIED CHICKEN, SONZ?

NOT LIKE OUR DARKIES
HERE, NO SIR. WE LET THEM
PUT ON NO AIRS! YOU COME
TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE
PLANTATION AND I'LL SHOW
YOU WHAT I MEAN.



NO, NO! TRY
IT AGAIN:
"YAS, BOSS,
DAT SHO'AM
SOME FINE
WADDY-MELON!"

YAS, DAT BOSS
SHO AM SOME
FINE...

AH TOTES,
YOU TOTES,
HE-SHEE-IT
TOTES!



YES, WE HAVE QUITE A PROGRAM
TO BRING THESE PRIMITIVES THE
BENEFITS OF WESTERN THOUGHT
AND TRADITION.

DEN DE LAND
JESUS COMES
INNA DEISEL
TRAIN AN' TAKE
YOUSE ALL TO
HEBBIN!!

TELL IT,
BROTHER!

AY-MEN!

YAS, BOSS,
DAT SHO'AM
SOME FINE
WADDY-MELON!



I THINK YOU CAN SEE THEY'RE
ACCLTURING NICELY. YOU
KNOW, THEY'RE SO HAPPY AND
CAREFREE... NOT A WORRY.

"OH, DEM
GOLDEN
SLIPPERS,
OH, DEM
GOLDEN
SLIPPERS..."

EMOTE
DARLINGS,
EMOTE!



THEY DON'T FEEL PAIN
LIKE WE DO. AND I PER-
SONALLY SEE TO IT THAT
THE LIGHTER-SKINNED ONES
ARE TAUGHT USEFUL TRADES!

YOU, RUFUS, ROLL
DEM EYES BACK
FURTHER! NOW
EVERYBODY
SHUFFLE!

FEETS, DO
YO STUFF!



DE CAMPTOWN
RACES RUN ALL
NIGHT, DOO-DAH,
DOO-DAH...

ALTHOUGH MANY OF MY QUESTIONS HAD GONE UN-ANSWERED, WHEN I RETIRED THAT NIGHT IT CERTAINLY SEEMED AS THOUGH I HAD STUMBLED ON SOME VERITABLE GARDEN OF EDEN.



BUT WHY WAS I PLAGUED WITH DIM FOREBODINGS? WHY WAS MY SLEEP, WHEN IT CAME, FITFUL AND NIGHTMARISH?



SUDDENLY...

OWTCH! SHEET, BUCKWHEAT, WATCH YO SPEAR! DAT'S SHARP!



SHEET!

OW!

IS YO'DE WHITE MAN?

MOFFOK!

LEMME GO!

AHZ DON' KNOW, IT TOO DARK!

RIP! STAB! CUT! SQUISH! JAB! GORE! POW!

I NARROWLY ESCAPED MY UNSEEN ASSASSINS!

MAMMY!

LAWSY!

SWANEE!

OPEN UP DE PEARLY GATES, JESUS! AHZ COMIN' HOME!



MY HEADLONG RUSH WAS INTERRUPTED BY A HORRIBLE CRY FROM WITHIN A MYSTERIOUS STRUCTURE THAT LAY BEHIND THE PLANTATION ...

AAIEEEEE!



ENTERING THE SINISTER BUILDING, I WAS STRUCK DUMB BY A SCENE OF UTTER DEPRAVITY!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THESE WOMEN? WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT GIVES?

MY FRIEND, WHAT YOU ARE SEEING HERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF INTERRACIAL BLOOD-LETTING. CARE FOR ANOTHER LEECH?

BUT BUT BUT...

WELL, SINCE IT SEEMS YOU ELUDED MY YOUNG BUCKS, YOU MAY AS WELL HEAR MY WHOLE STORY BEFORE WE THROW YOU TO THE SNAKES AND 'GATORS.

"YOU SEE, BACK IN THE EARLY TWENTIES, IT OCCURRED TO GRANDAD JOHN D. THAT BLACK PEOPLE SEEM TO RESIDE ATOP A DISPROPORTIONATE AMOUNT OF THE WORLD'S NATURAL RESOURCES. NOW, THIS HIT GRAMPS RIGHT WHERE HE LIVED! 'SURE,' HE EXCLAIMED, 'AND THEY'LL JUST FRITTER IT ALL AWAY ON CRAP-SHOOTING AND CHEAP WHISKEY!' SO THAT VERY DAY HE STARTED PLANNING TO FACILITATE THE RELEASE OF THAT UNTOLD WEALTH, AND PRESENTLY HE HIT UPON THE SOLUTION: A ONE-HUNDRED-PERCENT-EFFECTIVE SICKLE-CELL-ANEMIA VIRUS!! EVERYBODY ON THE DARK SIDE OF AN OCTAROON WILL BE AMORTIZED WITHIN THIRTY YEARS ONCE WE ACHIEVE A PERFECT SYNTHESIS!"

GRANDAD BUILT THE HOUSE, BUT DADDY SIPHONED OFF ENOUGH FUNDS FROM THE SOUTH MALL TO PUT UP THE LAB. PICKED UP A LOT OF PRIMITIVE ART WHILE HE WAS OUT HERE, SO WE ACTUALLY CAME OUT AHEAD ON THE WHOLE THING..."



"OF COURSE, CERTAIN OBSTACLES HAD TO BE REMOVED FROM TIME TO TIME..."

SO WHEN ALL THE TROUBLE STARTED, WE DECIDED TO KEEP SOMEBODY FROM THE FAMILY HERE ON THE SPOT FULL-TIME. THAT'S ME! ALL THESE BOYS HERE, SEE, ARE PHDS WHO GRADUATED FROM NEW YORK COLLEGES AND COULDN'T FIND WORK, SO WE FETCH THEM HERE TO PAY OFF THEIR STATE REGENT'S LOANS. THAT, SIR, WAS JUST ONE OF MY INNOVATIONS. SURE ENOUGH, I'VE MADE A WHOLE MESS OF CHANGES AROUND HERE...

YOU...YOU...YOU... BIGOT! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

BOYS!

...AND WE HAD TO BUY OFF SOME PERIPHERAL FIGURES, TOO! GAVE NIXON THE PRESIDENCY, CONNALLY THE TREASURY, MADE PETER FONDA A STAR, PUBLISHED ERICH SEGAL, AND SPRANG TIM LEARY...



Y'KNOW, THIS HERE NEW GUINEA SEEMED JUST THE SPOT FOR A LITTLE DREAM I'VE ALWAYS HAD... WHY, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG 'UN, I MUST'VE SEEN GONE WITH THE WIND AT LEAST THIRTY-SIX TIMES!

I REALIZED THIS MADMAN WAS OBVIOUS TO ALL...

GENTILITY... HOSPITALITY... SOUTHERN CHIVALRY... CORSETS AND BUSTLES!



HEY, MASSA MICHAEL! WHATS WE DO WID DE WHITE BOY?





OUTA AHR
WAY, BOY!
YOU GET YO
ASS CUT!

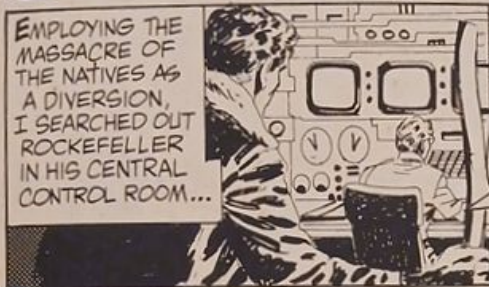
OFF THE
PIG!

KILL
WHITEY!

FUCK
WHITEY



DOK!



EMPLOYING THE
MASSACRE OF
THE NATIVES AS
A DIVERSION,
I SEARCHED OUT
ROCKEFELLER
IN HIS CENTRAL
CONTROL ROOM...

TOO BAD TO LOOSE
THOSE NIGRAS!
THEY SURE CAN SING,
DANCE, RUN, AND
PLAY BASEBALL!

WITH NOTHING TO
GO ON BUT DEAD
RECKONING, I
PLUNGED THROUGH
THE JUNGLE FOR
HOURS, CARRYING
ROCKEFELLER,
SEEKING THE ALTAR
OF THE CARGO
CULTISTS. FINALLY...

COMMUNICATION WITH THE SAVAGES WAS INITIALLY DIFFICULT. BUT, OF
COURSE, IF YOU SPEAK ENGLISH TO FOREIGNERS LOUD ENOUGH AND
CLEAR ENOUGH, THEY ALWAYS UNDERSTAND.

I...URGENTLY...REQUIRE...
A...HELICOPTER! UH...
WHIRLYBIRD!...CHOPPER!...
EGGBEATER!

SI, HOMBRE, BUT DEES
WHORLIBIRD, HOW YOU
SAY? WHAT EES EEN
EET FOR US, MON?



...AW...WELL...
OKAY...WHAT IF
I PUT UP MY
VOLUME 1,
NUMBER 1,
COPY OF
BLACKHAWK?

MY FLESH CRAWLED AS THE
NATIVES BEGAN THEIR
EERIE RITUAL.

PLAYING ON THEIR IGNORANT
OBSESSION WITH THE PARA-
HERNALIA OF FLIGHT, I
EFFECTED A DEAL IN JIG
TIME.

HOW ABOUT THIS
PAIR OF AUTHENTIC OFFICIAL
WW II ARMY AIR CORPS
WRAPAROUND BLUE-TINT
AVIATOR SUNGLASSES?



FRANCIS
GARY
POWERS

NO, MON. WE
GOT MEELIONS
DEESE SON-
GLASSES!

WELL, HOW ABOUT THIS
KOREAN WAR FLIGHT-
JACKET WITH WOOL
COLLAR?



NO,
MON!
WE GOT
TREELIONS
OF DEM.



MADRE DE DIOS!!
GREENGO, YOU MON!

OH-EE-OOH-AH-AH
TNG TANG
WALLA-WALLA



BING BANG



AND, QUICK AS A WINK...

WHAT THE
&!...%\$%!!?

TING TANG
WALLA WALLA
BING BANG



I SHOVED ROCKEFELLER ON BOARD, AND TOLD THE BEWILDERED PILOT TO FLY BACK TO SAIGON.

WHAT IN THE
%\$&#!!?!

YOU MURDERER,
YOU'RE GOING
STATESIDE AND
GET WHAT'S
COMING TO YOU!

AND THAT'S THE STORY. THE PILOT FINALLY CALMED DOWN AND RADIOED AHEAD. WHEN WE LANDED AT SAIGON, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A WHOLE BATTALION WAITING FOR US, GENERALS, EVERYTHING. I GUESS HE'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM.

INCREDIBLE!
WHAT A SCOOP!



CORRESPONDENT



BAROOM!



YES, SIR, EVERYTHING'S O.K. I'VE GOT THE FORMULA. YES, SIR, I KNOW, BUT ALL IT MEANS IS WE MOVE UP THE TIMETABLE A FEW MONTHS... WHAT? NO, SIR, I'M AFRAID THERE'S NO WAY OF PROTECTING BLACK FOOTBALL PLAYERS. I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT... BABY WITH THE BATHWATER, YES, SIR, I'M AFRAID SO...

...A SECRET FORMULA FOR ENDING RACIAL STRIFE, CRIME IN THE STREETS, BUESSING, RIOTS, DRUG ADDICTION...



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Meyer Lansky



Albert Anastasia

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(MAFIA)

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Mouthpiece H.N.B.
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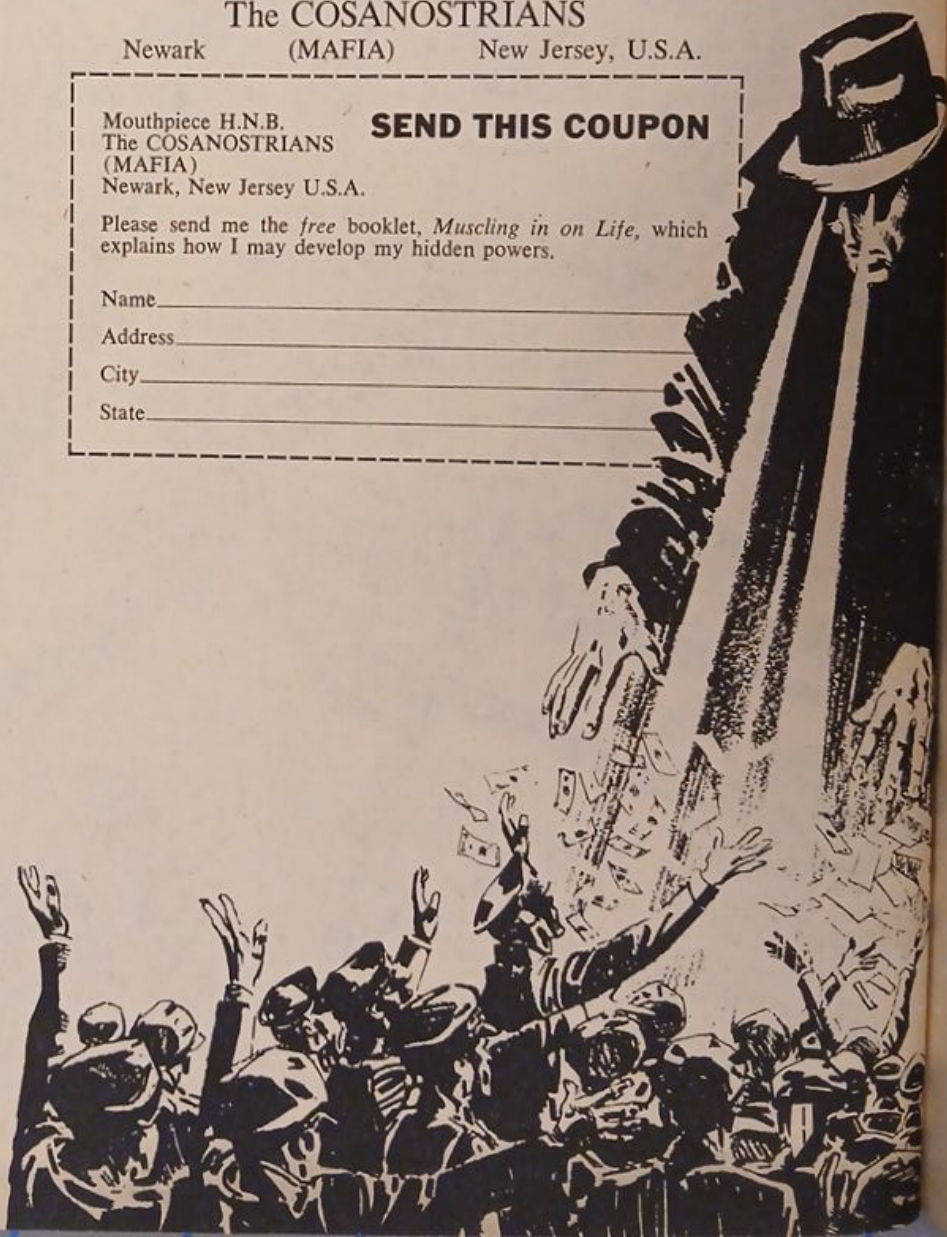
Please send me the free booklet, *Muscling in on Life*, which explains how I may develop my hidden powers.

Name _____

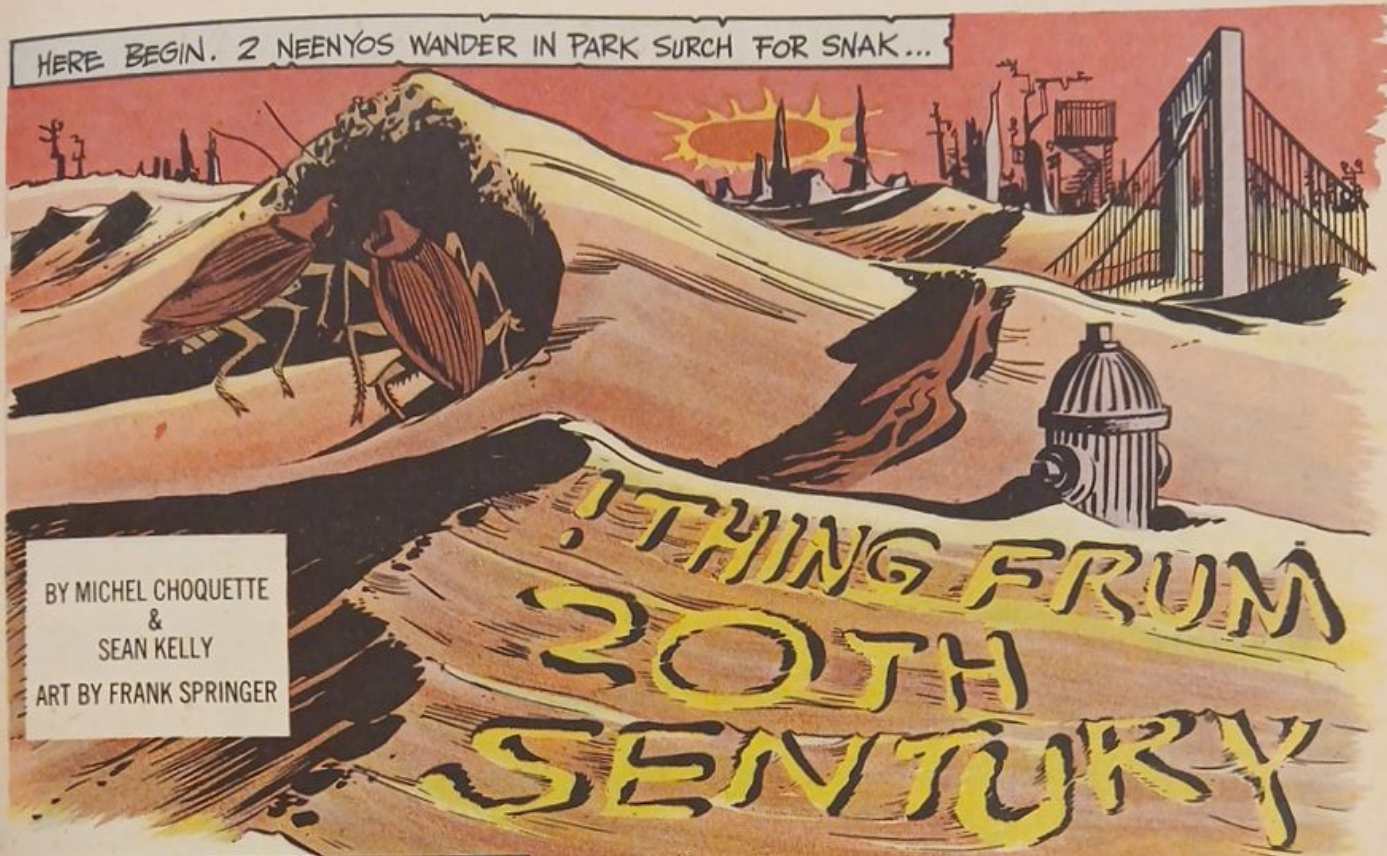
Address _____

City _____

State _____



HERE BEGIN. 2 NEENYOS WANDER IN PARK SURCH FOR SNAK...



BY MICHEL CHOQUETTE
&
SEAN KELLY
ART BY FRANK SPRINGER

!THING FRUM 20TH SENTURY



!KAYV HERE !SUM
GUD WUNS HERE
I BETCHA

!LET'S HAY
LUKSEE



LET'S TWIST AGAIN LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER!!



NEENYOS
KWIK KUM-
U-NI-KAYT
SCIENCE
DADDIES

!LOWD VIBES
TWISSAGEN
TWISSAGEN
IN KAYV

?MAYBE
TYME-
WARP

I KUD BE
!DIGGERS
GO LUKSEE

HOLE FOR TYME-GEIGER...





A NATIONAL LAMPOON PARODY OF

No.
147
Nov.
'71
3310

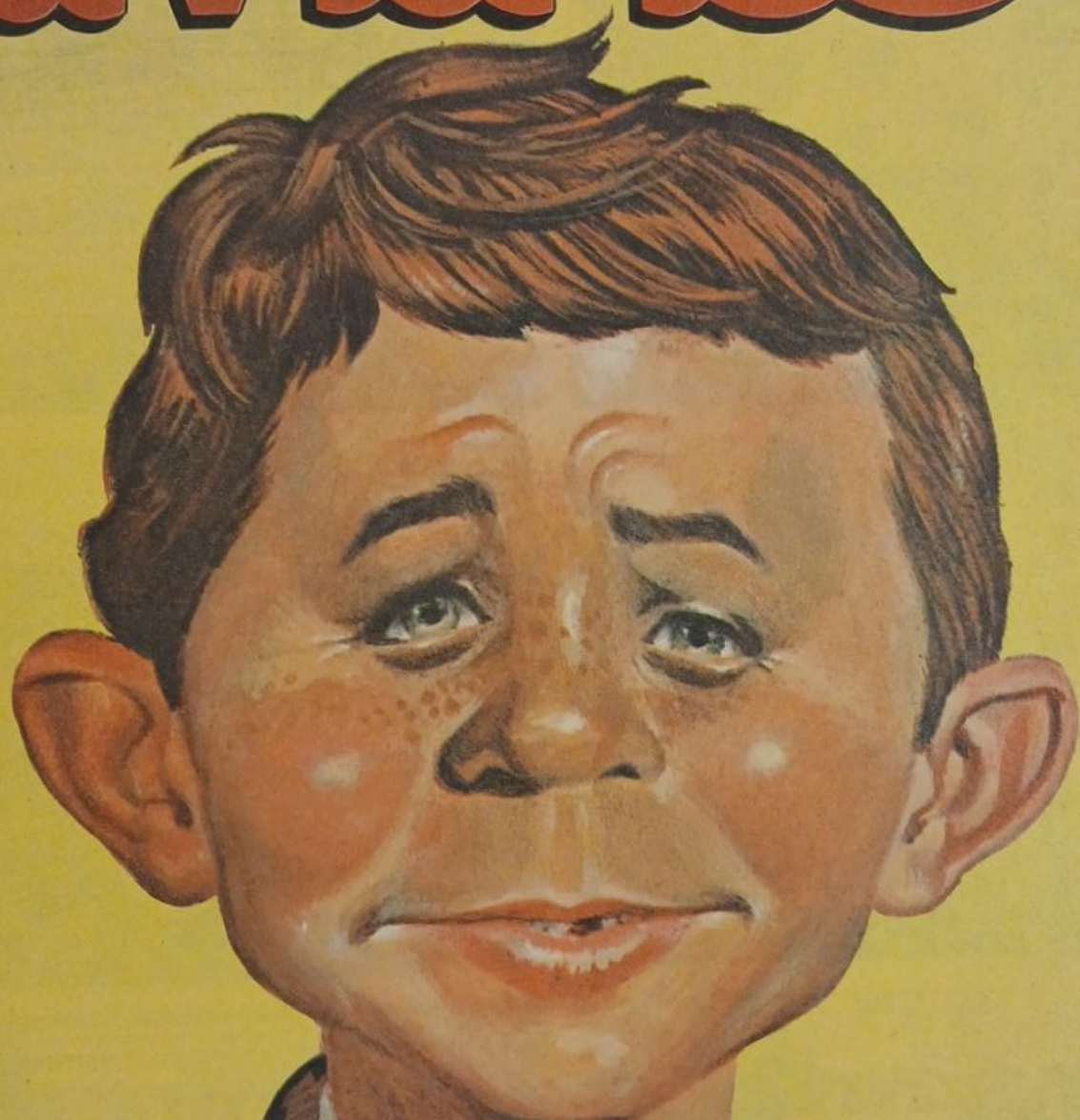
MAD

IND

OUR PRICE

40c

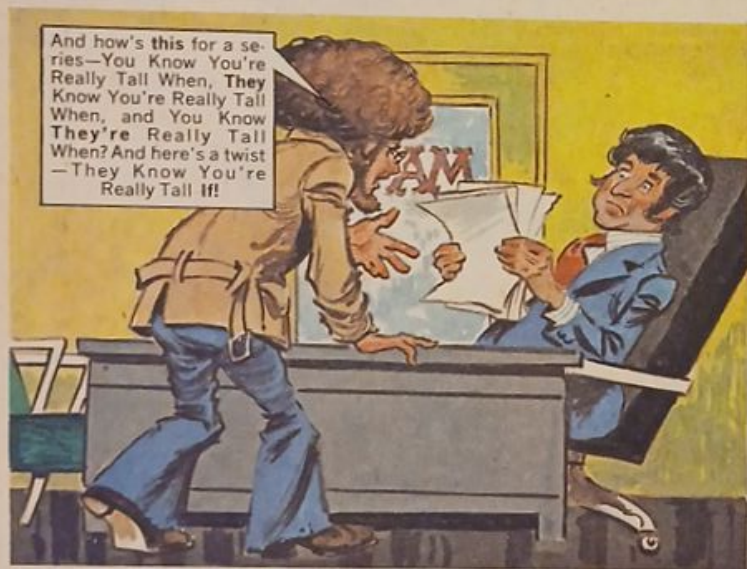
YOU GET
WHAT YOU
PAY FOR



JOHN ROMITA

WHAT, ME FUNNY?

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: JOHN BONI

MAD

"I grow old, I grow old..."—J. Alfred Newman

JOHN BONI, SEAN KELLY, HENRY BEARD *writers*
MICHAEL GROSS *art director* ELLEN TAURINS *production*

RALPH REESE, JOHN ROMITA,
JOHN LEWIS, ERNIE COLON, AL WEISS,
BABI JERY, STUART SCHWARTZBERG,
JOE ORLANDO *artists*

DEPARTMENTS

BAG GAG DEPARTMENT	
Luggage . . . Then and Now	15
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT	
The Lighter Side Of Heavy Petting	12
BORSCHT, BABY, BORSCHT DEPARTMENT	
Jokes Shecky Green Told At The Concord Last Month	27
CAN YOU STOP THIS? DEPARTMENT	
More "So Who Gives A Sweet Shit?"	17
CELEBRITIES' GULLETS DEPARTMENT	
Inside The Throats Of Well-Known Singers	31
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT	
One Morning	7
Later In The Day	14
That Evening	19
The Next Day	24
Later On In The Week	34
Early The Next Month	38
INSIDE-OUCH DEPARTMENT	
A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At A Tuna-Fish Sandwich	28
IT ONLY KURTZ WHEN I LAUGH DEPARTMENT	
"Who Is Harvey Kurtzman And Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" (A MAD Movie Satire)	5
LINEN DEPARTMENT?	
Sixth Floor, Second Aisle From The Right	23
REGULAR DEPARTMENT	
A MAD Look At Roller Skates	9
RELEVANCE DEPARTMENT	
A MAD Look At Hippies Wearing Roller Skates	10
SATIRE DEPARTMENT	
A MAD Look At Hippies Wearing Roller Skates And Falling Down A Lot	11
SPIRO AGNEW DEPARTMENT	
Pictures Of Spiro Agnew Only He's Wearing A Propeller Beanie	33
TONGUE IN CHEEK DEPARTMENT	
You Know You're Really Getting Artificial Respiration When	35

VITAL FEATURES

CITIZEN GAINES



THE MAD MAGAZINE PRIMER



YOU KNOW YOU'VE REALLY OUTGROWN MAD WHEN...



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF DAVE BERG



HORRIFYING CLICHÉS



ONE DAY IN THE PARK



LETTERS DEPT.



THE SOUND AND THE FÜHRER

At last someone had the spunk to portray Hitler for what he was—a rotten, cold-blooded murderer. For too long, people have been led to believe that he was a misunderstood kid who took a wrong turn at Bavaria. Now MAD has told it like it is!

Jerry Kosinski
Painted Bird, Wyo.

Heil MAD! You really did in old Adolph! It's bound to cost you some German readers, but I guess that's the price of being gutsy! Keep those right-on spoofs coming!

Art Decco
Bangor, Maine

Stalin, Mussolini, and now Hitler. How about taking a poke at Marshal Pétain next? He's really due for a bringdown.

Rosemarie LaBinaca
Los Angeles, Calif.

A MAD LOOK AT MOTHBALLS

"Mothballs" was the funniest article I ever read in MAD. I especially liked the part about how they smell so funny and break into lots of little pieces when you drop them on the floor.

Noreen Klevish
Naismith, Ore.

I smiled at your "MAD Look at Sash Weights." I chuckled at your "MAD Look at Linoleum Floors." I guffawed at your "MAD Look at Shoe Polish Tins." I howled at your "MAD Look at Mechanical Pencils." But I just went into fits over your "MAD Look at Mothballs!"

Lionel Trilling
New York, N.Y.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY HOT WHEN...

Great article, but you forgot "You know you're really hot when... you perspire!"

Patsy Tramming
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I thought your article was swell, but you missed one—"You know you're really hot when... your shirt sticks to your back!"

Vince DiMueria
La Caccia, Calif.

Terrific! But you left out "You know you're really hot when... you drink a lot of water!"

Frank Craspi
Gentian, Pa.

BEHIND THE SCENES

"A MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at a Coat Closet" was your best yet. It was even better than your "Peek Behind the Scenes at a Glove Compartment." How do you do it?

Richard Gasvin
West Newt, Ariz.

I didn't realize just how true your "MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at an Invisible Reweaver" was until I went to get my cardigan last Tuesday. Sure enough, you could see the stitches!

Anne Fusco
Coriander, Fla.

Congratulations on your "Peek Behind the Scenes at a Christian Science Reading Room." You handled a potentially tricky subject with taste and tact.

Miriam Plesher
Caster, N.J.

MAD MOVIE SATIRES

Kudos on your nifty spoof, "Cleo-pasta." Although I am only fifteen, I certainly enjoyed your clever satire of what has to be one of the dopest movies ever! Keep up the good work!

Terry Roberts
Wilmington, Del.

Many thanks for your jazzy takeoff, "The Pride and the Pasta." Your "usual gang of idiots" deserves cheers and applause, which is more than that dumb movie got. Keep up the good work.

Robert Terry
Wilmington, Del.

I read your delightful ribbing of Ingmar Bergman's idiotic film, "The Seventh Pasta," and I recommended it to my entire English class as a good example of how to write funny satire. Continue with the good work!

Bob Robertson
Wilmington, Del.

My hat's off to you for your hilarious "Moby Pasta" and last month's hysterical "Marjorie Pastastar." They're the funniest things I've read since your classic "Pastacus"! Up the work keep good!

Rob Terryson
Wilmington, Del.

I thought your worthless satire "2001: A Space Pasta" was really stupid. Good the work upkeep!

Terry Robertson
Wilmington, Del.

"The Owl and the Pastacat" was great! Work good keep the up!

Bert Roberty
Wilmington, Del.

Congratulations on that great series of letters, Sol! They read just fine, and I especially like the one about the kid who thought "2001: A Space Pasta" was stupid—it kind of gives the thing credibility.

Al Feldstein
New York, N.Y.

PHILOSOPHY LESSON

Do you call your magazine trash because you believe it to be trash; or do you believe it to be trash and call it trash to anticipate the arguments of those who, believing it to be trash, would logically call it trash; or do you believe it not to be trash, a priori, and call it trash in the hopes that those who believe it to be trash will reject the evidence of their senses rather than accept a nomenclature which they must regard as only another aspect of its trashiness? I, for one, think it's a piece of shit.

Jean-Paul Sartre
Paris, France

A FAITHFUL FAN

I take your magazine with me wherever I go.

Tommy Tongyai
Atlanta, Ga.

MAD WINS AGAIN

When I wuz smart I uset to read Nashinul Lambpoon but now I read MAD.

Charly
Boston, Mass.

SATISFIED READERS

All of the unicellular flagellates in my petri dish read your magazine. We may be pretty low down on the Great Chain of Being, but we think it's great!

Bifistula Ciliati
Sandham Laboratories
Travis, Okla.



Bifistula and his friends reading the latest issue.

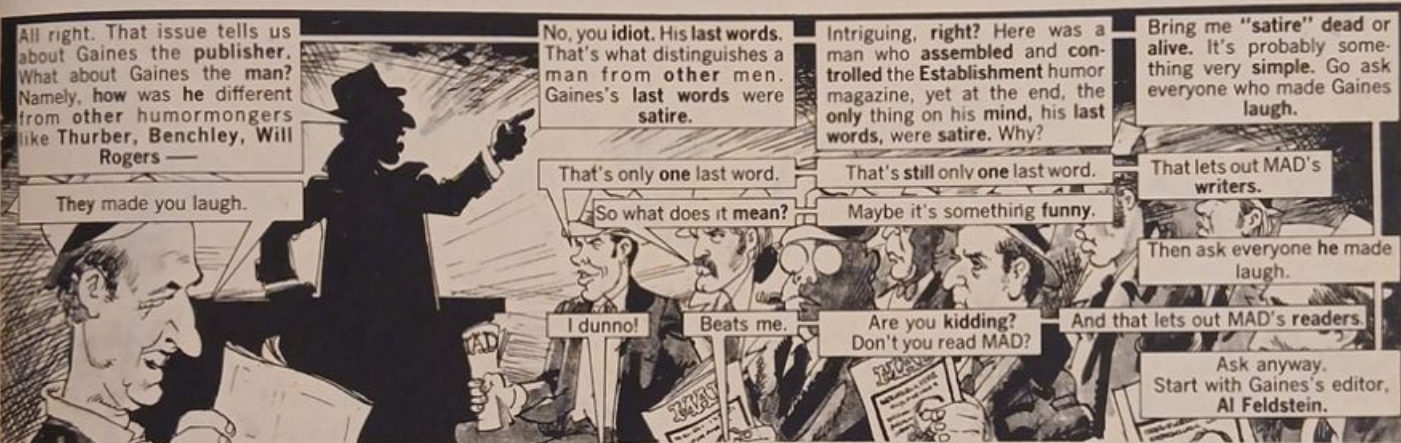
THE HEARST IS YET TO COME DEPT.

Hey, gang, have ya noticed how over the years a certain magazine has dropped its standards, its values, its commitment—but NOT its price? Didja ever wonder, "Wha hopenen?" Huh? Didja? Well, wonder no further, for here's the epic struggle of that mag's downhill metamorphosis as presided over by its publisher...

WRITER: JOHN BONI

ARTIST: ERNIE COLON

CITIZEN GAINES



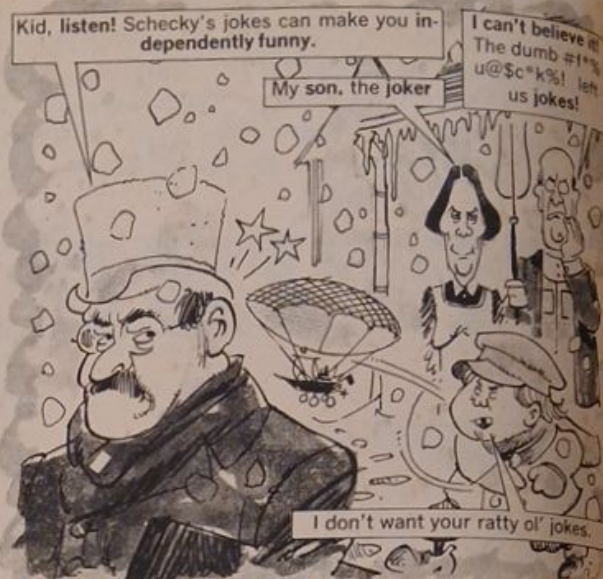


Now, I meets the Gaines kid when he was eight. His folks rented a room to one of my acts, a deadbeat comic who skips town owing them money. Then the guy dies on me in Peoria—and everywhere else—and in his will he leaves the Gaines kid all of his...



Jokes?! He left my son jokes?! But we need money, not jokes!

Look, sweetheart, you want money, you shoulda rented to a banker. You rent to a comic, you get jokes!



Kid, listen! Schecky's jokes can make you independently funny.

My son, the joker

I can't believe it! The dumb #1 u@Sc*k%! left us jokes!

I don't want your ratty ol' jokes.

But I does right by the brat anyway and invests his gags in tax sheltered comic books, plus I gives him a nice allowance of socko punch lines and setups, which he squanders on his pals...

Hey, didja hear the one about...

Take my wife... please!

There was this traveling salesman, see...

... so the Indian says, "Mat zos? I thought they were suppositories!"

I know you're out there, I can hear you sleeping.

... the kid was great. He coulda been another Henny Youngman, but he meets this Harvey Kurtzman and...

I wanna start a comic book that people will laugh at. I'm prepared to invest all my jokes.

Save your jokes, Bill. I have something better—satire!

... I told him the idea is MAD, 'cause who knows from satire anyway? It always closes on Saturday night.

Nah, boss, not a clue. I'm heading back to MAD to ask the usual bunch of idiots there about satire.



Half man, half goat. Right?

Wrong! It's a streetcar, like in a *Streetcar Named Satire*.

Uh, puddon me. I'se lookin' fo' mah wife, *Satire*!

Don't ask me. I only draw what they give me.

Satire? It's a Jewish holiday.

Maybe there's a primer on it.

Satire! Sounds familiar. Didn't we used to do that once?

I'm in circulation.

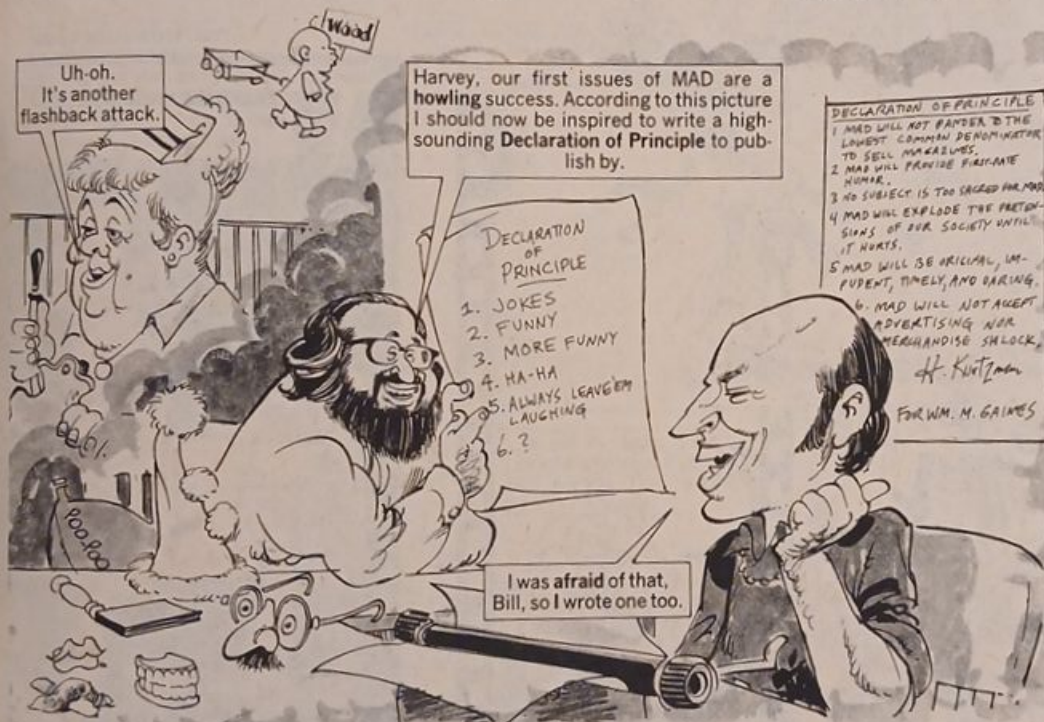
These dolts are no help. I'm gonna try the guys who used to write for MAD.

Siegel or De Bartolo would know, but they're not here.

Satire? I can't conceive of such a thing.

It's just like Gaines to say a dumb thing like that.

Hi! I'm MAX BRANDEL



DECLARATION
OF
PRINCIPLE

1. EASY DOES IT.
2. NO OFFENSE MEANT.
3. COP OUT.
4. SOFT SHOULDERS.
5. DON'T TREAT ME.
6. 2

And look, your old declaration occupies a place of honor in my office.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLE

1. MAD WILL NOT PRODUCE THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR THAT'S ALWAYS COMMON.
2. MAD WILL PROVIDE FIRST-RATE THOUGHTS FOR ACADEMIC SERVICE.
3. MAD IS ^{THE} ~~THE~~ ONLY MAD.
4. MAD WILL EXPLAIN THE PRETENSES OF OUR SOCIETY UNTIL IT HURTS SALES.
5. MAD WILL BE ORIGINAL, IMPUDENT, TUDLY, AND DARING.
6. MAD WILL NOT ACCEPT ADVERTISING OR MERCHANDISE CHECKS.

Don't cry, Harv. One principle out of six ain't bad.

It'll be humor in a juvenile vein

Huh? ... What does satire have to do with anything?

That does it!
I'm forced to play my ace in the hole.
My big trump!
I quit!

Hey, Wally! Where'd he go?

I'm out! Whew! These crummy flashbacks. Whatever happened to flicks with a beginning, a middle and an

Run! 16mm! 32mm! Faster!
100mm! SILLYmm! I did it. Broke
the flashback barrier. Last scene
coming up.

He was just here.

He's dead. In his attempt to jump frame to the last scene he was—

That's it! An end! I'll stay out of frame and skip to the end . . . and satire. Start running.

Yoo-hoo!

You mean—?

Yes! Flashbacked to death

Poor guy. Wonder if he ever found—

Satire? How can one word explain a whole life anyway?

It's easy if the word's
money.

Who said that?

I did. My whole life I've been trying to raise enough money for another great film like this one and this wretched parody isn't helping me any.

B-but I still got this box of stuff from Gaines's office.

Junk! Burn it.

A political cartoon titled "SA TIRE COMPANY". Two men are emerging from a large, upright tire. The man on the left is wearing a military uniform and a cap, while the man on the right is in a suit and tie. The tire has the words "SA TIRE COMPANY" written on its side. In the background, a small car labeled "ROSEBUD" is visible. The scene is set in a landscape with stylized trees and a small building.

CHAPTER 1

See the reader.
He is very loyal.
He wouldn't miss an issue of his favorite magazine.
Even when its price went up,
He kept right on buying it every month.
Why is he such a loyal reader?
Because he likes a magazine that rejects silly old shibboleths
And takes a bold stand on important issues
And treats difficult topics in a mature way.
Of course, his mother buys him MAD
So he reads it, too.

ARTIST: AL WEISS

THE MAD MAGAZINE PRIMER



CHAPTER 2

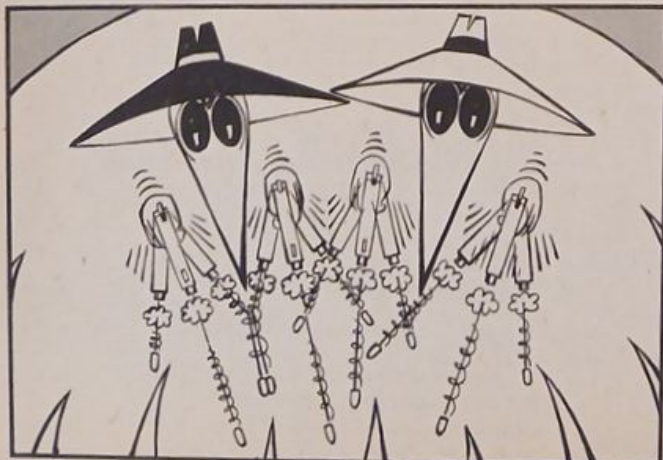
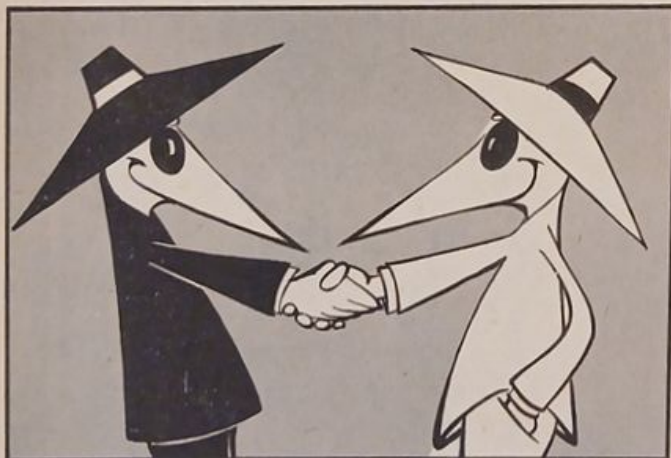
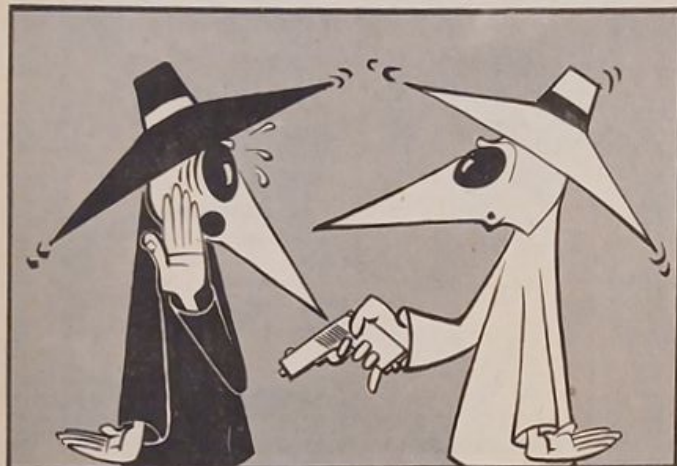


See the editor.
He is very harried.
He is editing an article for the next issue of MAD.
He has a deadline to meet.
The article needs a lot of work.
To start with, it's too long.
The editor has to take out some words.
Most of the words he is taking out have only four letters.
But boy, they sure do add up!
The article also has problems in "pacing" and "timing."
There's a reference to an ethnic group that breaks the pacing.
And there's a joke about a major religion that spoils the timing.
Being an editor isn't easy.
To be a good editor there are three things you must have:
An eye for talent.
An ear for good writing.
A nose for new ideas.
To be a MAD editor, there is one thing you must not have.
Balls.

CHAPTER 3



See the writer.
He writes for MAD.
See him flog a dead horse.
Flog, flog, flog.
Take that, Hollywood bigwigs!
Try this one on for size, Madison Avenue phonies!
Later on, when he really gets warmed up,
He'll attack rigged TV quiz shows
And automobiles with big tail-fins
And segregated lunch-counters.
Well, maybe not segregated lunch-counters.
After all, fun's fun, but you have to draw the line somewhere.
Nobody minds a little ribbing now and then,
But there is such a thing as knowing when to stop.
Look at Lenny Bruce. If he knew when to stop,
He could be a great comedian.
He could even be a MAD writer.
He's what? When did that happen? No kidding!
Well, that just goes to show you!



THROWING UP ABSURD DEPT.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...



...you start going to movies they don't do spoofs of.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...



...you discover that you have acquired a secret power that enables you to know the contents of every issue before you even open it.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...



...you adopt complicated ruses to avoid being seen reading it so your friends won't consider you "immature."



...you realize that the "Now" in their "Then and Now" articles is 1957.



...you find a richer source of humor in everyday things, like rocks.

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...

You Know You've REALLY OUTGROWN MAD When...



...you find out what @ @ % \$ & % @ means.



... you give the charity drive a hamster cage, your brother's chemistry set, a butterfly net you used to catch crappies, *The Golden Book of Squids*, *Meet Mr. Weather*, and all your back issues.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

DAVE BERG

Thanks for coming over, Mr. Berg. I wish more citizens had your community spirit.

Just doing my part, Officer. I was a kid once, too, you know.

Sure you're confused, son, and maybe a little bitter, too, but, heck, who wouldn't be in this crazy, mixed-up world, what with the A-bomb and the current wave of permissiveness. Let's face it—things are in one hell of a mess, if you'll pardon my French!

But when the going gets tough, that's when the tough get going! I mean, you want to leave the world a better place for your having been here, right? You see, I have this theory that deep down inside, people are basically good, and...

... so then me and Jimmy, that's Jimmy Trinelli of 364 Baycrest, are you getting all this? Like I say, me and Jimmy took the stuff to Rico's, you know, to fence it...

O.K., Mr. Berg, I think that does it. If we need you again, we'll call.

STOP!! I'LL TALK!! ANYTHING!! JUST GET THIS CREEP OUT OF HERE!!



Package for Mr. Dave Berg. Say, you aren't the same Dave Berg who draws for MAD magazine, are you?

That's me, young man.

No kidding, you're the guy who does that Lighter Side thing?

That's right, youngster.

Hey, you're putting me on! You really write all that stuff about baby-sitters and blind dates and drive-in movies?

Yes, I do, son.

Boy, are you an asshole!



FASCIST PIG! DUPE OF THE MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX! ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

COMMIE QUEER! PAWN OF THE KREMLIN SLAVE-MASTERS! GET A HAIRCUT!

There are two sides to every question. And after all, everyone's entitled to his own opinion. Variety is the spice of life, so let's live and let live.

You see, I've found that all it takes to bridge the generation gap is a willingness to meet the other guy halfway, a little give and take. Now I'm sure there's something you two can agree on.

WISHY-WASHY LIBERAL FINK!

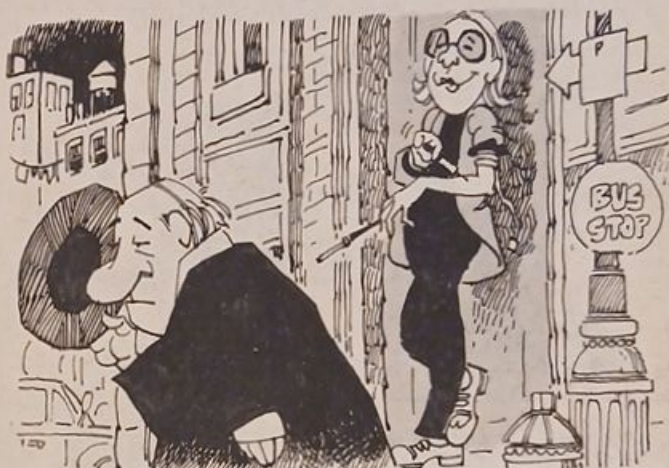
WISHY-WASHY LIBERAL FINK!



HORRIFYING CLICHÉS



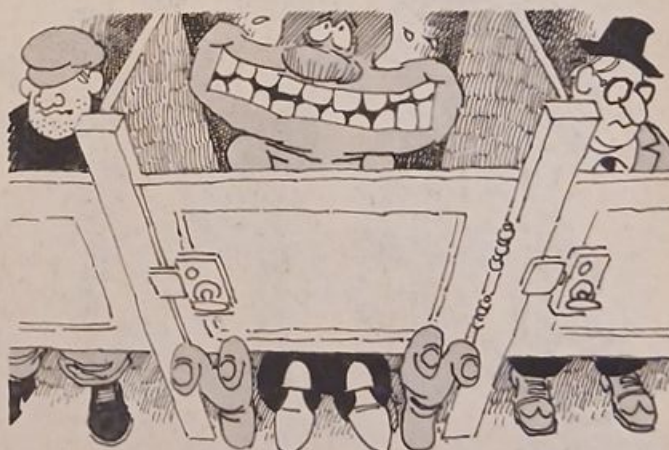
Insulting A READER'S INTELLIGENCE



Avoiding A DELICATE SUBJECT



Following A FORMULA



Blowing A JOKE



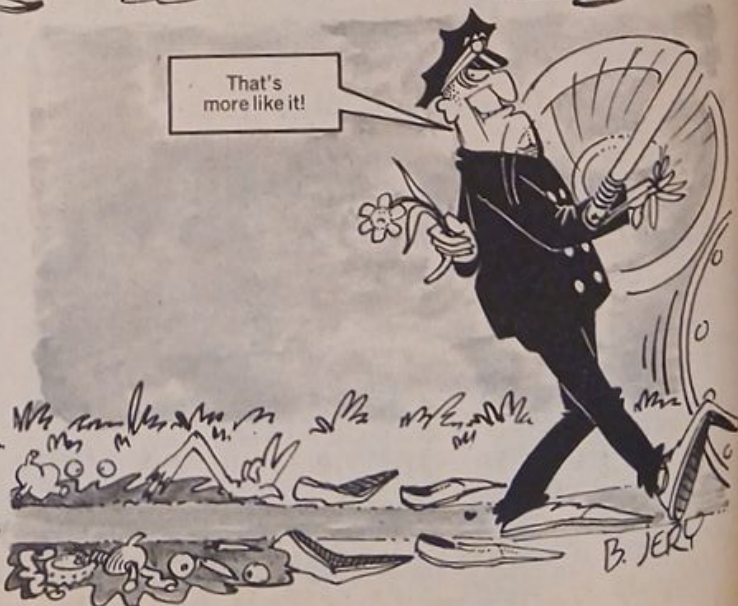
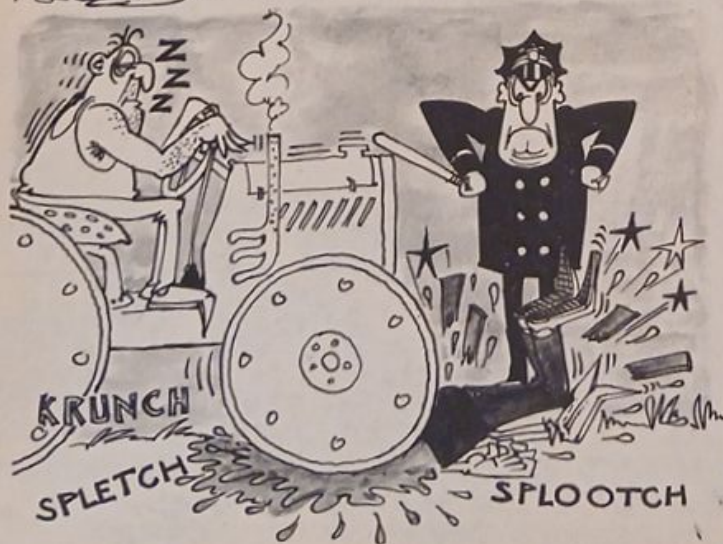
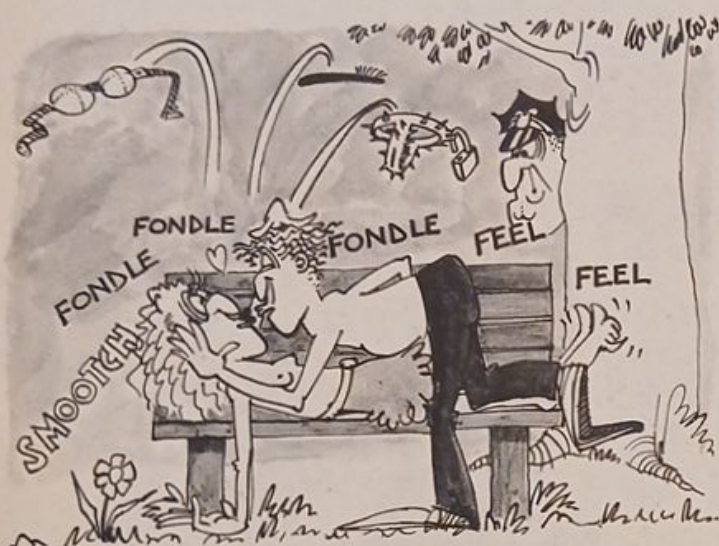
Belaboring THE OBVIOUS



Raising A DEAD ISSUE

DON MARTIN—WASN'T HE THE NUTTY GUY WHO DREW ALL THOSE CRAZY CARTOONS THAT WE THOUGHT WERE SO SICK IN THE 50's? DEPT.

ONE DAY IN THE PARK



B. JERRY

SAY, JUST HOW
DID YOU MAKE
MAD INTO THE
HARD-HITTING
SATIRE MAGAZINE
IT IS TODAY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING MAD FOLD-IN

"The magazine developed through the years from a somewhat sophomoric, meat-cleaver type of humor into what I regard as the sharp satiric style it features today."* To see how this wonderful transformation was accomplished, fold page in as shown.

*MAD writer Frank Jacobs, in the Travel section of the New York Times, Sunday, July 11, 1971



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST: RALPH REESE

WELL, THERE THEY ALL ARE, OR WERE, WHEN YOU WERE ONLY A KID. WE JUST PRINTED THEM FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE. JUST IN CASE YOU FORGOT RIDICULOUS AS THAT SOUNDS. YOU MUST STILL HAVE MEMORIES OF ALL OF THAT INCREDIBLE CAST OF CHARACTERS. SUPERDUPERMAN, THE MOLE. DUMB KIND OF QUESTION TO ASK. NO ONE COULD FORGET ELDER'S OR WOOD'S STUFF. IT WASN'T SATIRE, THOUGH, WAS IT? JUST SOPHOMORIC HUMOR. HUMOR'S EASY.

A▶

◀B



NUTS

THOSE OF YOU WHO REMEMBER HOW GREAT IT WAS TO BE A LITTLE KID, GANG, DON'T REMEMBER HOW IT WAS TO BE A LITTLE KID....

THE POOR THING! YOU SUPPOSE HE'S GOT POLIO?

THEY DON'T GET POLIO ANYMORE. HE'S TRYING TO STAY OUT OF SCHOOL.



SAY, MAYBE HE IS SICK!

LET'S CALL THE DOCTOR!

OOR!
GUK!
GUK!

KAK!
KAK!
KAK!

YEAH, WELL THE KID DOES HAVE SOMETHING... YOU CALL SMITH'S DRUGSTORE, DON'T CALL ANY OTHER DRUGSTORE, AND BUY WHAT I TELL YOU. DOES IT HURT HERE?



IS HE GOING TO DIE, DOCTOR?

NO, I DON'T THINK SO - BUT THOSE ARE SOME GERMS HE'S GOT - NEED A LOT OF MEDICINE FROM SMITH'S.

HI - I'M ONE OF YOUR GERMS!

HI - I'M ANOTHER!

WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU, KID!

Graham Wilson

NEXT MONTH: "DEATH FEAR!"



IDYL



© J. JONES 1972





ONCE UPON A TIME AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE LIVED A WISE AND BENEVOLENT AND WONDERFUL WIZARD WHO WORE A BIG HAT AND WENT BY THE HANDLE:

CHEECH, DAT OUNCE OF GRASS YOU SOLD ME WAS POW!

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT, BLUE BRAIN, MY OWN BLEND: CRUMBLER BAT GUANO... WANNA' NOTHER LID?

WELL, NO... CAUSE IT MAKES ME THROW UP.

CHRIST, BEAT IT, GO HOME. I IS CONTEMPLATING MYSTIC CONCEPTS DAT IS FAR BEYOND YER PIN POINT MIND.



I DON'T GOT NO HOME, I IS AN ORPHAN.

TOUGH TITTY, KID, WE ALL GOT SOCIAL STIGMAS... HEY, LOOKIT THAT LUSCIOUS BROAD RUBBIN' ON DAT LUCKY TREE TRUNK!

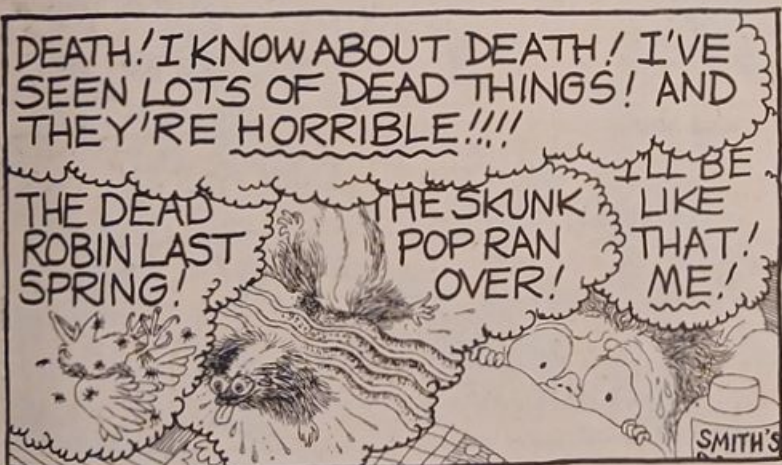
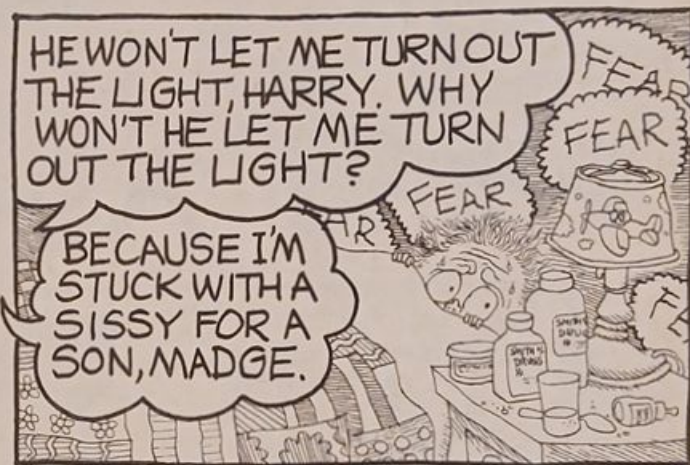
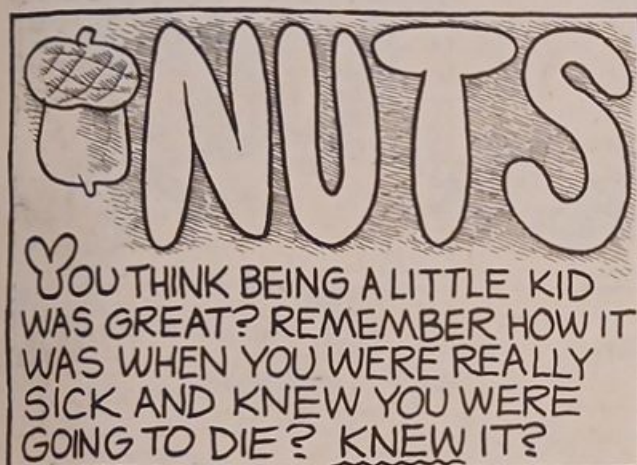
SAY THERE, PILLOW TITS, I'LL CAST YOU A MAGIC SPELL FOR A PIECE OF DAT TREE TRUNK'S ACTION.

GO WAY, I DO NOT BALL HATS.

DO A TRICK, CHEECH.

MOST BROADS WOULD JUMP AT DACHANCE TO MAKE IT WITH A HAT.





MULE'S DINER

by stan mack



Michael O'Donoghue Presents BAXTER BUG IN A HURRY





IDYL



© J. JONES 1972



GOT YOU, BIRD!



NOW, ABANDON YOUR
BEAKBONED EYES ON
ME, BIRD. NICE, HUH.



I'M NATURE'S
PEARL.



PAY ATTENTION,
BIRD.



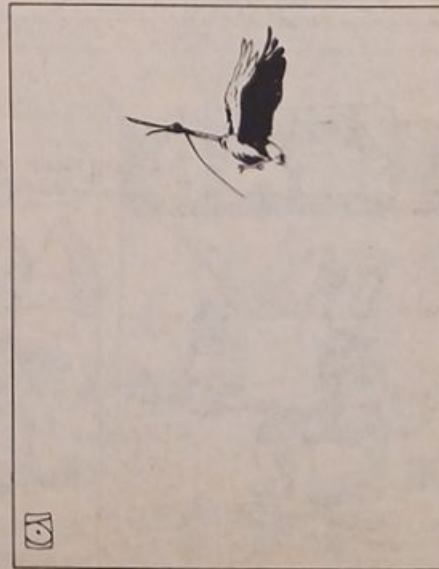
THIS WORLD HAS
WAITED A LONG
TIME FOR ME.



I'M UNIQUE, NOVEL,
EXCEPTIONAL—
THE SOLE EXCLUSIVE.
EXTRAORDINARY,
IRREPLACEABLE,
IMMORTAL.



STOMP!
SQUURP!



©

NUTS

RECALL HOW IT WAS WHEN YOU HAD BEEN SICK OUT OF SCHOOL FOR A LONG TIME AND WHEN YOU GOT BACK EVERYBODY WAS AHEAD OF YOU AND YOU UNDERSTOOD NOTHING? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING?

VERY WELL, CLASS-YESTERDAY WE REVIEWED THE APPLICATION OF THE FIFTH RULE OF CARTHEGANOPOLIS AND ITS RELATION TO THE LATERAL DESSICATION OF ALL RIGHT-ANGLE TRIANGLES.



JESSICA, CAN YOU TELL ME THE PROOF OF THE GATIC THEOREM?



ANY DOUBTS OR QUESTIONS OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED BY THIS SIMPLE DIAGRAM.



AND SO OF COURSE THE PNAFHA GAK. FNOFNOPHOPHOPO. PZADZAZA. DO YOU WISH TO GO TO THE BATHROOM?

YES, PLEASE, MISS SPATE.

VERY WELL.



PLADAPANAGALA. TLALAPHA. WALA-MALADALA PHAP. GALAPALADA, GEORGE?

YES, MISS SPATE. THE BLATHATA TAPHATA MAPHAT.



THAT'S RIGHT, GEORGE

NEXT MONTH: "THE BAD REPORT CARD"

SHAB





IDYL



© J. JONES 1972



NUTS

DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME YOU KNEW YOUR REPORT CARD WOULD BE BAD, REALLY BAD, BUT WHEN IT CAME IT TURNED OUT TO BE MUCH WORSE THAN YOU BELIEVED HUMANLY POSSIBLE?

OH, GOD! HOW COULD I HAVE EVER DONE THIS BADLY? HAVE DLY?

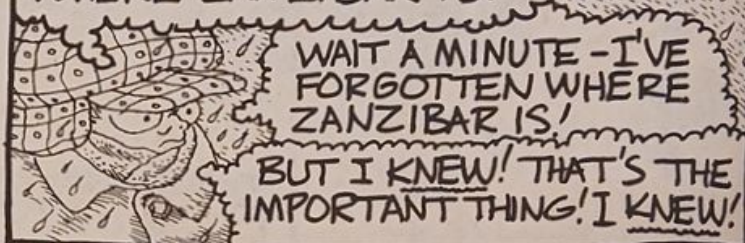


I'VE EVEN FAILED MUSIC, AND YOU CAN'T FAIL MUSIC!

MAYBE MISS DOYLE KNOWS I HATE "PETER AND THE WOLF"!



I CAN UNDERSTAND FAILING MATH. NOBODY IS GOOD AT MATH. BUT WHY GEOGRAPHY? ALL I HAD TO DO WAS KNOW WHERE ZANZIBAR IS.



GOD, I'M ALMOST HOME IN SPITE OF WALKING SLOWLY AND AVOIDING ALL THE SHORTCUTS! WHAT WILL THEY DO TO ME WHEN THEY SEE MY CARD? THEY'LL BEAT ME UP - THEY'LL KILL ME!



MAYBE THEY'LL BOTH BE DEAD! MAYBE POP GOT KILLED IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT AND MOM'S BEEN ELECTROCUTED BY THE IRON! I SURE HOPE THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED. OH, PLEASE, GOD - LET THAT BE WHAT HAPPENED!



NEXT MONTH: "WHEN FATHER COMES HOME"

Gahan Wilson

SID THE AMOEBA



YOU SHOULD NEVER CALL AN AMOEBA NAMES LIKE THAT, FOR ALTHOUGH WE ARE SIMPLE FELLOWS, OUR FEELINGS ARE EASILY HURT...

OW!



OOPS!



NICE NEW HAT YOU GOT, SID.

THANKS, LEROY IT'S A PERFECT FIT, TOO.



BKliban

ONCE UPON A TIME AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE LIVED A WISE AND BENEVOLENT AND WONDERFUL WIZARD WHO WORE A BIG HAT AND WENT BY THE HANDLE:

DIS IS A BUST!
YOU IS UNDER
ARREST, HAT!

ON WHAT
CHARGE, YOU
BAGA'
BULLSHIT?

YOU IS CHARGED WIF: BLATANT HOMO-
SEXUALITY, PORNOGRAPHY SPELLS,
BALLING BABIES, RAPING A NUN,
PUBLIC EXPOSURE, PEEING IN A R SOUP,

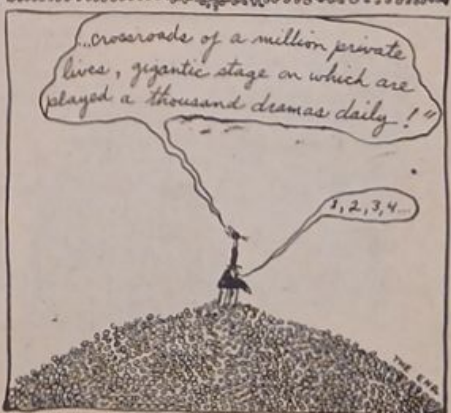
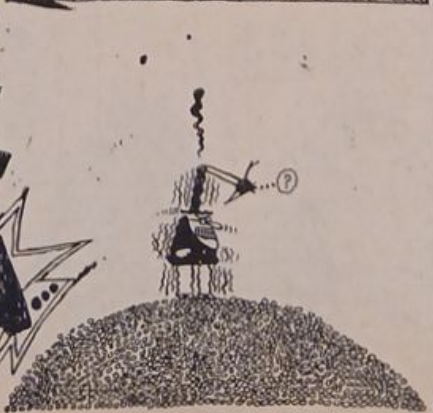
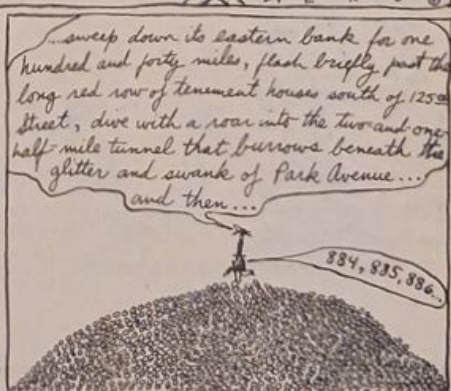
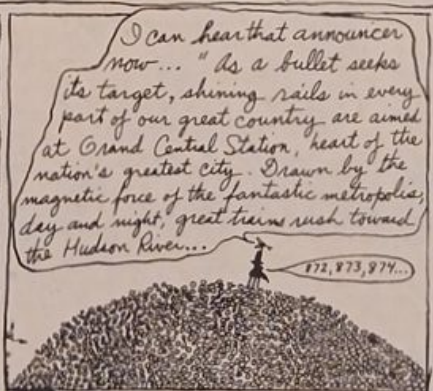
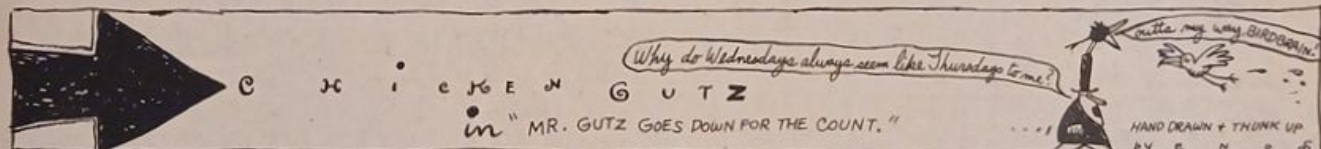


...RUNNING A BROTHEL, ACTS OF SODOMY
ON LOCAL FOREST FOLK, ROBBING GRAVES,
BOMBING THE TOWN ORPHANAGE, SPREADING
RAMPANT VENEREAL DISEASE...

...SELLING HEROIN
TO KIDS, WHITE
SLAVERY, MURDER,
INCOME TAX EVASION, AND...

WANNA
PIECE OF MY
BROAD'S ASS?

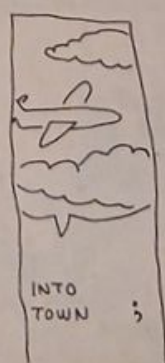
...BRIBING DA FUZZ.



MULE'S DINER



ANTI-COMICS!



THE END



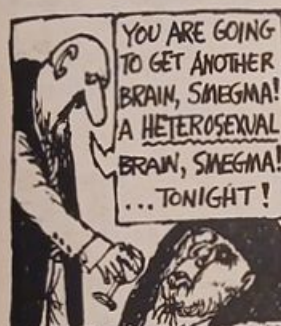
SMEGMA, I HAVE DECIDED. THE MONSTER AS A HOMOSEXUAL MUST CEASE TO EXIST...



...IT'S GETTING TOO RISKY-ON AT LEAST FIVE OCCASIONS I'VE SEEN INSPECTOR KLEE OUT BACK SKULKING ABOUT THE ROCKS—THE VILLAGERS ARE IN A NASTY MOOD—EVEN GELBSUCHT THE GROCER REFUSES US SERVICE! I HAVE TO MOTOR 18 MILES TO BLUTSCHANDE FOR A SIMPLE BAR OF SOAP...



HOWEVER, I WILL NOT DESTROY MY MASTERFUL CREATION BECAUSE OF ONE IMPERFECTION. ...DUE, I MIGHT ADD, TO YOUR STUPIDITY, SMEGMA!



AKUJAN

NUTS

REMEMBER ALL THE THINGS YOU DID BUT DIDN'T TELL YOUR PARENTS ABOUT? BECAUSE THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND? BECAUSE IF THEY KNEW WHAT YOU WERE UP TO THEY WOULD SCREAM AND SCREAM AND SCREAM?

MY GOD! DID YOU READ ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT KID PLAYING IN THE OLD PIER BY THE LAKE! BOTH LEGS!!! JESUS!!!

AT LEAST THEY DIDN'T FIND HIM DEAD LIKE THEY DID THE WILLINGS' BOY!



THEY SHOULD TEAR THAT DAMNED PIER DOWN! SHOULD HAVE DONE IT YEARS AGO! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT.

...DAMN PIER'S A REGULAR KILLING MACHINE!

YOU'RE CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT PIER, HARRY!



LATER... AT THE PIER...

HI, LEON. READ ABOUT CHARLIE?

YEAH... BOTH LEGS! WOW!



WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, LEON?

JUST WANT TO SEE IF THIS BOARD WILL SUPPORT ME!



GEE, LEON, IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GIV-

NEXT MONTH... TO THE RESCUE...



THE BEER-DRINKER



COCHRAN:

© J. JONES 1972

IDYL



DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER



...I'VE BEEN INVITED TO BRING MY MONSTER TO MOSCOW AND ADDRESS THE SOVIET ACADEMY OF MEDICINE!



SMEGMA, CALL LUFTHANSA AND MAKE RESERVATIONS FOR THE MONSTER AND I FOR THURSDAY... ROSALINDA, CAN YOU FIX UP ONE OF MY OLD SUITS FOR HIM?



FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 2

COW TEATS

WHEN CALLED UPON TO ILLUSTRATE THE COMMON MILK COW, THE INEXPERIENCED COMIC ARTIST OFTEN LOSES THE ASSIGNMENT TO AN OLD-TIMER OR WASTES VALUABLE TIME DOING RESEARCH AT THE LIBRARY BECAUSE HE IS SHAMEFULLY IGNORANT ABOUT COW TEATS! SOME COMMON MISTAKES ARE...

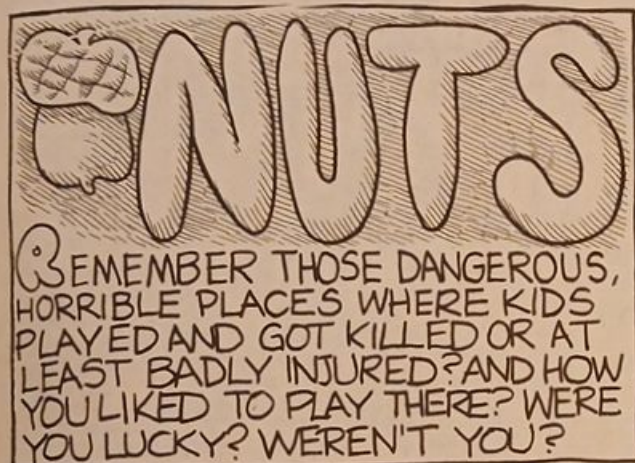
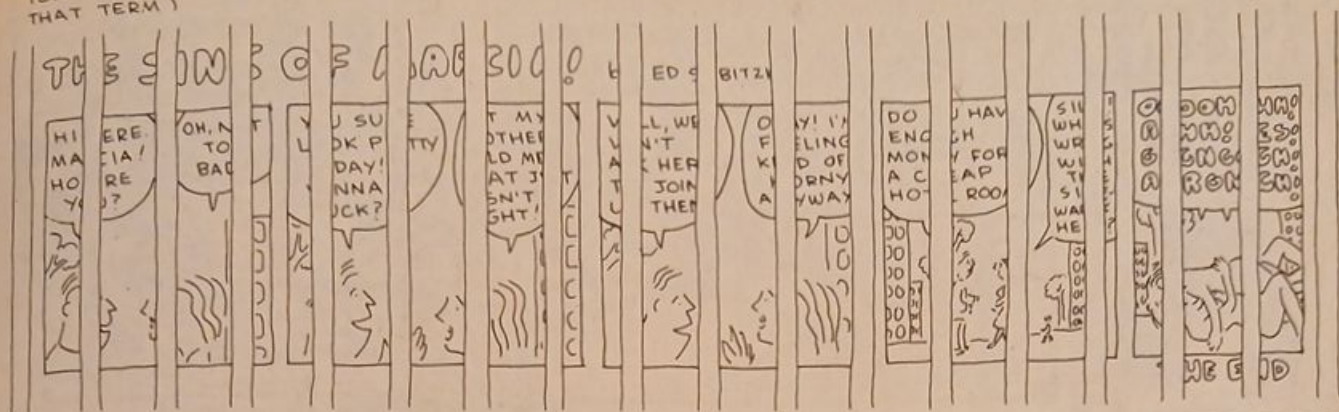
FAULTY PLACEMENT OF TEATS



INCORRECT NUMBER OF TEATS



(NOTE: AFTER BEING CONVICTED OF PORNOGRAPHY, THE FOLLOWING COMIC WAS SENTENCED TO A TERM OF NOT LESS THAN FOUR YEARS AND NOT MORE THAN TEN YEARS. IT IS NOW SERVING THAT TERM)





oh shit!!
The goddamned car went over the cliff and they were all killed!

THE END!

June 17, 1972
dear editor:
I don't know what the hell happened. This was going to be a pretty funny episode. However, I still have some space to fill so I'll do up a new strip entitled "SAM AND ISABEL." I hope you like it and I apologize for what happened.
regards,
Rodriguez



SAM, WHY DON'T WE SELL THE ISRAEL BONDS AND BUY A NEW VOLKSWAGEN?

ISABEL, I'VE TOLD YOU NO! NOT UNTIL THEY FIND MARTIN BORMANN!

June 18, 1972
dear editor:
On second thought certain Jewish groups would probably object to the Sam's note on SAM.
Also in Jewish circles there is great concern about the younger Jews falling away from Judaism due to an increase in intermarriage. I won't continue with this strip but wish
regards,
Rodriguez



the story

ACE DEUCE HAS BEEN RETAINED BY A DES MOINES BANKER TO FIND HIS RUNAWAY TEENAGE DAUGHTER. ACE DEUCE'S MISSION...

FIND THIS GIRL!



TACOS, MARIMBA, HOY! HERMAN BADILLO, MESA FALANGE, ZAPATA! THE SIEGE OF THE ALCAZAR!!!!

June 19, 1972
dear editor:
This last one isn't so good. I'll try again next month.
regards,
Rodriguez

P.S. Do I get paid for this whole page or only as far as the demise of DR. COLON?

SNAB



NUTS

DO YOU REMEMBER WONDERING WHY THEY NEVER SHOWED THE REALLY GOOD MOVIES AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER, BUT ONLY AT THE PLACES ON SKID ROW THAT SMELLED BAD AND WERE STICKY?

OH, BOY—THIS LOOKS GREAT! I HOPE MY PARENTS DON'T ASK ME TOO MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE DISNEY NATURE-PICTURE THEY THINK I'M SEEING!



FAMOUS
COMIC
ARTISTS
SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON #4

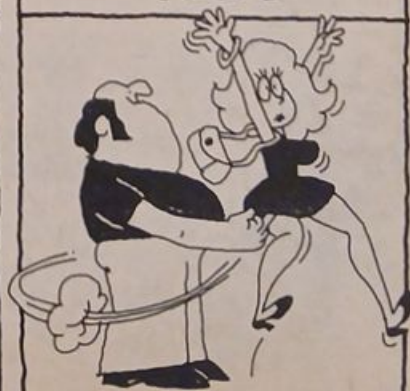
DUCKS & GEESE

MOST COMIC ARTISTS STUDY NATURE IN ORDER TO DELINEATE THE SUBTLE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN DUCKS AND GEESE, BUT YOU CAN LEARN THIS SIMPLE SHORTCUT AND AVOID THOSE TIRESOME HOURS OF RESEARCH.

DUCK



GOOSE





COMING NEXT MONTH



#NUTS

REMEMBER JUST ABOUT WHEN YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT ABOUT GIRLS AND BOYS AND BABIES, UP CAME THIS OTHER THING ABOUT HOMOS, ONLY NOBODY WAS REALLY SURE WHAT THEY WERE?

HOW WAS THE MOVIE?

DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?

OK.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN FUNNY?

OK. I MET THIS GUY. HE WAS KIND OF FUNNY.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FUNNY?



WELL, HE TALKED FUNNY. HE REMINDED ME OF MISS POLLIS DOWN AT THE LIBRARY. AND HE WORE LOTS OF PERFUME.

SILENCE

SILENCE



HE SAID OSCAR WILDE WAS THE GREATEST WRITER IN ALL THE WORLD, BUT NOBODY UNDERSTOOD HIM.

QUIET, HARRY.

LISTEN...



HE SAID THE GREEKS...

DID YOU DO ANYTHING?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

HE DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

I MEAN WITH HIM, IS WHAT I MEAN!



ANYHOW, HE WAS A FUNNY SORT OF A GUY.

QUIET, HARRY.



Gahan Wilson

SHAB!

DON'T TELL ME! IT HURTS WHEN YOU WALK, RIGHT?

OH, GREAT NOSE ALL, MY FOOT HURTS.

INCREDIBLE, RIGHT? WELL, YOU PROBABLY HAVE A ROCK IN YOUR SHOE.

INCREDIBLE.

SHOE? I HAVEN'T GOT ANY SHOES!

HAVE YOU GOT ANY ROCKS?

RIGHT! LEAVE TWO ANIMALS AT MY CAVE AND COME BACK IN A WEEK FOR A CHECKUP.

PLENTY.



The AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS

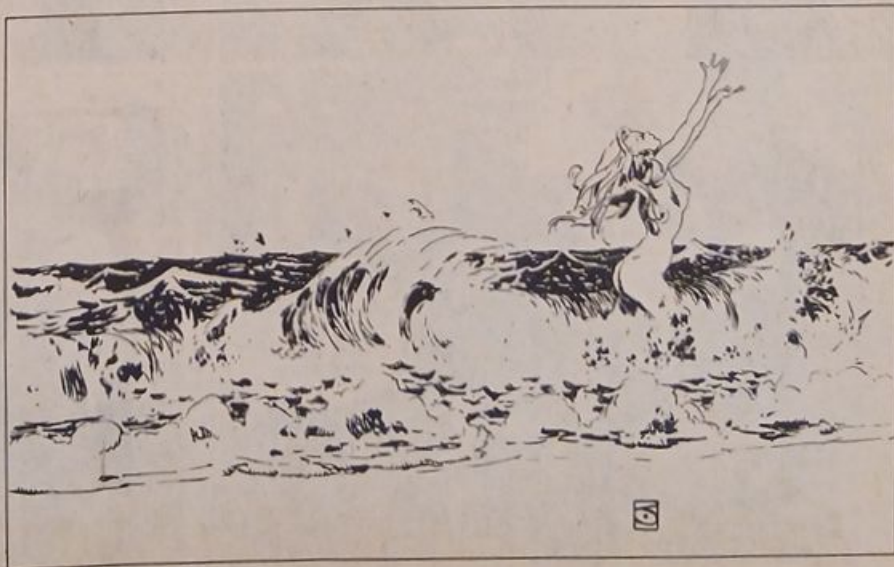
ALEX GEORGE



NEXT MONTH
The AESOP BROTHERS
JOIN THE
U.S. COAST GUARD
TUNE IN!

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IDYL





MAGICAL MISERY TOUR

Illustrated by
RANDALL ENOS

Written by
Michael O'Donoghue

Featuring
the FOUR MORTOPS

WHAT THIS COUNTRY
NEEDS IS A GOOD
5-CENT SITAR!

SUPER!

WIZARD!

MBE

GEAR!

BRIAN
EPSTEIN
R.I.P.

MBE

MBE

MBE

INTRODUCING **The BLUE MEANIES**

PHIL SPECTOR

WHAT THIS COUNTRY
NEEDS IS A GOOD
5-CENT SITAR!

YOU MEAN LIFE ISN'T A SALAMI
SANDWICH?

MAGIC
ALEX

PERPETUAL
MOTION
MACHINE
(BATTERIES NOT
INCLUDED)

ERICH SEGAL

MAHARISHI MAHESH YOGI

Linda

MICK JAGGER

THE PLASTIC ONO HAND

John
Lee
THE FLYING EASTMANS

WATCH THIS SPACE

I NEED MY MOMMY

PETE
BEST

DR.
ARTHUR
JANOV

ALLEN
KLEIN

HUNTER
DAVIES

CHARLES MANSON

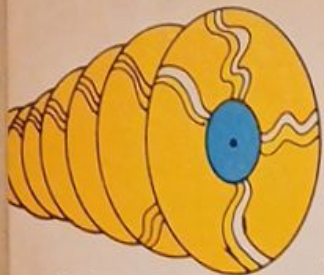
The
Taxman

YOKO ONO

RICHARD LESTER

DICK
JAMES

AND



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAGICAL KINGDOM CALLED PEPPERLAND (see map), WHERE GREW THE GIANT APPLE WORTH MORE THAN ALL THE GOLDEN RECORDS OF ROSEMARY CLOONEY AND PATTI PAGE COMBINED.

WITH THE PASSING OF THEIR MANAGER, BRIAN EPSTEIN, THE FAB FOUR SET OUT TO FIND THE APPLE. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE DIFFICULTIES THEY ENCOUNTERED, THE OBSTACLES THEY SURMOUNTED, AND HOW THEY BOTCHED IT...



THEN...

DIETOUR

SOON, AT THE RISHIKESH ASHRAM,
HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS...

WELCOME,
MY SONS!

CAN YOU TELL US HOW
TO REACH THE GIANT APPLE,
HOLY ONE?

NOTHING COULD
BE SIMPLER. YOU TAKE
THE EIGHT-FOLD PATH FOR A
MILE OR SO, THEN TURN LEFT ON
THE ROAD OF LIFE AND FOLLOW IT
UNTIL YOU REACH THE CROSSROADS
OF EXISTENCE! MAKE ANOTHER LEFT
AND GO STRAIGHT UNTIL YOU
COME TO A SUNOCO STATION!
TAKE THE NEXT RIGHT
AND YOU CAN'T
MISS IT!

IS
THAT
ALL
WE
NEED
TO
KNOW,
MASTER?

THERE IS ONE THING MORE! YOU'LL BE TRAVELING UPHILL
MUCH OF THE WAY SO YOU SHOULD NOT BURDEN YOURSELF
UNNECESSARILY WITH WORLDLY GOODS! TO LIGHTEN YOUR
LOAD, I SUGGEST YOU GIVE ME YOUR WALLET, AND YOUR
WATCHES AND RINGS AND CLIFFLINKS, AND YOUR
STOCKS AND BONDS AND BLUE-CHIP SECURITIES
AND CONVERTIBLE DEBENTURES, AND
YOUR SPARE CHANGE!

NOW THAT WE HAVE RID OURSELVES
OF WORLDLY GOODS, SEEKER OF
GOD-CONSCIOUSNESS AND
KNOWER OF THE RAPTOROUS
JOY, IS THERE ANYTHING
YOU WOULD TELL US?

ONLY THIS:
GET YOUR ASS
OUT OF HERE
BECAUSE I DETEST
POOR PEOPLE!

STOP IT!
YOU'RE RIPPING
MY SARI!

MIA!
MIA!
I LOVE YOU!

LOVE
IS NEVER
HAVING
TO SAVE
YOUR
SARI!

FLY TRANSCENDENTAL

ATER, NEAR THE SUNOCO STATION...



WITHOUT WARNING, THE BLUE MEANIES STRIKE ...



SOUNDS A BIT DAFFY IF YOU ASK ME!



AND SO...



THAT'S THE SIGN WE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! LET'S GO CHOP UP A STARLET!

AND A COFFEE HEIRSS!

AND A POLISH PLAYBOY!

AND A HAIRDRESSER!

AND A GROCER!

AND A GROCER'S WIFE!

AND A

SPAHN MOVIE RINCH

THERE IT GOES!

THAT DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT THE WAY I THOUGHT IT WOULD...





THIS WAY TO TORONTO PEACE FESTIVAL

PAWARGH!

DONOVAN

I LIKE GEORGE

I LIKE RINGO

I LIKE JOHN

FORGET APPLE! WE HAVE GRAPEFRUIT!

LET'S PULL TOGETHER! FOLLOW ME! I'M THE LEADER! WE MUST REHEARSE MORE! PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!

I LIKE PAUL

DUMP KLEIN! HE'S SCUM!

I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU GROTTOY FUCKING GUYS! EVERYBODY TREATED YOKO LIKE FUCKING GARBAGE! YOKO IS A SUPREME INTELLECTUAL! GEORGE SAID SHE GAVE OFF BAD FUCKING VIBES! I'M A FUCKING GENIUS! ME FUCKING AUNTIE THREW AWAY ALL ME FUCKING POEMS! PAUL'S MUSIC IS FUCKING RUBBISH! AND WHAT ABOUT MICK WIGGLING HIS FUCKING ARSE! WHERE THE FUCK DOES HE COME OFF WITH ALL THAT FUCKING FAG DANCING! THE FUCKING STONES ALWAYS FUCKING IMITATED US!

...WITH ALL THAT THAT FUCKING FAG DANCING? THE FUCKING STONES ALWAYS FUCKING IMITATED US!

MICK'S A FAIRY CROSS THE MERSEY!

SUDDENLY, THE SMOKE OF BATTLE PARTS, AND THERE STANDS REVEALED...

Love is a many-splendored thing,
Like the April rose that only grows
In the early spring!
Love is nature's way
of giving...

SO ENDS THE QUEST...

...The GIANT APPLE!

THE YEARS HAVE NOT BEEN KIND...

IT'S NEVER THE WAY IT LOOKS IN THE POSTCARDS, YOU KNOW!

THE DREAM IS OVER...

WE'RE LEAVING! TAXI!

WE'RE LEAVING! TAXI!

BLUE MEANIE RECORDS
ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE
THE FORMATION OF A NEW
SUPERGROUP.
Linda Eastman
and Yoko Ono
TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME!

T-T-T-T THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

E N D



SEPT. No.44

THE PEN IS
MIGHTIER
THAN THE
PLOWSHARE

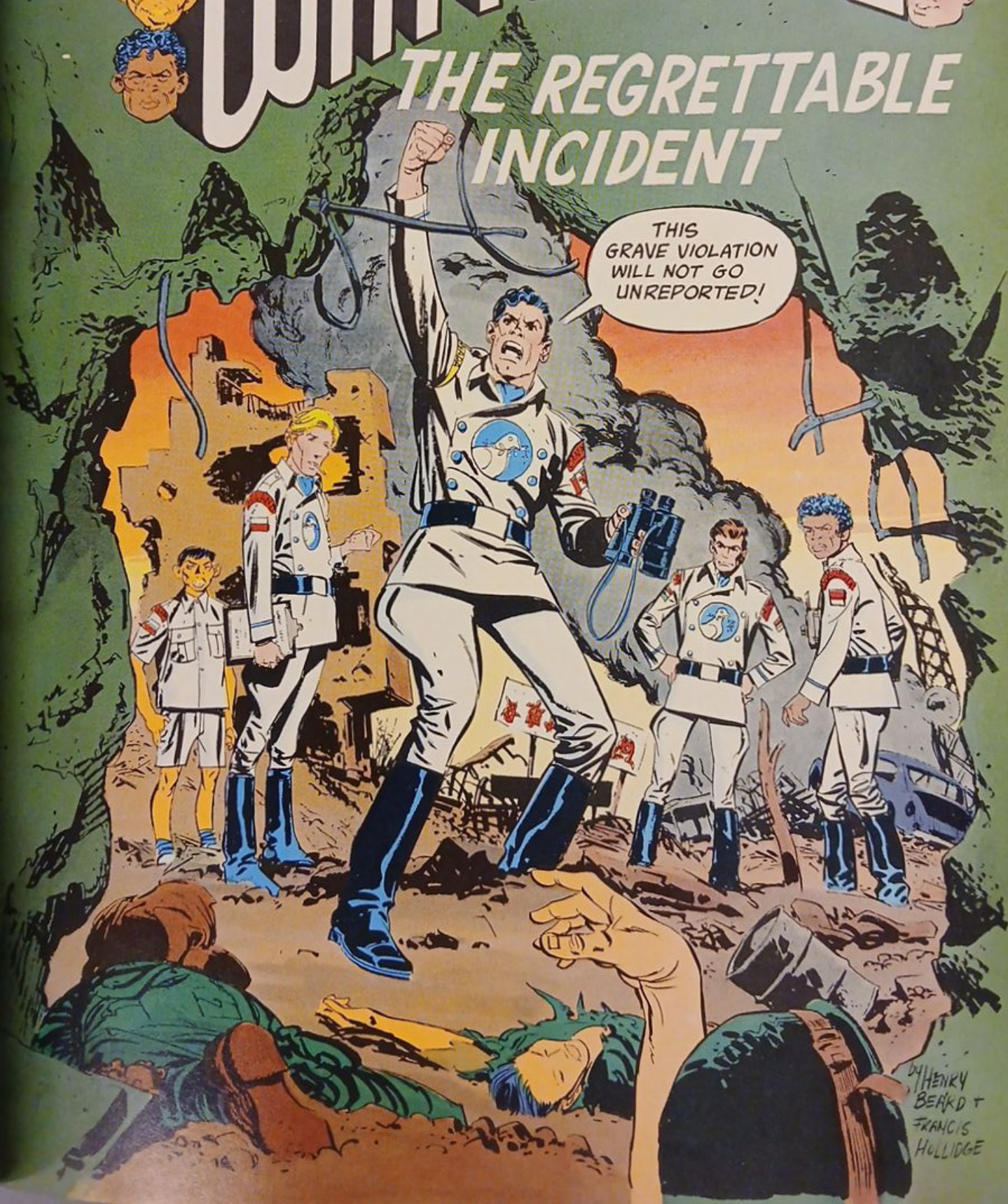
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WHITEDOVE

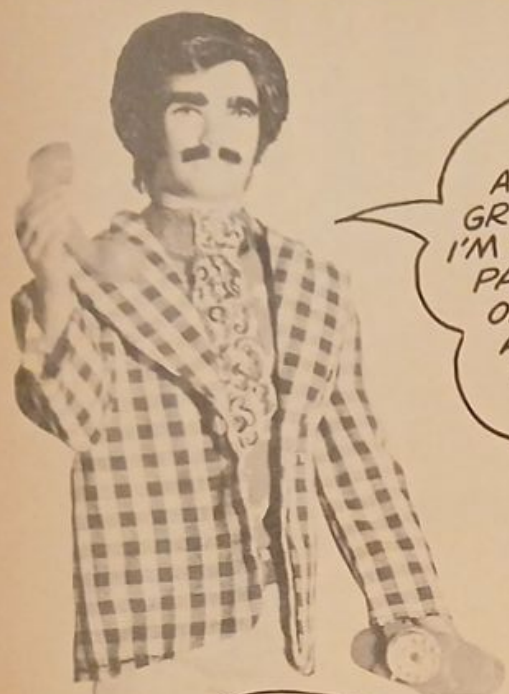
THE REGRETTABLE INCIDENT

THIS
GRAVE VIOLATION
WILL NOT GO
UNREPORTED!



BY HENRY
BEARD &
FRANCIS
HULLIDGE

AS SEEN ON YOUR TV SCREEN!



I'M T.G.I.F. JOE!®
ACTION ASSISTANT SALES SUPERVISOR™...
GREATEST TOY BACHELOR A BOY EVER OWNED!...
I'M OVER TEN INCHES TALL AND HAVE 25 MOVING
PARTS... SO YOU CAN PUT ME INTO HUNDREDS
OF DIFFERENT EXCITING POSITIONS OF DUTY
AND RESPONSIBILITY -- SITTING BEHIND MY
T.G.I.F. JOE ACTION DESK™, SEARCHING
FOR THINGS IN THE T.G.I.F. JOE ACTION
FILE CABINET™, OR RIDING ON THE
T.G.I.F. JOE ACTION COMMUTER BUS™!

"I CAN
BE YOUR ACTION
ACCOUNTANT™!"



"I CAN
BRAINSTORM
AS AN ACTION
ADMAN™!"



"I'M ALSO AN
ACTION OFFICE
MANAGER™!"



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TOY STORE NOW!**
Start with any of the basic pack-
ages. Get an Action Sales Super-
visor™, Action Adman™, or Action
Office Manager™ complete with a
semi-private partitioned cubicle—
then add—wonderful, realistic, au-
thentic material possessions!

T.G.I.F. JOE
Action Assistant
Sales Supervisor



Accessories
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Yes, T.G.I.F. Joe® is sure swell! . . . And every bit as realistic
as you'll be in twelve or fifteen years! With moving parts
galore—head nods, hand shakes, chair swivels, and pen clips.
And just wait till you see all the T.G.I.F. Joe Action Acces-
sories™ available at all toy and department stores! Everything
from a Swingline Stapler to a Swinging 2-door Opel Kadet with
Rallye Trim. Plus waterbeds, blacklite posters, "Jr. 3" apart-
ment in Queens . . . Everything you need to build a T.G.I.F. Joe
identity crisis or life-like life-style.

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suit by
3-piece suit.

Over 70 complete
T.G.I.F. Joe
Sets for you to get
into—Young
Country Club Set,
Catskills Resort Set,
and many more.

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JUMP FOR
JOY IT'S A
REALITEE®
TOY!



T.G.I.F. JOE

You'll be
amazed at the
wardrobe and
office supplies
illustrated in
true colors—shows
how to put
together terrific
conference rooms
and
singles bars . . .
Enclose 25¢ to
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of handling.

Don't wait . . . Mail today:

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Please send me the Official T.G.I.F. Joe® Ac-
tion Accessory Catalogue packed with action
pix of authentic looking desk organizers and
quadraphonic car stereos.

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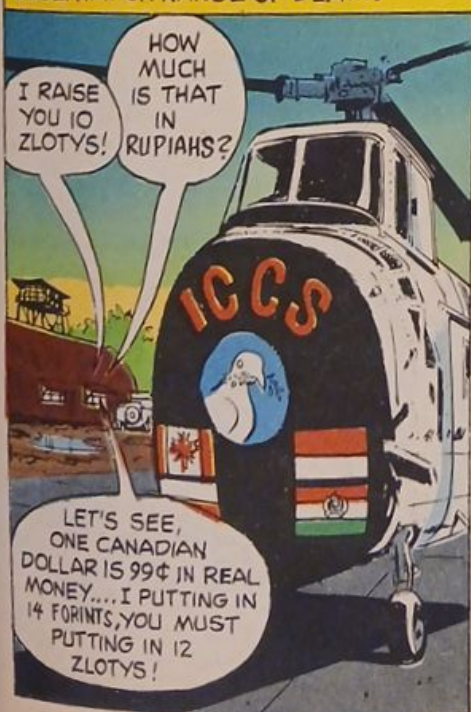
State

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FROM NICOSIA TO THE RANN OF KUTCH, WHEREVER MEN TAKE REASONABLE RISKS TO MAINTAIN THE PEACE, THERE YOU'LL FIND THE **WHITEDOVES**.... A TINY BAND OF SOLDIERS FROM THE ARMIES OF A HANDFUL OF NATIONS WHOSE REMOTENESS FROM THE CENTERS OF INTERNATIONAL POWER AND WHOSE LONG HISTORIES OF PLACID NON-AGGRESSION HAVE MADE THEM RELUCTANT GUARDIANS OF A HUNDRED CEASEFIRES. PATIENT MEN, TORN BY CONFLICTING IDEOLOGIES, BUT BOUND TOGETHER BY THE RELATIVE HARSHIPS THEY OCCASIONALLY MUST ENDURE.... EYESTRAIN FROM THEIR POWERFUL BINOCULARS, CRAMPS FROM WRITING OF ENDLESS REPORTS, INDIGESTION FROM THE UNFAMILIAR FOODS OF DISTANT COUNTRIES FOR IN THE OMINOUS QUIET OF NO MAN'S LANDS AND BUFFER ZONES FROM SINAI TO SAIGON, THEY HAVE LEARNED THE HARD LESSON THAT **PEACE IS HELL!**



AT AN ABANDONED AMERICAN AIRFIELD NEAR SAIGON, THE WHITEDOVES WHILE AWAY THE HOURS, AWAITING THE FATEFUL CALL TO ACTION THAT MAY COME AT ANY MOMENT, SENDING THEM WITHIN OBSERVATION RANGE OF DEATH!



THREE KINGS. THAT BEATS YOUR THREE TENS. I WIN, EH?

KINGS! HA! TYPICAL CAPITALIST CLASS DISTINCTION! WHEN I DEALING, ALL RED CARDS WILL BE WILD!

MOMENT, MOMENT! ZLOTY IS WORTH 20 KOPEKS, YES? AND FORINT WORTH ONLY 15 KOPEKS....



SUDDENLY, THE WAITING IS OVER...

IT IS VILLAGE CHIEF OF QUANG NGAI! HE SAY MANY SOLDIERS, BEAUCOUP TANKS ATTACK CAPITAL! HE WANT YOU COME MAKE SEE DAMN QUICK!

ASK HIM IF HE REPRESENTS THE COMMAND AUTHORITY IN FACT AND/OR IS SERVING AS COMMANDING OFFICER OF AN INDIGENOUS COMBAT UNIT IN PLACE IN A REGION, PROVINCE, SUBDIVISION, HAMLET, OR TOWN UNDER ACTUAL CONTROL ON OR BEFORE 12:00 NOON GREENWICH MEAN TIME ON 27 JANUARY 1973 AS EVIDENCED BY THE UNCHALLENGED DISPLAY OF SYMBOLS OF GOVERNMENT AND THE UNIMPEDED EXERCISE OF ADMINISTRATIVE CONTROL THROUGH AN ACTUALLY FUNCTIONING INFRASTRUCTURE, AS DEFINED IN ARTICLE 5, PARAGRAPH A OF THE ACCORDS.

DEALER TAKES TWO.

NUMBER 10! MUCH BANG-BANG, NO CAN HEAR!

ASKING HIM PLEASE, IF HE IS MEMBER OF FREEDOM LOVING FORCES OF NLF OR SAIGON PUPPET ARMY?

WHO ATTACK? COMMUNIST AGGRESSOR TERRORISTS OR ARMY OF LEGITIMATE GOVERNMENT?

NO, MOMENT, RUBLE IS WORTH 20 ZLOTYS, ZLOTY WORTH 5 KOPEKS, FORINT IS WORTH 3 KOPEKS.

LINE GO DEAD!

WELL, I GUESS THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE WHITEDOVES. DOES EVERYONE HERE CONSENT TO WAIVE FOR THE PRESENT OBJECTIONS TO FORMAL INTERVENTION IN THE ABSENCE OF A PRIOR DETERMINATION OF THE STATUSES OF FORCES AND I.C.C.S. OPERATIONAL AUTHORITY?

IT'S UP TO US TO MAKE IT ABUNDANTLY CLEAR TO ALL PARTIES THAT WE WILL TOLERATE NOTHING LESS THAN A STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE SPIRIT AND LETTER OF THE PARIS ACCORDS!

CAPTAIN, WE WANT TO GO TO QUANG NGAI, AND GIVE HER THE GAS, EH?

ONCE AGAIN, I WISH TO LODGE A PROTEST AGAINST USE OF AIRCRAFT OF IMPERIALIST AMERICAN AIR FORCE AND WAR CRIMINAL AMERICAN PILOT.

IGEN!

TAK!

JA!

I COULD HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN, BEEN A POW, COME HOME A HERO! I'D BE GETTING LAID RIGHT NOW!



WE'RE FROM LANDS
FAMED FOR RUBBER,
SAUSAGE, GOULASH, AND
GEESE. WE'D BE LAST IN
ANY WAR, BUT WE'RE
FIRST IN PEACE.
WE'RE WHITEDOVES!

A CHINESE MACHINE
GUN! I KNOW
SOUND FROM FIGHT-
ING GUERRILLAS IN
JAVA. MUST BE
GODDAM
V.C.

LAT-T-TAT-TAT!
LAT-A-TAT-TAT!

I VOTE WE
MAKE ZIG-
ZAG AND
GO HIGHER.

NO! I VETO! WE
MUST GO LOWER!
PERHAPS THEY
HAVE NOT SEEN
OUR MARKINGS!

I FULLY CONCUR WITH
THE POLISH REPRESENTA-
TIVE!

MAYBE IF WE
REMINDE THEM OF THE
SERIOUSNESS OF THE
SITUATION, EH?

WILL YOU
GREASEBALLS
MAKE UP YOUR
FUCKING
MINDS?



ATTENTION! YOUR OPENING FIRE ON US CONSTITUTES A MAJOR
BREACH OF THE PARIS ACCORDS OF 27 JANUARY AND ATTENDANT
PROTOCOLS! I REFER YOU TO ARTICLE 9, PARAGRAPH B: "ANY PARTY
TO THIS AGREEMENT WHICH KNOWINGLY FIRES UPON OR CAUSES
TO BE MADE SUBJECT TO HOSTILE ACTION AN AIRCRAFT, WHEELED
VEHICLE, BOAT OR OTHER SPECIFIED AND CLEARLY DESIGNATED
CONVEYANCE OF THE I.C.C.S MAY, BY UNANIMOUS VOTE OF
THE COMMISSION, BE FOUND TO HAVE COMMITTED A
CLASS II VIOLATION!"

THEY
NO SHOOT
NOW!

WELL, I GUESS THEY CONSULTED THEIR
COPY OF THE AGREEMENT AND DISCOVERED
THEY WERE IN THE WRONG, EH?

IF IT'S O.K. WITH ALL
YOU DAGOGES, WE'LL
FLY STRAIGHT FOR
A WHILE!

I SICK! I
GOING TO
MAZURKA!

NO, STOP! YOUR
REGURGITATION
COULD BE CONSTRUED
AS AERIAL
BOMBARDMENT.

AN HOUR LATER, THE WHITE-
DOVES HOVER OVER THE SMOL-
DERING REMAINS OF A ONCE
PROSPEROUS VILLAGE...



ALTHOUGH I WOULD HAVE TO
ASCERTAIN ITS PRIOR CONDITION
BEFORE MAKING A BINDING DETER-
MINATION, I MUST SAY THAT THE
VILLAGE OF QUANG NGAI APPEARS
TO HAVE BEEN THE SUBJECT VERY
RECENTLY OF BELLIGERENT ACTIVI-
TY. IS IT THE UNANIMOUS POSITION
OF THE COMMISSION THAT WE
PROCEED WITH AN INVESTIGATION?

SWIFTLY, THE GALLANT WHITEDOVES
SWING INTO ACTION, GATHERING VITAL
EVIDENCE OF A POSSIBLE VIOLATION
FOR INCLUSION IN A SHARPLY WORDED
NOTE TO BE SENT TO THE SIGNATORY
PARTY FOUND TO BE RESPONSIBLE!



I SUGGEST THAT WE SPLIT UP AND
CONDUCT INDIVIDUAL EXAMINATIONS
SUBJECT TO A LATER REVIEW AND
AUTHENTICATION BY THE ENTIRE
COMMISSION ACTING AS A COMMIT-
TEE OF THE
WHOLE!





FOTO FUNNIES



DO YOU
HEAR IT?

NO, I JUST
HEAR THE
SEA.

LISTEN
HARDER.

I THINK I HEAR
SOMETHING. I HEAR
PEOPLE. THEY'RE
SPEAKING FRENCH.

THEY SEEM
TO BE
ARGUING
ABOUT
SOMETHING.

CAN YOU
MAKE IT
OUT?

IT SEEMS TO BE
A TRIAL. NO... A
MILITARY TRIBUNAL...
ONE OF THEM
COLLABORATED...

THE SORROW
AND THE PITY.

Tommy Tucker: A Reactionary Hero's Glorious Challenge to the Forces of Arrogant Progressivism

by Dean Latimer



THE HAPPY BOURGEOIS CITIZENS OF SWILL, IOWA, COMMEMORATED IMPERIALIST ARMED FORCES DAY LAST YEAR WITH A STIRRING DISPLAY OF JOYOUS ADVENTURISTIC MILITARISM: A PARADE DOWN MAIN STREET OF THE LOCAL ARM OF THE VIGOROUSLY OPPRESSIVE AND WARMONGERING NATIONAL GUARD, WHO IN THE LAST YEAR HAD BRAVELY DOWNTRODDEN THREE GHETTO UPRISINGS AND GLORI-

OUSLY MURDERED FOUR STUDENTS AT THE LOCAL COLLEGE WHO HAD CRIMINALLY RAISED THE CRAVEN BANNER OF SOCIAL PROGRESSIVISM. AND AMONG THE CHEERING CROWD OF COURAGEOUSLY SABER-RATTLING PEOPLE OF SWILL WAS A YOUNG BOY, A RIGHTEOUS SCION OF AMERICAN REACTIONISM NAMED TOMMY TUCKER.



"WHY CAN'T I DO MY OWN PART," TOMMY WONDERS, "TO COLLABORATE IN THE ARROGANT AMERICAN PROJECT OF RAPINE AND PLUNDER OF THIRD-WORLD COUNTRIES? AM I IMPEDING THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN IMPERIALISM BY DOING NOTHING?" AS HE THUS YEARNs TO PARTICIPATE IN THE RIGHTEOUS ENSLAVEMENT OF OPPRESSED PEOPLE, A VEHICLE APPROACHES.



THE BUS IS AN INTEGRATED PROGRESSIVIST IMPOSITION ON RIGHT-THINKING SEGREGATIONIST AMERICAN EDUCATION. ITS CARGO OF SIN AND SHAME COMPRISES A COLLECTION OF DEVIATE FORWARD-THINKERS AND RANK INTELLECTUALIST SCOUNDRELS! TOMMY'S YOUNG CONSERVATIVE MIND IS SO REPELLED BY BEHOLDING THIS MONGREL SPECTACLE ON HALLOWED IMPERIALIST ARMED FORCES DAY THAT HE IS INSPIRED TO REPRESSIVE REACTION!



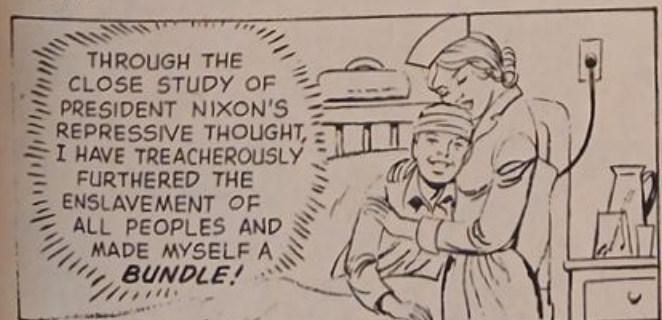
"IN OUR MODERN INDUSTRIALIST-IMPERIALIST STATE," SAYS OUR BELOVED REACTIONARY PRESIDENT, "ANY YOUTH CAN GROW UP TO BE AN OPPRESSIVE TYRANT OF THE GREAT BUREAUCRATIC OLIGARCHY IF HE CONSCIENTIOUSLY COMPORTS HIMSELF IN A PROPERLY PERFIDIOUS FASHION AND PARTAKES FULLY OF THE WHITE HEREDITARY TRADITION OF STIFLING THE STRUGGLE OF OPPRESSED PEOPLES TOWARD LIBERATION AND NATIONAL SALVATION."



LIKE THE THOROUGHLY DEVIOUS ADVOCATE OF UNRESTRAINED SOCIAL UPLIFT HE IS, THE SCOUNDRELLY BUS DRIVER VEERS SHARPLY TO THE LEFT OF THE ROAD, STRIKING TOMMY A MURDEROUS BLOW. THIS IS THE TYPICAL REACTION OF ALL DESPICABLE PROGRESSIVISTS WHEN CONFRONTED WITH THE FORCES OF VIGILANT REPRESSION AND CONSERVATISM.



THE HOSPITAL IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE IN TOWN, BECAUSE NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR A GLORIOUS HERO OF THE COUNTERREVOLUTION. AT FIRST EVERYONE IS GLOOMY AND SAD, BUT WHEN TOMMY'S SUCCESSFULLY CAPITALIST FATHER GIVES THE TRIUMPHANTLY AVARICIOUS DOCTOR A HANDSOME TIP, TOMMY'S SURVIVAL IS ENSURED.



THROUGH THE CLOSE STUDY OF PRESIDENT NIXON'S REPRESSIVE THOUGHT, I HAVE TREACHEROUSLY FURTHERED THE ENSLAVEMENT OF ALL PEOPLES AND MADE MYSELF A **BUNDLE!**

"IT IS THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF OUR ADVENTURISTIC NATION," SAYS OUR INDOMITABLY MATERIALIST PRESIDENT, "TO AGGRANDIZE THE TOP ECHELONS OF OUR CAPITALIST SOCIETY BY EXTENDING OUR GREAT ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL DOMINION OVER ALL OTHER CLASSES AND POPULATIONS OF THE EARTH!"



A TRUE HERO OF THE GREAT AMERICAN COUNTERREVOLUTION, TOMMY APPLIES HIS MIND AND BODY TO THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S AVARICIOUS AXIOM. FOURSQUARE AND STAUNCH HE STANDS AGAINST THE ONRUSHING BUS, AN IMMOVABLE PILLAR OF RIGHTEOUS REACTIONISM IN THE PATH OF INSATIABLE LIBERAL PROGRESSIVISM.



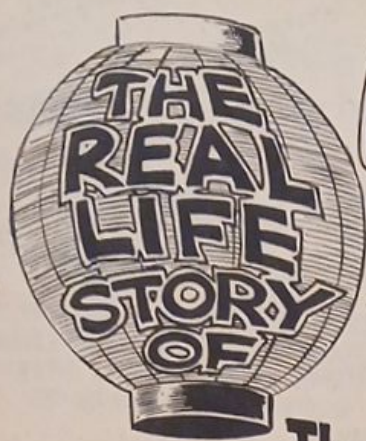
BUT THE BUS, A RELIC OF REPREHENSIBLE RADICALISM, BURSTS INTO FLAMES AND CONSUMES ITS EVERY PASSENGER. THUS BE IT TO SCHEMING FORWARD-LOOKERS EVERYWHERE! AND THE POOR, FRAIL, INJURED BOURGEOIS BODY OF TOMMY IS QUICKLY DISCOVERED BY HIS FRIEND THE FASCIST LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICER AND TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL.



A SUPERB CAPITALIST MIRACLE! WHILE THE MERITORIOUS SURGEON WAS OPERATING ON TOMMY'S BODY, HE FOUND IN THE BRAVE LAD'S STOMACH THREE GENERAL MOTORS STOCK CERTIFICATES HE HAD SWALLOWED AS A BABY! TOMMY'S PARENTS ARE EVEN MORE PROUD OF THEIR SON, FOR NOW HE HAS MADE A PROFIT ON THE DEAL! A TRUE EXPONENT OF GLORIOUS MONOPOLY CAPITALISM!



AND FOREVER AFTER, AS LONG AS THE HIGH SCHOOL IN SWILL, IOWA, REMAINED INTEGRATED, THE CHASTENING SPIRIT OF COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY HERO TOMMY TUCKER RODE WITH EVERY BUS. "AMERICA AS A GENOCIDAL SUPERSTATE WILL NEVER PREVAIL," SAYS OUR UNTIRINGLY DEVIOUS PRESIDENT, "UNLESS THE BASIC INDECENCIES OF CLASSIST SEGREGATION AND ELITIST ECONOMIC EXPLOITATION ARE HEROICALLY PRESERVED AGAINST ALL ASSAULT." □



HITACHI SPARKS MITSUBISHI

The FATHER of the TRANSISTOR RADIO

WRITTEN by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
ILLUSTRATED by BOB MONHEGAN

EVEN AS A LAD, HITACHI IS FASCINATED BY MINIATURIZATION...



LIKE MOST BOYS, HE ENJOYS LISTENING TO THE RADIO...



AS HIS INTEREST IN ELECTRONICS GROWS, HIS SCHOOLWORK SUFFERS...



THEN, ON A FATEFUL AFTERNOON IN THE SUMMER OF 1938, A DREAM IS BORN, A DREAM THAT IS DESTINED TO CHANGE HISTORY...

CAN THREE OR FOUR OF YOU GUYS GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS RADIO? I WANT TO MOVE IT A FEW INCHES TO THE LEFT.

GEE! WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF SOMEBODY CAME UP WITH A RADIO YOU COULD CARRY IN YOUR SHIRT POCKET!

I'LL SAY!

... A DREAM OF A RADIO SO SMALL THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED IN A SHIRT POCKET!

THE YOUNG HITACHI MITSUBISHI SETS OUT TO MAKE THAT DREAM A REALITY. BUT OTHERS LACK HIS PIONEER SPIRIT...

OF ALL THE FOOL NOTIONS! A RADIO SO SMALL IT CAN BE CARRIED IN A SHIRT POCKET, INDEED! I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH FADDLE IN ALL MY LIFE!

BUT HONORABLE SIR, I—

GET OUT OF MY OFFICE AND STAY OUT!

SMALL
DANS

S. KURUSU

BANK AFTER BANK REFUSES TO FINANCE HIS RESEARCH.

TURNING TO HIS FAMILY FOR HELP, HITACHI CONVINCES HIS MOTHER TO SELL HER CENTURIES-OLD HEIRLOOMS FOR QUICK CASH. HIS FIRST EXPERIMENTS, HOWEVER, ARE CRUDE AND YIELD LITTLE BUT FRUSTRATION...

HYDROGEN-FILLED BALLOONS

BALSA WOOD CASING

THREE-MILE EXTENSION CORD

TELL ME, MIYOSHI, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE GOLDEN MOTH AND TADAAKI SUBURI, THE SIGHTLESS PLAYBOY TURNED BAND LEADER, TOGETHER AT THE SAME TIME?

WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I DON'T BELIEVE I

WELL, AT LEAST IT'S PORTABLE!

SUDDENLY, BANNER HEADLINES PROCLAIM AN ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR AND THE WORLD IS PLUNGED INTO WAR. HITACHI ENLISTS IN THE ELITE IMPERIAL RADIO CORPS BUT STILL FINDS TIME TO PURSUE HIS STUDIES...

HEY, SPARKS, WE'RE PLANNING TO TORTURE THIS RED CROSS NURSE TONIGHT! IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING LATER, WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN US?

THANKS, GUYS, BUT I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A BUSTED OSCILLATOR!

MONEY IS SCARCE AFTER THE WAR, AND IN ORDER TO CONTINUE HIS RESEARCH, HITACHI TAKES A JOB PAINTING GOLDFISH CASTLES...

HOW DO YOU SPELL "OCCUPIED"?

IN 1947, HE MARRIES, BUT THE UNION IS NOT A HAPPY ONE...

YOU CAN'T KEEP DRIVING YOURSELF LIKE THIS, BELOVED HUSBAND! YOU'VE HAD NO SLEEP FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I MUST FIND THE SOLUTION! I... MUST...

EVERY SPARE MOMENT IS SPENT WORKING IN HIS LABORATORY...

UNTIL FINALLY CLAIMED BY FITFUL SLUMBER...



...BUT I HEAR NOTHING, ANCIENT ONE!

YOU ARE LEARNING ALREADY, MY SON!

...NOTHING! I...HEAR...NOTH...

"HIS ZEN-MASTER'S VOICE"

ON RARE OCCASION, HOPE GIVES WAY TO DESPAIR...



TUBES! TUBES! ALWAYS TUBES!!

KLASH!

NO MORE RICE WINE FOR HIM! HE'S HAD ENOUGH!

BUT THE VERY NEXT DAY, HITACHI IS UP WITH THE SUN TO TACKLE THE TASK WITH REDOUBLED VIGOR...

THEN, AS IS SO OFTEN THE WAY WITH LIFE, HIS PERSEVERENCE PAYS OFF IN AN UNEXPECTED FASHION. WHILE VISITING TOKYO TO PURCHASE ADDITIONAL EXTENSION CORDS AND BALSA WOOD, HITACHI CHANCES TO OVERHEAR A REMARK MADE TO A BEVY OF SIGHT-SEEING NUNS...



NO DAWDLING, NOW! IT'S TIME TO BOARD THE TRAIN, SISTERS!

"TRAIN? SISTERS? TRAIN-SISTERS? WHY, IT'S...IT'S CRAZY, BUT IT JUST MIGHT WORK!"

STRUCK BY THE THOUGHT THAT BULKY, FRAGILE TUBES COULD BE REPLACED BY TINY, DURABLE TRANSISTORS, HE RETURNS TO HIS LABORATORY AND WORKS FEVERISHLY.

MERE MONTHS LATER...



I'VE DONE IT!

DROP THE SWORD, MOTH, OR YOUR LITTLE PAL HERE WILL BE PUSHIN' UP LOTUSES!

HE HAD BUILT A TRANSISTOR RADIO, PRIMITIVE BY MODERN STANDARDS, BUT, NEVERTHELESS, A FUNCTIONING RECEIVER THAT COULD FIT IN A SHIRT POCKET!

SOME ARE SLOW TO REALIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF HITACHI'S DISCOVERY...



YOU ZIPPERHEADS MAKE GREAT CRICKET CAGES, BUT TINY RADIOS...? I JUST DON'T KNOW! LEAVE YOUR NAME AND NUMBER WITH THE RECEPTIONIST ON YOUR WAY OUT AND MAYBE I'LL GET BACK TO YOU!

FIVE COLOR BALLPOINT

MISSOURI MULE CIGARETTE COVES

S. GOLDFARB

RAM-JAY TRADING CO. FAR EAST IMPORTS

OTHERS, HOWEVER...



I'VE HAIN'T NEBBER SEEN NUTHIN' PERZACKLY LAK DIS-HEAH LI'L' RADIO! ALL US CULLUD FOLKS'LL SHO'LY WANNA BUY ONE TUH CARRY 'ROUN' IN DE STREET! YASSUH!

UH...PERHAPS I WAS A BIT HASTY JUST NOW! LET'S HAVE A FEW DRINKS AND KICK THIS THING AROUND!

THAT SOUNDS GREAT, MR. GOLDFARB!

CALL ME SID!

MAGNETIC BLACK/WH SCOTCH 100% S-KEY-MO THERMOS JARS Ruby Red BATHROOM SCALES RUBBER THROAT

ENTERING INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH SIDNEY GOLDFARB, HITACHI DEVOTES THE NEXT TEN YEARS TO REFINING HIS INVENTION, ELIMINATING NEEDLESS FRILLS, TIRELESSLY SEEKING NEW WAYS TO LOWER PRODUCTION COSTS SO THAT EVEN THE MOST HUMBLE WILL BE ABLE TO AFFORD A POCKET-SIZED RADIO...

BUT FOR HITACHI, THERE ARE NO ANSWERS, ONLY NEW QUESTIONS...

AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! WHY, WE'LL MAKE TINY TAPE RECORDERS, TINY TELEVISION SETS, TINY ADDING MACHINES, TINY CAMERAS, TINY CARS, TINY TENSOR LAMPS, TINY DIGITAL CLOCKS, TINY...



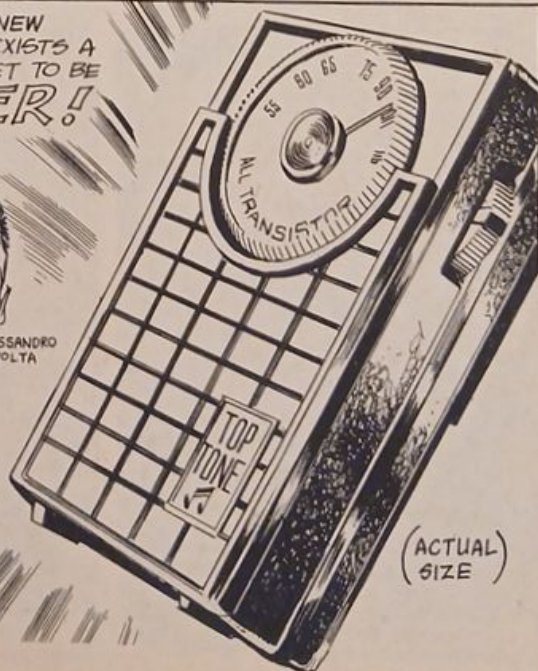
WITHOUT WARNING, ON AUGUST 3RD, 1971, WHILE ATTENDING A TRADE FAIR IN NEW YORK CITY, THE GREAT INVENTOR IS CALLED TO UNRAVEL THE FINAL ENIGMA...



IT IS SAID THAT MEN LIKE HITACHI NEVER DIE. THEY ARE BORN ANEW EACH TIME A LITTLE CHILD ASKS "WHYZ" FOR WHEREVER THERE EXISTS A PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED, A RIDDLE TO BE ANSWERED, OR A SECRET TO BE UNLOCKED, THERE YOU WILL FIND **MAN the DREAMER!**



HITACHI
MITSUBISHI
1922-1971



BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

CHEECH WIZARD

DISCOVERS A
TRAITOR
OR: THE RUTABAGA
TURNS BAD



by VAUGHN BODE ©

EH?

..I'M TELLIN' YA, BABY,
IT'S ME CHEECH
WIZARD'S APPRENTICE,
WHO DA POWER
BEHIND DA HAT, AN
DAT'S NO SHIT.

DAT HAT IS A FAKE... I DA
ONE TAUGHT HIM ALL HE
KNOWS, AN DAT NOT MUCH.
YES SIR, I FOUND DA FUKER
WHEN HE WAS A LIMPID,
HAS BEEN ORPHAN.



CHEECH WAS A
HANDICAP, OF COURSE.
HAIR-LIP AN ALL.. I
PULLED HIM OUT OF
DA GUTTER AN
TAUGHT HIM DIGNITY.

WOW,
AN I
BEEN
BALLIN
HIM ALL
THIS TIME.

GOOR!

HE
TOLD
ME HE
WAS
GOD...

HE GOT
MY BALLS.

...BUT HE
NEVER
DONE A
TRICK.



BIG BOBE CARTOON CONCERT SPECIAL

CHEECH WIZARD

SUCKS OFF A TURNIP

YOU SLUGS
PECKER, YOU
PINHEAD TOAD,
YOU LOST MY
BEER MONEY!

OW
OW
OW
OW!

GOLLY, CHEECH,
I GAVE DA NICKEL
TO A STARVING
PARAPLEGIC BEGGER
BOY WHO WAS LAYIN
BY THA ROAD SIDE!

DRA GYER SWAMP
BALLS BACK TO DAT
KID AN GIMME MY
NICKEL OR I'LL
MAKE YOU EAT A
COWFROP AGAIN!



AN, WHEN YOU COME BACK,
YOU APE TURD, YOU GOT TO
EMPTY DA BED PANS, WASH
DA DIRTY CLOTHES AN FIX
DINNER FOR ME CAUSE YOU
NOT GONNA GET ANY SUPPER!

DAT GODDAMN HAT, THAT
SHIT FAKE WIZARD!!
I BEEN HIS APPRENTICE OVER
A YEAR AN HE NEVER DONE A
TRICK, HE NEVER TAUGHT ME NOTHIN'
BUT ABUSE AN PAIN!

THE TIME HAS COME TO DO DA
DEED I BEEN DREAMIN TO DO.
I GONNA BREAK DAT FUKER,
I GOING TO SET CHEECH UP
FRAME HIS NO GOOD
ASS!



TO ALICE COOPER

I'M GOING TO STRIKE
TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF
DA VILLAGERS DRESSED AS
THE IDENTICAL TWIN TO
CHEECH WIZARD!



I'LL DIG UP THE MAYOR'S
FRESHLY DECEASED
MISTRESS WHO DIED OF
DA BI-MONTHLY CITY-
GOVERNMENT GANG BANG
PARTY LAST WEEK.



AN DRAG DA
BIG, MUSTY LUSTY
BUXOM BODY
DOWN TO DA
TOWN SQUARE.



...GET HER SETUP FOR
DA SEX SHOW. I ABOUT
TO PERFORM A BUNCH
OF UNSPEAKABLE PERVERSIONS
TO DISSTIFF, BUT VOLUPTUOUS
DEAD BROAD.



GASP ACK GAW

**CHOKER, LOOK WHAT DAT
WIZARD IS DOIN!!**



SIX COMES LATER

AN NOW TO LEAD A
UNMISTAKABLE TRAIL
RIGHT UP TO DA FUKER'S
DOOR, SO DA REVENGING
POSSE DON'T GET LOST.



WELL, WELL, HERE COME DA COPS.
I'LL LET EM SCARE THE SHIT
OUTTA CHEECH, SLAP HIM
AROUND A COUPLE DAYS
BEFORE I COME ALONG AN
GET HIS BUTT OFF DA HOOK.

GOOD LORD, IS
THERE NO LIMITS
TO DIS PERVERT'S
APPETITE. HAT, YOU
IS UNDER ARREST
FOREVER!

GO
JERK OFF
TO DA
BIBLE,
FUZZ BALLS.

GET
DAT
FUKER,
BOYS.

CRASH
YOW!



**BIG TRIAL TODAY
READ ALL ABOUT IT!
NEGRO-PERV HAT TO
PAY FOR PUBLIC BODY BOP!**

HEAR YE, HEAR YE,
SUPREME COURT OF
UNION PENNY IS NOW IN
SESSION. THE STATE VERSUS
THE BLASPHEMING, NECROPHILIAC
HAT, CHEECH WIZARD.

THE
HAT'S
COUNSEL
MAY MAKE
HIS OPENING
STATEMENT.

YOUR HONOR, I
PROTEST BEING SADDLED
WITH THE JOB OF DEFENDING
THIS SCUM. THERE IS NO
DOUBT IN MY MIND, THIS
CRAWLING SHIT IS GUILTY!

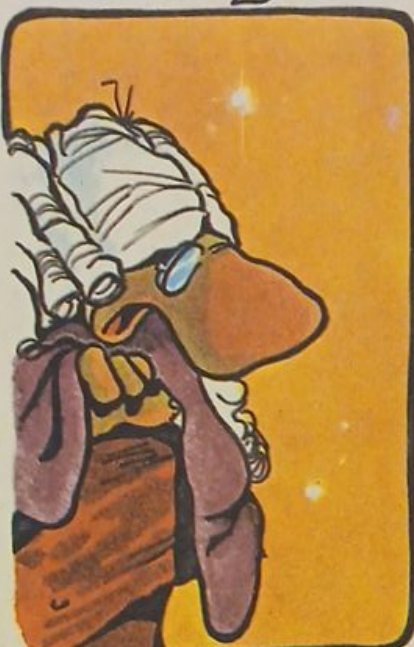


I AM THE WORLD'S
GREATEST WIZARD!
I CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS,
AND TURN RIVERS! I
GOT THE KEY TO THE
UNIVERSE!!

SIT
DOWN
HAT.

WE GOT YOUR NOTORIOUS ASS
LEGAL THIS TIME, CHEECH WIZARD.
THE WHOLE TOWN SAW THE
UNSPEAKABLE ACTS YOU DID ON
MILLY, I MEAN DAT POOR DEAD
STIFF. SAW YOU PLAIN AS DAY.

HAT, THERE IS NO POINT IN
CONTINUING FURTHER... IT IS
THE HAPPY DUTY OF THIS COURT TO
FIND YOU GUILTY ON ALL CHARGES.
I SUBJECT YOU TO BE HUNG BY THE
NECK OR HAT TILL DEAD WITHIN THE HOUR.



**KOHHA CHEECH, YOU
FUKER, IT WAS I,**
YOUR FAITHFUL APPRENTICE
WHO DID THE DEED JUST TO
TEACH YOU A SHARP LESSON!

LIZARD, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW
DISAPPOINTED THE COURT IS TO HEAR
THIS UNTIMELY CONFESSION, YOU
COULDN'TA WAITED AN HOUR.
OH WELL, WHAT'S DONE IS DONE.
RELEASE THE HAT AND HANG THE LIZARD.

IT WAS NICE
OF YOU TO
VOLUNTEER
TO KICK THE
LEVER, CHEECH.
MORE BEER?

HOW'S DIS SOUND;
APPRENTICE WANTED
GLORIOUS CAREER
WITH WORLD FAMOUS
WIZARD. ALL GLORY,
TOP PAY, NO WORK!



BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

GHEEY WIZARD



WELL, TURD BALL, THA TAXIDERMIST DID A GREAT JOB ON YOU. YOU LOOK BETTER NOW THAN WHEN YOU WAS ALIVE... IF YOU EVER WAS ALIVE YOU STUFFED BURP.

SWEAT BUMP RUMPLE

YOU WAS DA WORST APPRENTICE IN HISTORY. A ROTTEN, SPITEFUL, BACK-STABBIN, BADMOUTH SKULKER.

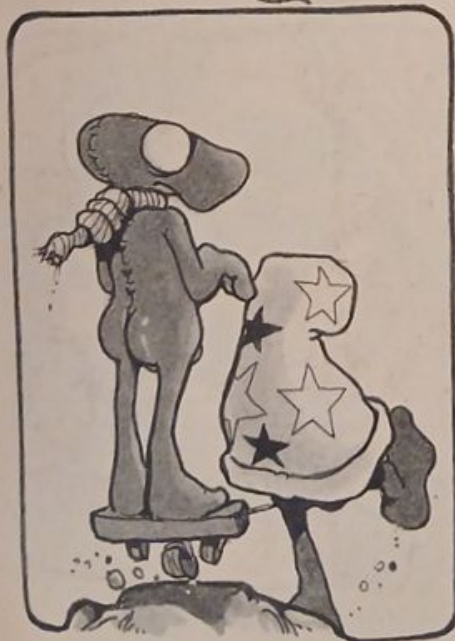


...YOU PISSED ON MY HAT, RAGGED ON ME IN PUBLIC, HIRED A GOOK TO GET ME, THEN FRAMED MY ASS... WHY?! I GAVE YOU DA BEST ALL DOWN THA LINE, AN DATS HOW YOU PAY ME.

HERE'S A KICK IN DA BALLS!

GOOM PH!

I GOTTA WATCH DAT NOW THAT HE'S STUFFED. KICK THA SHIT IN DA BALLS AN HE BLOWS A STITCH.



BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

GREEN WIZARD



BEATS
HIS GUMS
FOR
LIGHT

VAUGHN
BODE

SUPERSTAR, I IS HERE TO LAY
A HEAVY MESSAGE ON YOU. I
WOULDA SENT MY APPRENTICE
BUT HE GOT STUFFED AN
NOBODY ELSE APPLIED FOR
DA JOB EXCEPT A RABID NUN.



DAMANAGEMENT
HAS TOLD ME TO TELL
YOU DAT YOU IS IN
HIGH MOTION. YOU
HAS BEEN CHOSEN
TO DO THE WORK.

DIS
CAT GOT
TO BE A
PINBALL
WIZARD.



ZOR

HEY
MAN,
SOMETHIN'
JUS RAN
UP YER HAT.

HOLY CRAP
A SEX CRAZED SCOOTER-
STINGER TRYIN TO GET
IN MY PANTS!!

I GOT TO LIE STILL,
PRETEND I'M
DEAD. SCOOTER
STINGERS IN HEAT
NEVER FUK A
DEAD HAT.

HE DIED
BEFORE I
COULD LET
HIM KNOW
I KNOW.



TO VERY HIGH TED NEELEY

BOB'S CARTOON CONCERT

GHEE WZAR

HICCUP, LIZZEN-A-ME, OL' STUFFED AMEGO, JUST CAUSE YOU SUCKED IN LIFE DON'T MEAN WE CAN'T BE CHUMS ON MY BIRTHDAY... HOWZ ABOUT A DRINK TO TEMPER DA MONOTONY OF DEATH.

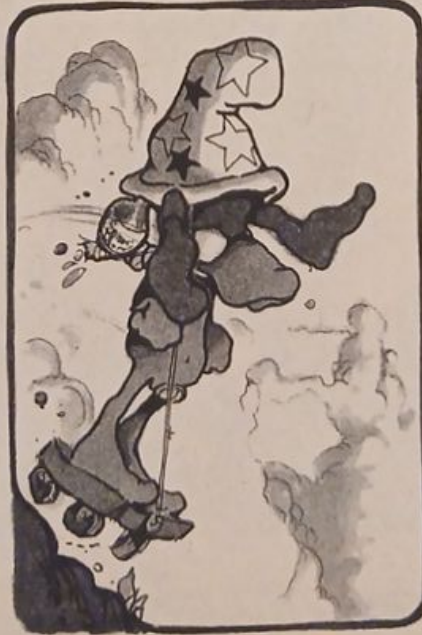
THE MAILMAN FORGOT TO DELIVER MY SACK OF CARDS AN GIFTS. BUT, I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT STUFF... I'D RATHER GUZZLE BOOZE IN DA WOODS WIF AN OL' PAL.



YOU KNOW, STIFFY, I FEELS EXPANSIVE TODAY. I BET YOU GOT TO BE HORNY AS A ROCK IN HEAT BY THIS TIME... SO, MAYBE I'LL FIX YOUSE UP WIF A TOWN WHORE. GET DA RIGOR OUT OF YER JOINT.

HEEYA WE OFF TO DA CAT HOUSE!!! I GONNA GET MAGGIE THE MOUTH TO GIVE YOU A BLOW JOB AN A HALF BEST BUDDY.

JESUS, IT TELLS YA, BIG GIMPO, I JUS SAW DA MOOR MONSTER! IT WAS DIS ICKY AWFULL DEAD THING ON A CART WITH A HUGE HAT AN FOUR LEGS!... IT, AHH, WENT CRASHING INTO DA WHORE HOUSE.





MANLY
COMICS
GROUP

20¢ NOV
7

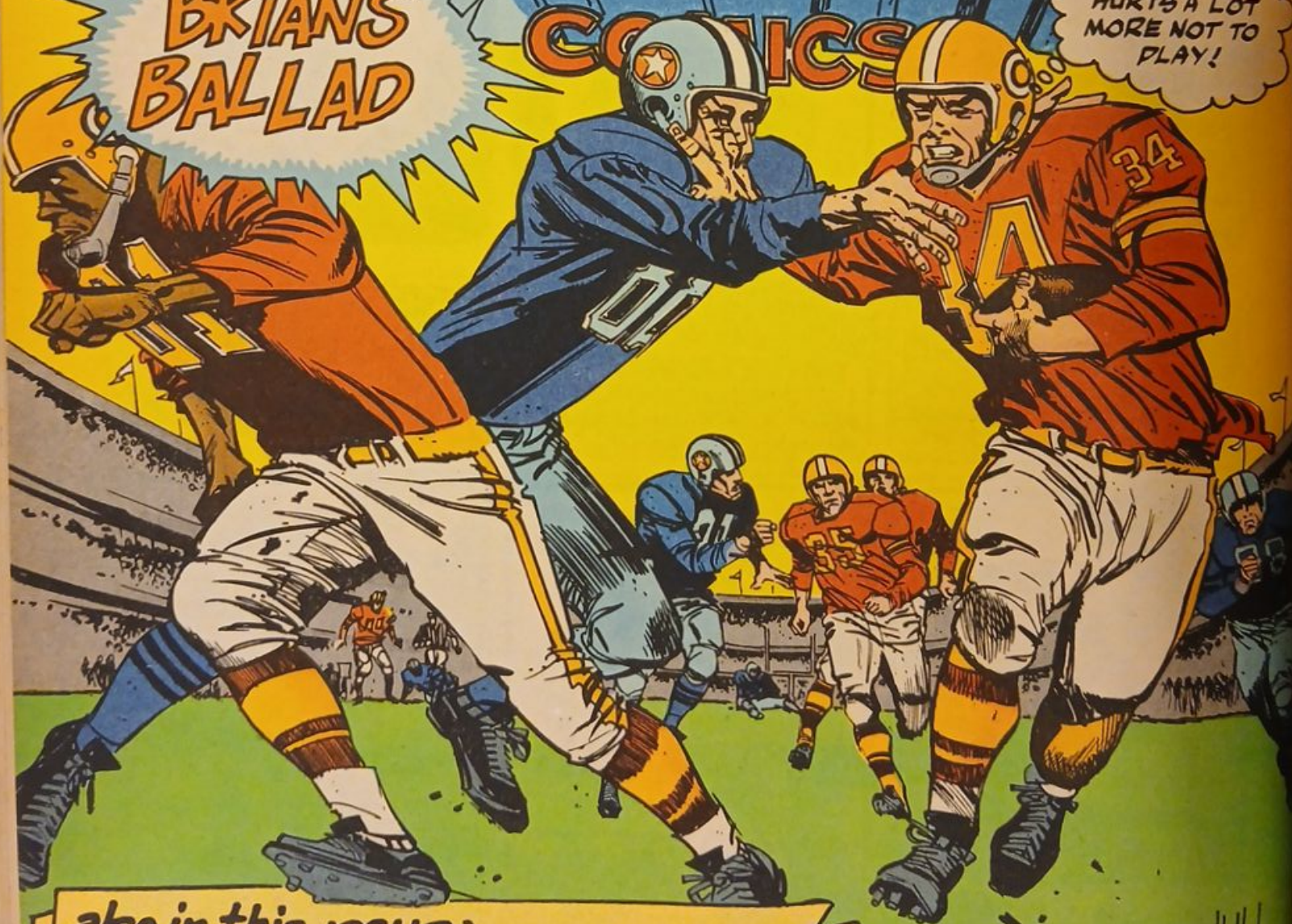
CHARACTER BUILDING

APPROVED BY THE
NATIONAL
CONFERENCE
OF CHRISTIAN
AND JEW

BRIAN'S
BALLAD

COMICS

SURE IT
HURTS! BUT IT
HURTS A LOT
MORE NOT TO
PLAY!



also in this issue:
THE LIFE OF GEORGE ALLEN:
chapter I: The Early Years

Hollidge



WOW! THAT'S TEN
TD'S FOR BRIAN CLARINET
IN THE FIRST HALF, DAD!

HE'S THE BEST HALF-
BACK I'VE SEEN SINCE
RED GRANGE, SON!

BRIAN'S BALLAD

WRITTEN BY GERRY "HANDS" SUSSMAN • ILLUSTRATED BY FRAN "CRAZYLEGS" HOLLIDGE

THE CHICAGO BEARS ROMPED TO ANOTHER EASY VICTORY, THANKS TO THE HEROICS OF BRIAN CLARINET...



MINE IS
6 1/2.

MAHN'S
18 1/4.

HEY, MAN,
GIMME
SOME SOAP.

FUCK YOU.
GET YOUR
OWN
SOAP.

BRIAN, YOU LOOKED
FABULOUS TODAY.
BUT HOW DO YOU
REALLY FEEL? YOU
OWE THE FANS AN
EXPLANATION!

WELL, HOWARD,
I DO MY BEST...

THIS ITCH IN MY
ASS IS DRIVING
ME BANANAS!

AND IN THE NEXT GAME IT TOOK
ITS TOLL... BRIAN CLARINET
COULDN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT...

THE TORMENT OF RECTAL ITCH GREW WORSE...



MOVE YOUR
ASS,
CLARINET!
SHOULDA HAD
THAT ONE EASY!

DID I CATCH
SOMETHING
FROM A
TOILET
SEAT?

WHATSA
MATTER,
CLARINET?
NOT USED TA
GETTIN' KNOCKED
ON YOUR ASS?

I BETTER
SEE A
DOCTOR!

...AND THE BEARS WERE UPSET
BY THE LOWLY NEW ORLEANS
SAINTS, 42-3...

GET THE LEAD
OUT OF YOUR
ASS, CLARINET!

YOU WERE A
BUMMER
TODAY!

BUMMER
IS RIGHT!

YOU REALLY STUNK, TODAY,
BRIAN. WHAT EXCUSES
DO YOU HAVE FOR THE
AMERICAN PUBLIC WHO
PAY GOOD MONEY
TO SEE YOU?

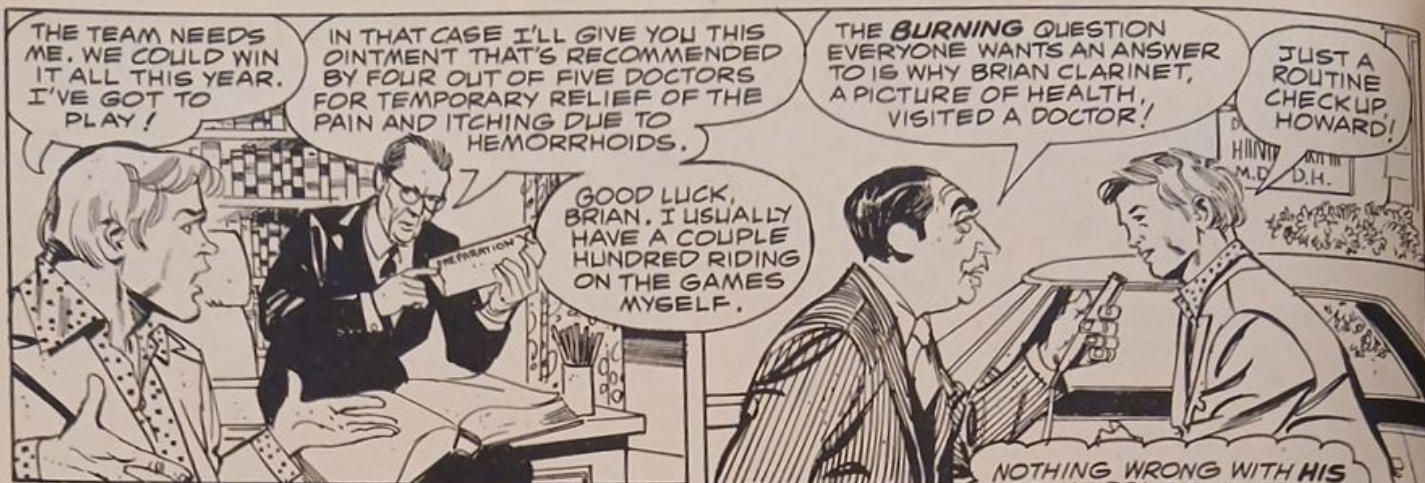


JUST ONE OF
THOSE DAYS, HOWARD...

MR. CLARINET, I'M
AFRAID YOU HAVE
A BAD CASE OF
HEMORRHOIDS.
YOU MUST HAVE
AN OPERATION.



OPERATION?
BUT THAT
WOULD PUT
ME OUT FOR
THE REST OF
THE SEASON,
DOC!



THE TEAM NEEDS ME. WE COULD WIN IT ALL THIS YEAR. I'VE GOT TO PLAY!

IN THAT CASE I'LL GIVE YOU THIS OINTMENT THAT'S RECOMMENDED BY FOUR OUT OF FIVE DOCTORS FOR TEMPORARY RELIEF OF THE PAIN AND ITCHING DUE TO HEMORRHOIDS.

THE **BURNING** QUESTION EVERYONE WANTS AN ANSWER TO IS WHY BRIAN CLARINET, A PICTURE OF HEALTH, VISITED A DOCTOR!

JUST A ROUTINE CHECKUP, HOWARD!

GOOD LUCK, BRIAN. I USUALLY HAVE A COUPLE HUNDRED RIDING ON THE GAMES MYSELF.

THAT EVENING BRIAN AND WIFE, DONNA, ENTERTAINED BRIAN'S BEST FRIEND, STAR WIDE RECEIVER JIM RIVERS AND JIM'S WIFE SUE.

...YOU'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNOW. I'VE GOT TO KEEP IT A SECRET UNTIL THE END OF THE SEASON!

BETTER WATCH YOUR ASS FROM NOW ON, BRIAN.

OH SHUSH, JIM! THAT'S IN BAD TASTE!

NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS ASS. HE DRIVES ME CRAZY IN THOSE TIGHT PANTS. MAYBE WE CAN DO WHAT KEKICH AND PETERSON DID... BUT I'M KEEPING OUR CATS.

THE REST OF THE SEASON WAS ONE LONG NIGHTMARE TO BRIAN CLARINET.



TEMPORARY RELIEF MY A— FOOT!

HE TRIED HARDER THAN EVER...

NICE TRY, BRIAN...

NO, NO! JUST GIVE ME A HAND SLAP!



...BUT HIS PROBLEM GREW WORSE AND WORSE...



WONDER WHY HE'S SITTING ON HIS DOWN-FILLED PARKA? IT'S 10 BELOW ZERO TODAY.

THEY SAY YOU'RE CONSPIRING WITH KNOWN GAMBLERS TO FIX GAMES, AND THAT IT'S ALL PART OF A COMMUNIST PLOT TO UNDERMINE THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME OF FOOTBALL. IS THAT TRUE, BRIAN?

I'M JUST A LITTLE OFF IN MY TIMING, HOWARD.



HIS INJURY SLOWED HIM DOWN. HE WAS DEMOTED TO THE SPECIAL TEAMS, THE SUICIDE SQUADS. BUT HE WAS STILL AN INSPIRATIONAL SPARK TO HIS TEAMMATES.



WONDER IF HE CAN STILL MAKE IT WITH DONNA...

I KNOW SHE DIGS MY FINE BROWN BODY...

AND IN THE FINAL GAME, THE BEARS STILL HAD A CHANCE TO CLINCH A PLAY-OFF BERTH...



FOURTH DOWN, ONE YARD TO GO FOR THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN. ONLY TWO SECONDS LEFT!

YOU'RE THE LAST RUNNER WE GOT, CLARINET! IT'S UP TO YOU!

I'LL GET THAT TD IF I HAVE TO BUST MY ASS, COACH!



Touchdown!

IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT YOUR BODY IS RAVAGED WITH AN EMBARRASSING DISEASE, BRIAN?



I'M JUST A LITTLE WORN OUT, HOWARD. IT'S BEEN A LONG...

AAA

GENTLEMEN, THIS PATIENT HAS ALLOWED HIS HEMORRHOIDS TO SPREAD TO AN ALARMING DEGREE. THERE'S ONLY ONE HOPE...

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE 'ROID! THEY'RE THE SIZE OF CANTALOUPE!



BOOM!

BUT THE OPERATION WAS A FAILURE. IT WAS TOO LATE!

I...I'M SORRY, BRIAN! IT'S TERMINAL HEMORRHOIDS. AND THEY'RE SPREADING FAST. WE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT AS EASY AS POSSIBLE FOR YOU!

OH, BRIAN... WHY? WHY YOU?

I'M GOING TO CALL JIM TO CONSOLE ME TONIGHT...

THAT FINE BLONDE LADY'S GOIN' TO NEED SOME COMFORTIN'...

HEY, JIM... YOU'RE MY ASSHOLE BUDDY. LET'S HEAR SOME COCKIE DOOTIE JOKES TO CHEER... ME... UP...

BRIAN, WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOUR FAMILY? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO LEAVE A WIFE, TWO KIDS, A BIG MORTGAGE, AND HAVE ONLY \$140 IN THE BANK?

MY AGENT JUST MADE A SIX-FIGURE PACKAGE DEAL FOR MY STORY, HOWARD. INCLUDES MOVIE, TV SERIES, RECORD, BOOK, MAGAZINE STORIES, PROMOTIONAL TIE-INS... SHOULD TAKE CARE OF DO...DONNA AND THE K-K-KIDS...



A WEEK LATER AT THE SUPER BOWL...

...IT IS MY HONOR TO ANNOUNCE THAT PART OF THE PROCEEDS OF THIS GAME WILL GO TO THE BRIAN CLARINET HEMORRHOID FOUNDATION, AND THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYER WILL RECEIVE THE GOLDEN SUPPOSITORY AWARD.



MORE THAN ANYTHING IN HIS LIFE, BRIAN CLARINET WANTED TO WIN THE SUPER BOWL... *or BOWL!* HE DIED SO THAT HIS TEAM COULD BE HERE TODAY. AND IF HE WERE ALIVE TODAY, HE WOULD TELL ME THAT THE ONLY WAY TO WIN IS TO KEEP PLAYING THE GAME, EVEN WHEN YOU'RE HURT BAD. HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME TO IGNORE MY CRITICS. HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME TO FORGET THE OLD WOUNDS (OF WATERGATE). HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME TO GET THIS COUNTRY BACK TO WHERE IT BELONGS! **NUMBER ONE!**



THE HALF TIME CEREMONIES CONTINUE WITH A SALUTE TO BRIAN CLARINET, THE BIG "B"!



...CONTINUING OUR GREAT TRIBUTE TO BRIAN CLARINET WITH THE KING OF SWING, MR. CLARINET HIMSELF, BENNY GOODMAN, PLAYING "BRIAN'S BALLAD," THE NEW HIT THAT'S SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

THE GOODYEAR BLIMP WITH A MESSAGE TO BRIAN...

BRIAN, WE HOPE YOU LEFT ALL YOUR CARES BEHIND!



THE BEARS WON THE SUPER BOWL AND THE NEXT DAY BRIAN CLARINET'S HEMORRHOIDS WERE DONATED TO THE FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME IN CANTON, OHIO.

...AS MUCH AS I HAVE ALWAYS ADMIRERD BRIAN CLARINET FOR HIS COURAGE AND DEVOTION TO HIS TEAM, THE QUESTION STILL REMAINS: WHY DIDN'T BRIAN CLARINET HAVE AN OPERATION EARLY IN THE SEASON WHEN IT COULD HAVE SAVED HIS LIFE?



WAS HE AFRAID TO GO UNDER THE KNIFE BECAUSE HE MIGHT BE FOUND OUT AS A HOMOSEXUAL? THE FANS HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW....

OH, JIM, LAST NIGHT WAS EVEN BETTER THAN I DREAMED!

DON'T EVER LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO THAT BEAUTIFUL ASS OF YOURS, BABY.



AND SO BRIAN CLARINET BECAME THE SYMBOL OF THE AMERICAN DREAM--TO WIN, TO DIE, TO BE REBORN IN THE MINDS AND HEARTS OF YOUNG AMERICANS WHO WILL FIGHT TO KEEP THIS COUNTRY GREAT.

WHAT'S A HEMORRHOID? MUST BE SOMETHING LIKE A RHOMBROID!

MY KNEE SCAB WAS BETTER LOOKING THAN THAT.

THAT REMINDS ME, I GOTTA FIND A BATHROOM, FAST!

FOOTBALL PLAYERS ARE REALLY THE LOWEST...



THE END

The Life Of GEORGE ALLEN

Chapter 1. "The Early Years."

FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, GEORGE ALLEN BROUGHT TOTAL EFFORT TO EVERYTHING HE DID...



...AND HE DEMANDED TOTAL EFFORT FROM THOSE AROUND HIM...



HE LEARNED VERY EARLY IN LIFE THAT EVERY DAY YOU WASTE IS ONE YOU CAN'T MAKE UP...



...THAT WINNING IS LIVING...



...AND THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE OFF SEASON.



HE ALWAYS PUT OUT 110 PERCENT...





I WONDER IF HE COULD TASTE THE STRYCHNINE IF I PUT IT IN HIS STRAINED PEAS...



NEXT MONTH:
CHAPTER II, THE WONDER YEARS.



I CAN TEACH
YOU TO
BLOW YOUR
ATTACKER TO
DEATH WITH

LUNG-FU

Up to now, Lung-Fu was known only by the dreaded *Hosein*, the assassination arm of the Chinese Secret Police. But a famous American war correspondent secretly photographed the pages of a Lung-Fu manual and smuggled them out of mainland China!

Today he is in hiding for fear that the *Hosein* may extract a painful punishment for his act. But he felt that the benefits of Lung-Fu were so important to the American people that it was worth the risk of his life!

Turn Your Attacker Into a Bunch of Flying Bones! Lung-Fu is even more lethal than karate or Kung-Fu. It uses the incredible powers stored in your lungs—shows you how to blow an attacker to smithereens with a force equal to a 150 m.p.h. hurricane!

NO MONEY BACK TRIAL OFFER ACT NOW

MARSHALL ARTS SCHOOLS, Inc. Dept. 4365
1224 Utopia Parkway
Bayside, N.Y.

—I wish to be inducted into the secret self-defense method of Lung-Fu and I am willing to take the risk of being hunted by the Chinese Secret Police if I am discovered. I pledge to show the Lung-Fu Manual to no one. I enclose \$2.98 payment in full.

—I pledge never to use Lung-Fu as an aggressor or use it near private property, which could be destroyed by a good blow.

(My Signature)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....AGE.....

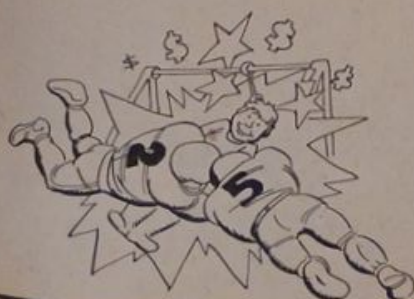
CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

BE A TACKLING DUMMY

Get into the action at the
**BOOM BOOM HARRIS
FOOTBALL CAMP**

"I learned to take it at the Boom Boom Harris Football Camp and now I can really dish it out."
J.L., starting fullback
Massillon High, Massillon, Ohio

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Effeminacy can start in your sub-conscious and spread throughout your entire body if you can't recognize the danger signs and act fast.

My new method detects effeminacy signs in seconds, eliminates them in just a few minutes of special exercises.

Don't ruin your life. Get the facts, send only \$5.98 to Heidelberg School of Mind-Body, Dept. E-3, Canajoharie, N.Y.



EXCUSE ME,
IS THIS BED
OCCUPIED?



WHY, UH, NO.

MMMMM,
I'M GLAD.



OOOH, I WANT
ONE OF YOUR
CIGARETTES.



I JUST LOVE
TO SUCK
ON THINGS!



LISTEN,
LET'S
MAKE
IT!

WHAT?!

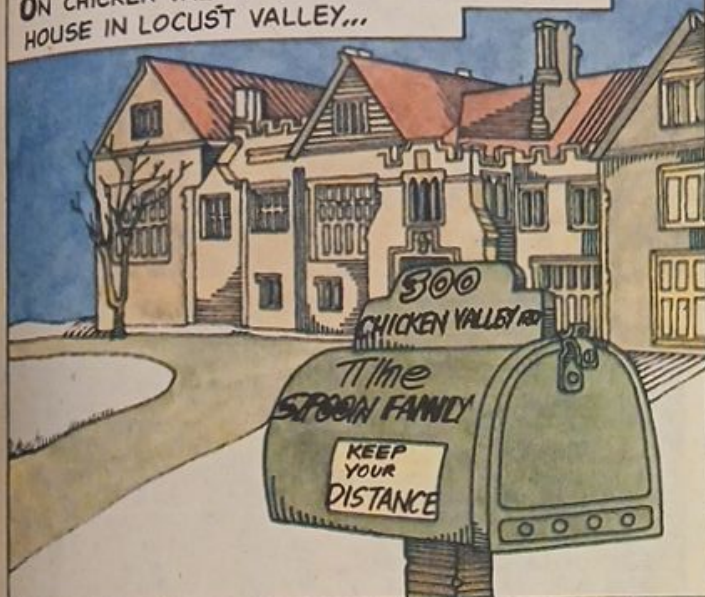


WHEN ARE YOU MEN GOING
TO STOP TREATING ME AS
A SEXUAL OBJECT?



AN ANGLO-SAXON YULETIDE TALE

ON CHICKEN VALLEY ROAD, IN THE LARGEST HOUSE IN LOCUST VALLEY...



CORNELIUS V. SPOON, DECADENT ANGLO-SAXON SHOE HEIR, WHO HAS BEEN KNOWN TO CONSORT WITH PIPE-FITTERS IN DARK ALLEYS...



AND HIS ESTRANGED WIFE, ALEXANDRA, WHOSE MIND IS A THING OF SHARDS AND FRAGMENTS...

FRANKLY, IN CASES SUCH AS YOURS, WHERE THE PROTESTANT GLAND HAS CEASED TO FUNCTION ALTOGETHER, EVEN MODERN MEDICAL SCIENCE IS HELPLESS, MR. SPOON.

OH, NO.

BEGINS A SINISTER HOLIDAY RITUAL ...



Illustrated by Philip Wende

BENT OVER THEIR CARDS, CORNELIUS AND ALEXANDRA DO NOT IMMEDIATELY NOTICE THAT A SMALL WISPY FIGURE HAS APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY.



HI MOM, HI DAD. I GOT HOME FROM HOTCHKISS A DAY EARLY.

THE MYSTIC CIRCLE OF THE NUCLEAR FAMILY UNIT (CELEBRATED IN ANGLO-SAXON LEGEND), HAS BEEN COMPLETED.



I THOUGHT HE WENT TO GROTON.

WE'LL JUST FINISH THIS GAME AND BE RIGHT WITH YOU, SON.

DOES HE WANT A DRINK?

AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT.



DESPERATE NOW TO RETURN TO HIS ALLEY, CORNELIUS CHEATS AT CRAZY EIGHTS.



I'M OUT, I'VE WON, YOU LOSE. DON'T BE A SORE LOSER.

OH, NO.

MEANWHILE, IN LOCUST VALLEY'S PORTUGUESE GHETTO, THE POOR BUT LOVING SPINOSA FAMILY PREPARES FOR ITS SIMPLE CHRISTMAS.



AND HE HAD HIS HEART SET ON A NEW PAIR OF SCISSORS.

NO PRESENT FOR OUR LITTLE PABLO AGAIN THIS YEAR.

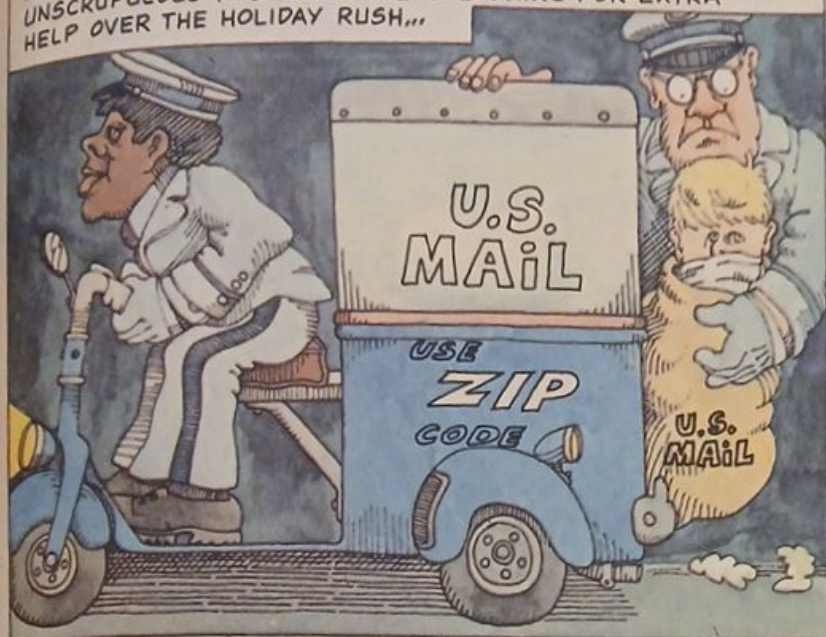
MOTHER AND SON FAIL TO CONNECT...



HEY MUMMY, LETS READ THE CHRISTMAS STORY FROM DEBRETT LIKE WE USED TO DO.

LET'S HAVE A NIGHTCAP.

AND LONELY LITTLE C.V. SPOON II ROAMS THE STREETS ALONE UNTIL HE IS KIDNAPPED BY A GANG OF UNSCRUPULOUS POSTAL WORKERS LOOKING FOR EXTRA HELP OVER THE HOLIDAY RUSH...



IN THE DINGY POSTAL PRISON, LITTLE C.V. II MAKES FRIENDS (AFTER A FASHION) WITH A CLEVER YOUTH NAMED SPINOSA.



SPINOSA HELPS LITTLE C.V. TO ESCAPE.



AND TAKES HIM TO THE SPINOSA HOME. HERE LITTLE C.V. FINDS THE WARMTH HE CRAVES.



ON CHRISTMAS MORNING. MR. SPINOSA (A PIPE-FITTER BY TRADE) FORCES HIMSELF TO PERFORM A DISGUSTING ACT IN A DARK ALLEY WITH A RICH STRANGER IN ORDER TO...



BUY HIS SON A SHINY NEW PAIR OF SCISSORS.



SO THAT LITTLE PABLO WAKES UP TO FIND A LOVELY SURPRISE UNDER THE CHRISTMAS SNAKEPLANT.



LITTLE C.V. AWAKENS



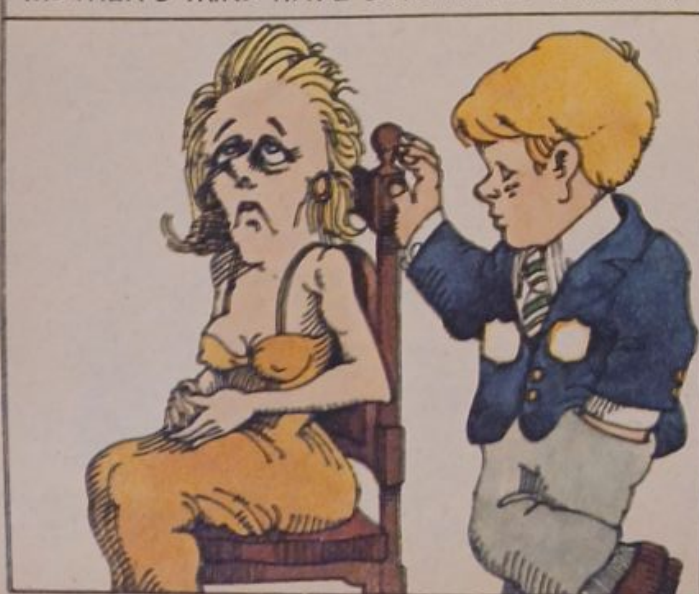
BESIDE HIS BED AND FINDS A SHINY NEW PAIR OF SCISSORS WITH A NOTE.



YOU CALL THIS A PRESENT-- A PAIR OF SCISSORS, YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING. KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, PABLO. CALL ME A TAXI.



LITTLE C.V. ARRIVES HOME TO FIND THAT THE SHARDS AND FRAGMENTS OF HIS MOTHER'S MIND HAVE SCATTERED FOREVER.



AND SPENDS A RATHER PLEASANT CHRISTMAS WITH A MAN FROM THE TRUST DEPARTMENT OF THE ANGLO-SAXON NATIONAL BANK.



THE ADVENTURES OF

DECEASED
COMICS

SPECIAL
ORIGINS
ISSUE

LOOK, UP THERE,
A CORNICE HAS
FALLEN OFF THAT
BUILDING!

NO,
A WINDOW
WASHER
SLIPPED!

NO,
IT'S
DEADMAN!

WHAT
TH'?

Written by:
HENRY BEARD

Art by:
DICK GIORDANO
NEAL ADAMS

LAST AID

What to Do Until the Mortician Comes

Death can strike anyone, anywhere, anytime. It can happen miles from the nearest mortuary or funeral parlor, in terrain too rugged for hearses, or under circumstances—such as in combat or time of natural disaster—when a cry of "Mortician!" or phone call to a funeral director may go unanswered, and precious minutes, even hours, will pass before a qualified undertaker reaches the scene. In this critical period immediately following a death, when irreversible changes in the deceased take place, the presence of a cool-headed individual with a good knowledge of last-aid techniques can mean the difference between a dismal, perfunctory, closed-coffin ceremony that wouldn't do justice to some shapeless lump on the highway and a lavish, unforgettable funeral, with the departed transformed by the embalmer's and cosmetician's arts into a personification of peace and contentment that gives friends and relatives a memory to cherish always. Remember: morticians aren't magicians. If someone comes in looking like 150 pounds of stew beef, he's going to go out looking like he's auditioning for a role as a walk-on in a Jap horror movie. Learn these seven death-saving steps; sometime soon, someone you love may be dying for your help.



1. Don't panic. Move quickly to the side of the deceased. Do not waste valuable time trying to revive him. It is in the first few minutes that the most damage is done to the remains—either by well-meaning but clumsy individuals, who often permanently ruin the body's appearance by trying to apply hopelessly inadequate medical treatment like snakebite incisions, tourniquets, and amateur tracheotomies, or by the deceased himself, who often ruins skin texture and facial tone in the course of his struggles, grimaces, and fits.



2. Immediately render the deceased immobile. This may be done by pressing a folded blanket or rolled-up coat over his face and holding it in place for at least three minutes or by pinching the nostrils and using mouth-to-mouth asphyxiation. If his involuntary reflexes or death agony proves too violent for these methods, hit him repeatedly behind the ear either with a sock filled with sand or with the upper, soft side of a shoe or boot. Do not use a solid object like a rock or log, as this will leave permanent bruises and marks. Once you have quieted the deceased, apply the blanket or coat.



3. Insure that the deceased is lying as flat as possible. If a leg or arm will not go straight due to fracture or dislocation, force it slowly to the ground by kneeling on it. Do not be concerned by breaking noises, but if the limb shows signs of becoming detached from the remains, do not attempt to straighten it further. Fold the arms over the stomach. If there are any visible wounds, cover them with basic flesh-tone cream cosmetic from your last-aid kit; or if you have no kit with you, place a clump of moss or grass (from which you have shaken most of the dirt) over the wound.



4. To prevent excess blood from flowing to the head and discoloring the face, use your belt to tie a tourniquet around the deceased's neck just below the Adam's apple. Fasten it as tightly as you can by hand, but do not use a stick to wind it tighter. At the same time, prevent the jaws from becoming frozen in an open position by tying a necktie or strip of cloth into a loop from beneath the chin to the top of the head or by wadding well-chewed chewing gum along the deceased's lower teeth, then pressing the jaws together and holding them in a closed position for at least one minute. Make sure that the jaws are properly aligned.



5. Remove the deceased's wallet and search through it for any card or slip indicating that his body has been sold or willed to a medical school. If you find one, burn it immediately; then remove the deceased's shoes and socks and examine his ankles and the soles of his feet with the ultraviolet viewer in your last-aid kit to find the identification mark. If you have no kit, look for a slightly pale rectangular patch of skin approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ " x $\frac{3}{4}$ ". When you have found it, use a knife or other sharp tool to cut it out. Do not merely scrape the skin; make a deep incision and remove the entire area.



6. Using your knife, carefully cut away the deceased's clothing from the inside of both his left and right thighs, approximately six inches above the knee. When the skin is exposed, make gauges at least three inches deep in

the fleshy portions of the legs. Repeat until there is a copious flow of blood. Allow blood to drain for five minutes or until flow diminishes. Contrary to widespread belief, do not attempt to put soft drinks, cleaning compounds, or any other temporary embalming fluids into the deceased by means of a tube or in any other manner.



7. Using folded clothing, several layers of pine boughs, or six inches of dirt or sand, make a platform covering the deceased from below his neck to below his knees. Once the platform is in place, pile on top of it the largest rocks, logs, or other heavy objects you can carry, covering the entire area as evenly and completely as possible. This will prevent rigor mortis from permanently stiffening the deceased into any unnatural positions that the random relaxation of his muscles might cause.

NICE WORK, SON. THANKS TO YOUR PROMPT APPLICATION OF LAST AID, THIS BOY IS GOING TO LOOK LIKE A MILLION BUCKS AT HIS FUNERAL!



For information on last-aid programs in your community and the location of stores selling last-aid kits, contact your local chapter of the American Dead Cross or write to: The American Dead Cross, Box 101, Morticello, New Jersey 08101.

Don'tiddle with death
LEARN THE SEVEN DEATH-SAVING STEPS

DISSOLUTE PLAYBOY, HAMSTER TOLLHOUSECOOKIE LA BREA II, HEIR TO THE VAST TAR-PIT FORTUNE, SPEEDS ALONG A MOUNTAINOUS CALIFORNIA ROAD IN HIS, CUSTOM-MADE GIOTTO CHIAROSCURO G.T.



HOT DAMN! THIS DAGO JALOPY HAS WHAT IT TAKES!

AT HIS SIDE SITS THE LATEST IN A LONG LINE OF LOOSE COMPANIONS—BELLE PAESE, AN ITALIAN-SWISS GO-GO SPEAKER HE PICKED UP AT A TOPLESS LECTURE ON ADMIRALTY LAW IN THE BASEMENT OF THE WORLD COURT AT THE HAGUE.

OH, HAMSTER, ZIS CHAMPAGNE HAS MADE ZEE BOTTOM OF MY SLIPPER ALL STICKY. I WANT YOU TO WIRE DR. SCHOLL AND TELL HIM TO SHAG OUT HERE PRONTO WIZ A CASE OF HIS SWELLEST FOOT-PADS!

SHUT UP, YOU TRAMP!



HIS LIFE HAS BEEN AN EMPTY SHAM, A STUDY IN DECADENCE PLAYED AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF AN ENDLESS SUCCESSION OF FANCY EUROPEAN WATERING SPOTS.

VOICI, M'SIEUR, TWO CAVIAR-BURGERS—ONE WITH FOIE GRAS, ONE WITH PHEASANTS' TONGUES—A LAFITE-ROTHSCHILD FRAPPE, AND A MALTED MARGAUX.

HERE, FROG-FACE. TAKE A FISTFUL OF THIS COMFORT TISSUE YOU GREASERS USE FOR MONEY!

BUT, HAMSTER, MON CHER, I WANTED MY BURGER WIZ OWL KIDNEYS.



SHUT UP, YOU TRAMP!

HIS ONLY REASON FOR RETURNING TO HIS NATIVE LAND IS TO CAJOLE HIS WIDOWED MOTHER INTO GIVING HIM A \$5-MILLION ADVANCE ON HIS NEXT ALLOWANCE TO COVER THE GAMBLING DEBTS HE HAS RUN UP PLAYING CHEMIN DE FER AT THE NOTORIOUS CASINO IN ST. LAZARE.

JE REGETTE, MONSIEUR LA BREA, BUT ONCE AGAIN YOU HAVE LOST! ACHETEZ VOS BILLETS! EN VOITURE, MESSIEURS, DAMES!

TROP DE WAGON-LITS!

THIS LAYOUT'S RIGGED!



BUT AS HE RECKLESSLY ACCELERATES THROUGH THE RUGGED SIERRA NEVADAS TOWARD THE MANSION HIS FATHER CONSTRUCTED FROM BUILDINGS MAILED STONE BY STONE FROM EUROPE...

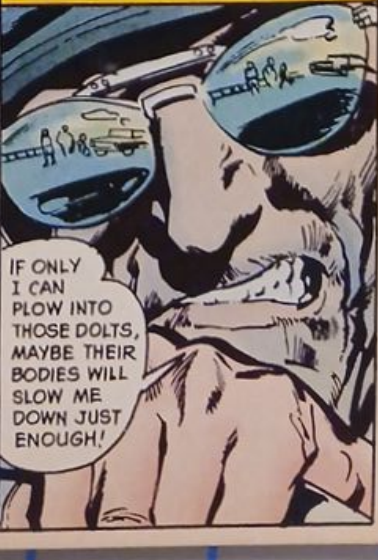
OH, HAMSTER, HOW QUAIN! SUICIDE CURVE!



...LITTLE DOES HAMSTER REALIZE THAT ANOTHER DEBT HAS COME DUE.



HE MAKES ONE FINAL SELFISH GESTURE...



IF ONLY I CAN PLOW INTO THOSE DOLTS, MAYBE THEIR BODIES WILL SLOW ME DOWN JUST ENOUGH!





AND AS THE DAYS LENGTHEN INTO WEEKS, WITH STILL NO TRACE OF HER MISSING SON...



HUNT CONTINUES FOR TAR-PIT HEIR HAMSTER T. LA BREA II
Grief-stricken Mother Plans Trip Around World
La Brea, Calif. Nov. 22 - One month to the day after his disappearance following a serious car accident in which his female companion, whom police described as a "tramp" was killed, Hamster T. La Brea (or what remains of him) still eludes the extensive search organized by his...

MRS. LA BREA ACCEPTS THE INEVITABLE.



WELL, MRS. LA BREA, IN VIEW OF THE UNSETTLED NATURE OF THINGS, I THINK TO DISOWN THE BOY COMPLETELY MIGHT PROVE INADVISABLE.



MEANWHILE, IN A DUSTY WING OF A LOS ANGELES MUSEUM...

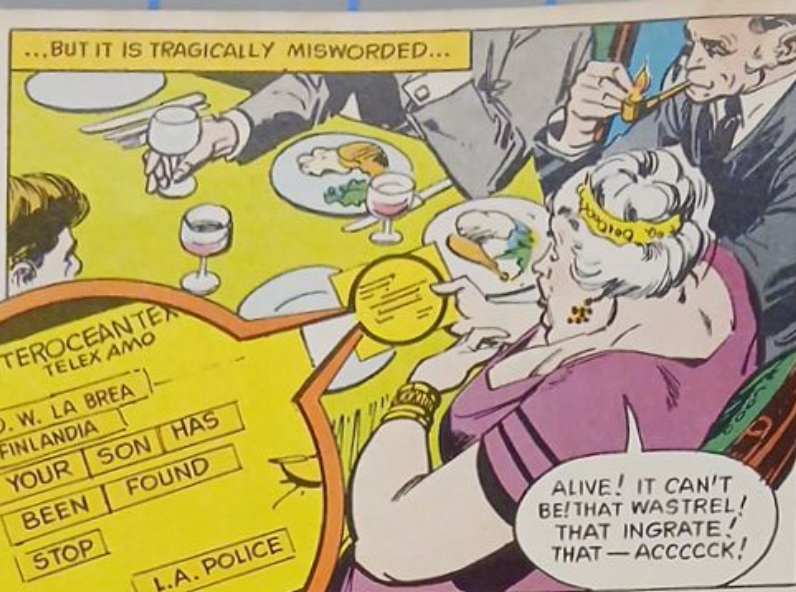
ZEEZ FOOLS, ZEY, RIDICULE ME, BUT YOT DO ZEY KNOW? VIZ MY MASTERY OF ZEE EMBALMING SECRETS OF ZEE EGYPTIANS, I CAN PRESERVE BODIES FOREVER!

ZEIR DEAD VUNS AT HOME! ZEE COMMUNISTS VILL PAY ME FORTUNES TO PRESERVE ZEE CADAVERS OF ZEIR LEADERS.



SUDDENLY, TWO EXOTIC CHEMICALS MEET AND RENEW AN OLD ANIMOSITY...









DON'T FORGET, DIS ROCK HAS A COISE ON IT!

OK, LET'S MAKE TRACKS!



DROP THOSE GUNS!

AIYEEEEEE! A MUMMY! I GIVE UP!

UNNNNH!



ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO, MOVE!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, JUST GET ME AWAY FROM THAT STIFF!

WE OWE YOU A LOT, MR. LA BREA.

GLAD TO BE OF HELP.

I WONDER...



LATER THAT DAY AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY...

HERE IT IS!

CRIMESTOPPER'S TEXTBOOK

CRIMINALS HAVE A MORBID FEAR OF DEATH. THEIR ANXIETY IS BASED ON THE SURE KNOWLEDGE THAT THOSE WHO LIVE BY VIOLENCE WILL DIE BY VIOLENCE.

Dick Tracy

THAT SAME WEEK...

MR. LA BREA, THE WHOLE CITY IS IN YOUR DEBT. THAT CERTAINLY WAS QUICK THINKING.

THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR. AND NOW I WONDER IF I MIGHT HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU IN PRIVATE.



THAT'S THE SCREWIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD! I WISH I COULD BE OF HELP, MR. LA BREA, BUT I JUST CAN'T GO ALONG WITH IT. WHY, I'D BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE WHOLE CITY

ON THE OTHER, MR. MAYOR, WITH \$250,000 IN YOUR CAMPAIGN CHEST, YOU COULD BE GOVERNOR OF THE WHOLE STATE.

A VERY INTRIGUING IDEA FOR FIGHTING CRIME, MR. LA BREA.

MR. LA BREA, AS CHIEF OF POLICE, I'M, OF COURSE, GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU DID, AND I APPLAUD YOUR RESOURCEFULNESS, BUT I HARDLY THINK—

I UNDERSTAND THE MAYOR IS GOING TO MAKE THE RACE FOR GOVERNOR. WOULD \$100,000 BE ENOUGH TO START YOUR MAYORAL BID?

COME TO THINK OF IT, MR. LA BREA, THE VERY NOVELTY OF THE METHOD RECOMMENDS IT...

MR. LA BREA, I APPRECIATE YOUR, UH, INTERESTING OFFER, BUT I'M SURE YOU REALIZE THAT NO DIVISIONAL COMMANDER IN HIS RIGHT MIND COULD PERMIT SUCH A THING.

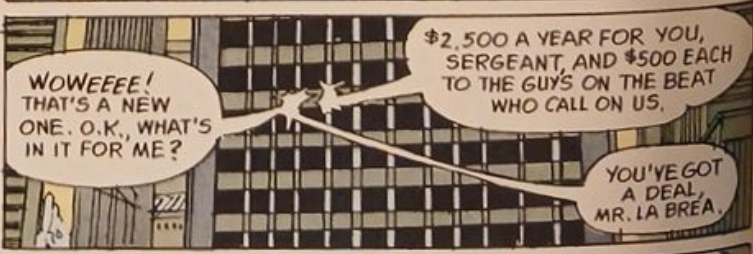
I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M WILLING TO BET YOU \$50,000 YOU WON'T ALLOW IT.

WELL, NOW, I'M NOT NORMALLY A BETTING MAN, BUT...

YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! YOU ARE SERIOUS! LOOK, MR. LA BREA, I CAN GIVE YOU A THOUSAND GOOD, SOUND REASONS WHY IT CAN'T BE DONE!

AND I CAN GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND CRISP NEW REASONS WHY IT CAN, LIEUTENANT.

HMM, I HADN'T CONSIDERED THAT LINE OF ARGUMENT BEFORE, MR. LA BREA...



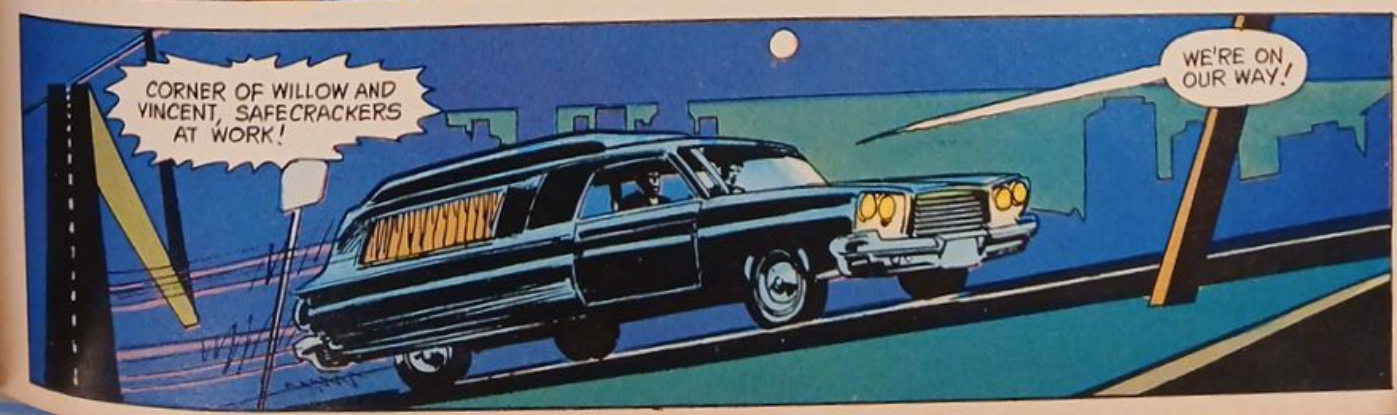
WOWEEEEE! THAT'S A NEW ONE. O.K., WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

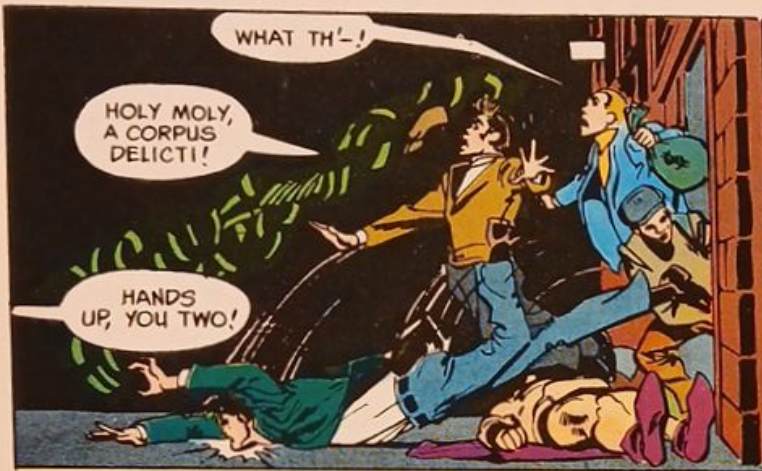
\$2,500 A YEAR FOR YOU, SERGEANT, AND \$500 EACH TO THE GUYS ON THE BEAT WHO CALL ON US.

YOU'VE GOT A DEAL, MR. LA BREA.

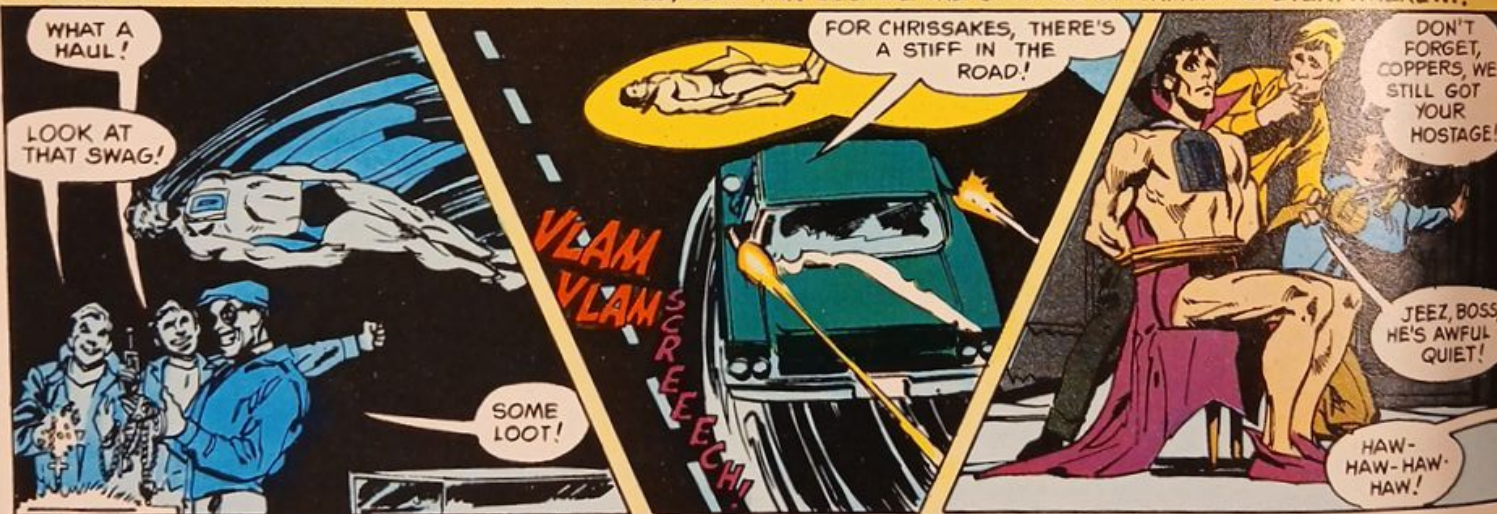


DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING-A-LING-A-LING OR GRAVE THY VICTORY...





AND SO IT WAS THAT IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, DEADMAN BECAME THE SCOURGE OF CRIMINALS EVERYWHERE....





THE TRUMPET OF DOOM SOUNDS
DURING A DOGFIGHT OVER PHU
LANG THUONG...



FURTHERMORE, AS IF THAT WEREN'T
ENOUGH...



WITH TWO MIG 21'S ON HIS TAIL,
IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR THE
ADORANT AVIATOR...



CRASH PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD...



WITHIN SECONDS...



FLY WITH US AGAIN IN OUR NEXT INSPIRING EPISODE—"EAT LEAD, HEATHEN GOOKS!" WHEN
CRASH STRAFES A BUDDHIST MONASTERY AND DEFOLIATES A 3000-YEAR-OLD MING TREE!



WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE / ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK ARBIL

DAWN PATROL! CRASH IS FLYING A ROUTINE MISSION OVER MUONG KHUONG, FIRE-BOMBING ANCIENT SHRINES....

TRY THIS FOR SIZE, BUDDHA-HEADS!

CRASH CHRISTIAN

MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
+ FRANK SPRINGER

AMERICA'S ACE OF THE AIRWAVES
WHO FLIES ON FAITH ALONE!

"I'LL SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE, HOOKNOSE!"

WHEN SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SUN, STREAKS C.C.'S ARCH-FOE, "THE BARNSTORMING MONEYLENDER," PONTIUS PILOT!

A SAVAGE DOGFIGHT ENSUES BETWEEN THE HEBRAIC MERCENARY IN THE EMPLOY OF THE IDOLATROUS KONG AND THE FLAXEN-HAIRED DEFENDER OF THE TRUE RELIGION....

DIE, GOY!

TAKKA TAKKA

DIE, YID!

HOURS PASS AND STILL NO VICTOR....

THEN, EACH IMPORTUNES HIS OWN GOD TO BREAK THE STALEMATE....

KILL, YAHWEH! RAIN FIRE ON THE INFIDEL! STRIKE FOR THE PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF ZION!

OH LORD ALMIGHTY! EXPUNGE THE CURSED JEW WHO DROVE NAILS OF IRON INTO THE FLESH OF OUR BE-LOVED SAVIOR! ZAP HIM IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY FATHER! AMEN!

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT IS AT HAND! BOTH FACE THE SUPREME TEST! WHICH WILL THE DEITY CHOOSE?

THE EARTH TREMBLES, THE HEAVENS PART, AND...

...OR IS HE?

FLY WITH US AGAIN IN OUR NEXT EPISODE- "BITE THE DUST, COMMO CREEPS!" WHEN YOU'LL HEAR HAIPHONG HELEN, "THE VOICE OF THE RED MENACE," SAY:

...AND YOU'LL HEAR CRASH REPLY:

OY-VEY!

K'POW!

THE ZOOMING ZION-IST IS ZAPPED!!

THE END

NOW YOU OUR PRISONER, HONORABLE CRASH! YOU MUST LICK TOE OF THIS WEIRD PAGAN IDOL OR WE DISEMBOWEL YOU AND STICK POISON BAMBOO-SHOOTS UP YOUR NOSE!

KISS OFF, CHINK!!

The Magic Lamp

by M. K. Brown

PSST PSST.
HEY, HEY.



RUB ME.
RUB ME.



I'M A
MAGIC LAMP!
COME ON AND
RUB ME.



OH! WOWEEE!
MORE, MORE!
FASTER, FASTER.
DON'T STOP
NOW.



OOHHH
AHHHH



HEY! IS THAT
A THING TO DO?



HEY, HEY, I WAS JUST
PLAYING. DON'T GO AWAY
MAD. TRY ME AGAIN.
MAKE A WISH. I'M A
MAGIC LAMP, DON'T FORGET.



HOW ABOUT MORE
HAIR? A HOUSE
IN CANNES?
A ROLL?
RUB ME.



NOT SO HARD, BIG BOY!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
A LITTLE LOWER,
MORE TO THE RIGHT...
THERE! AHHH...



NOW QUICK!
MAKE A WISH!
LET THE GREED
RING OUT, MAN!
GO AHEAD! HURRY!



SORRY!
YOUR TIME IS UP.
TOO BAD. YOU
COULD HAVE HAD
ANYTHING YOU
WANTED. WHAT A
SHAME.



HELP! HELP!
YOU'RE HURTING
ME! HELP!



WHAT SEEMS TO
BE THE TROUBLE,
EDITH?



WELL, I WAS JUST SITTING
HERE MINDING MY OWN
BUSINESS WHEN THIS
PERSON CAME ALONG
AND STARTED RUBBING
ME AND THEN



THATS NOT TRUE!
SHE ASKED ME TO RUBHER!



ENOUGH!
I GET THE
PICTURE.

HE RUBBED
ME ALL OVER.



TELL YOU WHAT
JUST TO SHOW
THERES NO HARD
FEELINGS I
WILL GRANT YOU
YOUR WISH
SINCE IT
MEANS
SO MUCH
TO YOU.

RUB ME.

COME ON!
LETS GO.



OH YOU CAN DO
BETTER THAN
THAT.



AH! THATS BETTER!
HEE HEE HEE -
A LITTLE HIGHER, PLEASE.
FASTER, FASTER.



THERE!
NOW GET
READY.
OK!
WISH!

HERE IT
COMES!

SOME
WISH.



BUT I DIDNT
WISH FOR
A TEDDY BEAR.



SOME PEOPLE ARE
NEVER SATISFIED
LETS GO, EDITH.



An Interrupted Luncheon

OR

PERL FROM THE CLOUDS

Written by

DOUG KENNY

Directed by

WETPLATE O'SULLIVAN
BILL SKURSKI

CLOUD STUDIO

SIR BERTRAM PENNYWORTH, THE NOTED INVENTOR,
ENJOYS AN AUTUMN FROLIC IN THE DEVONSHIRE
COUNTRYSIDE WITH HIS FIANCÉE, AGATHA TILLSDALE.

...AND I TRUST
THE NEW DEVICE
I'VE TINKERED
TOGETHER
WILL ALTER THE
ROYAL ACADEMY'S
VIEW OF ETHEREAL
TRAVEL!

MY CONFIDENCE IN
YOU IS UNFLAGGING,
BERTIE.

≡HIC!≡

...BUT ABOVE THIS IDYLIC SCENE HOVERS A MALEVOLENT
FORM.

THE DARK FIGURE SWOOPS LOW....

MORE
CLARET,
MY DEAR?



...AND LONDON IS GIVEN A SURPRISE DEMONSTRATION OF PENNYWORTH'S LATEST HANDIWORK.



MEANWHILE, AT DR. ROTOR'S SECRET MOONLAIR...







IF ROTOR HAS HARMED A HAIR
ON MISS TILLSDALE'S
EXQUISITE HEAD, I WILL
TAKE IT AS A...



...PERSONAL
AFFRONT—

YIPE!

BERTIE!

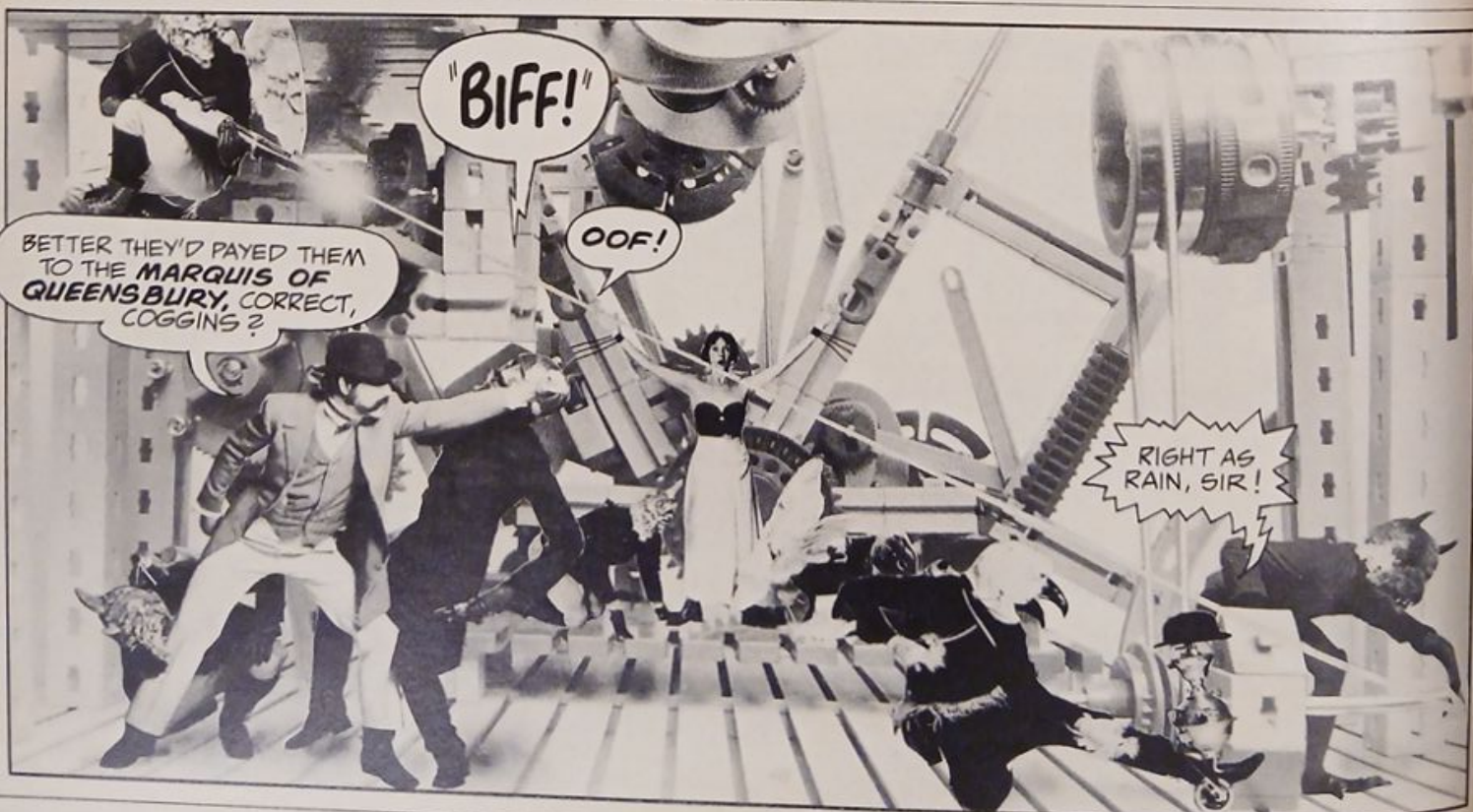


SO, PENNYWORTH,
WE MEET AGAIN!

AND I KNOW MY
HOMUNCULOID
ARE EAGER TO
PAY THEIR
RESPECTS AS
WELL!

HU! HU!
HU!

QUACK!



"BIFF!"

OOF!

BETTER THEY'D PAYED THEM
TO THE MARQUIS OF
QUEENSBURY, CORRECT,
COGGINS?

RIGHT AS
RAIN, SIR!



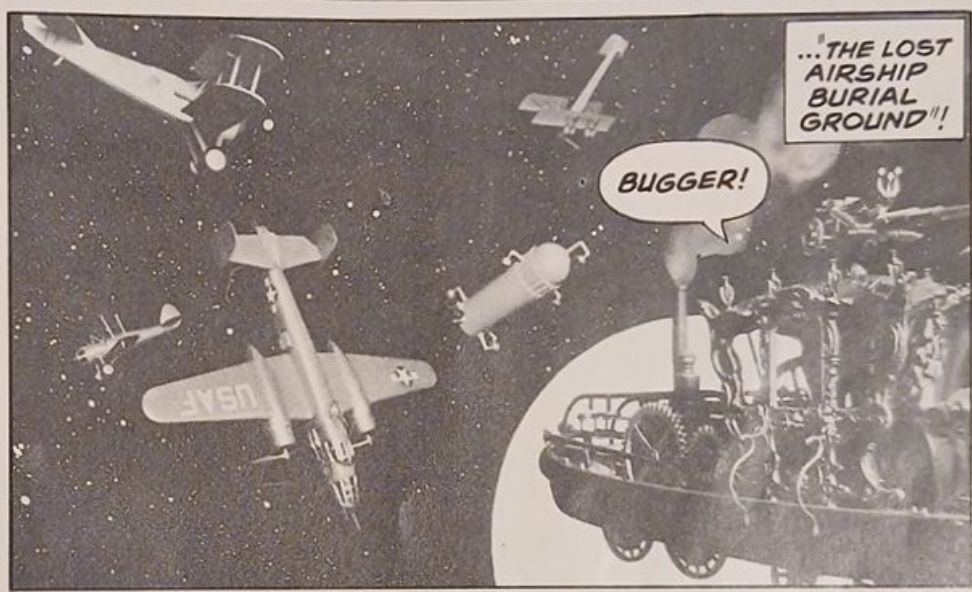
NOW TO
EXTRICATE
YOU FROM
THIS
INFERNAL
MACHINE...



...AND
MAKE
GOOD
OUR
ESCAPE!



AFTER THEM!
THE FOOLS
ARE HEADED
DIRECTLY
INTO MY
CHRONO-WARP!
THEY'LL
NEVER
ESCAPE...



...THE LOST
AIRSHIP
BURIAL
GROUND!!

BUGGER!



MAN THOSE
SHIPS, DOGS!
I'LL GET
THEM YET!



BERTIE,
LOOK
OUT!



RATTA-TATTA-TATTA!



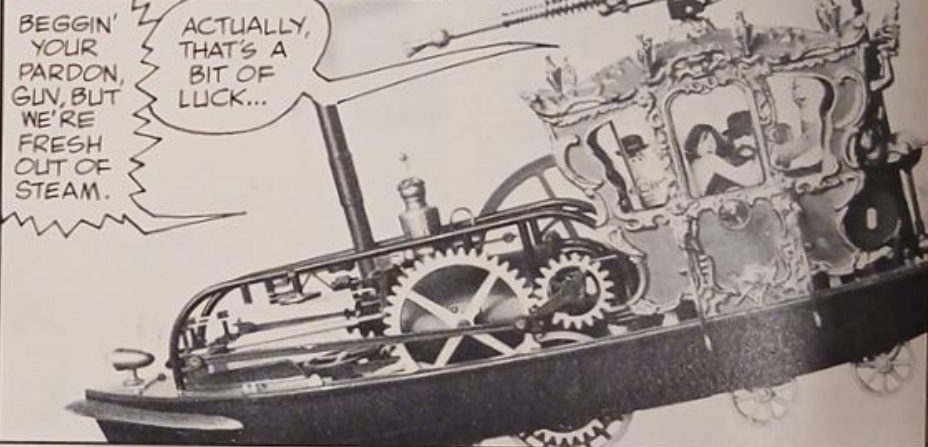
THE FOE IS VANQUISHED...



...AND OUR INTREPID TRAVELERS
RETURN TO MOTHER EARTH.

BEGGIN'
YOUR
PARDON,
GUN, BUT
WE'RE
FRESH
OUT OF
STEAM.

ACTUALLY,
THAT'S A
BIT OF
LUCK...



POLITICS

A Summary HISTORY of **POLITICS** As We've Come To Know & Love Them

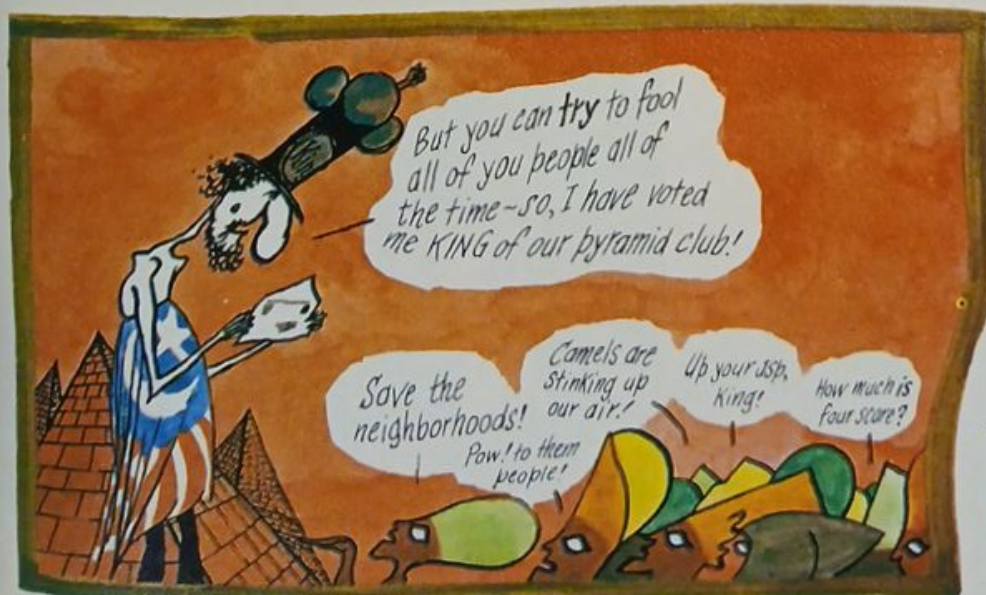


In the Beginning, there was No Politics.
In the Beginning, there was No Nothing,
really. Notice?



Right After the Beginning, though, there was
Something. And part of it were People.

The People formed Tribes;
the Tribes formed Nations; Nations
formed Armies; and Cleopatra got
a Snake Bite Right in the
Cleavage (not shown).

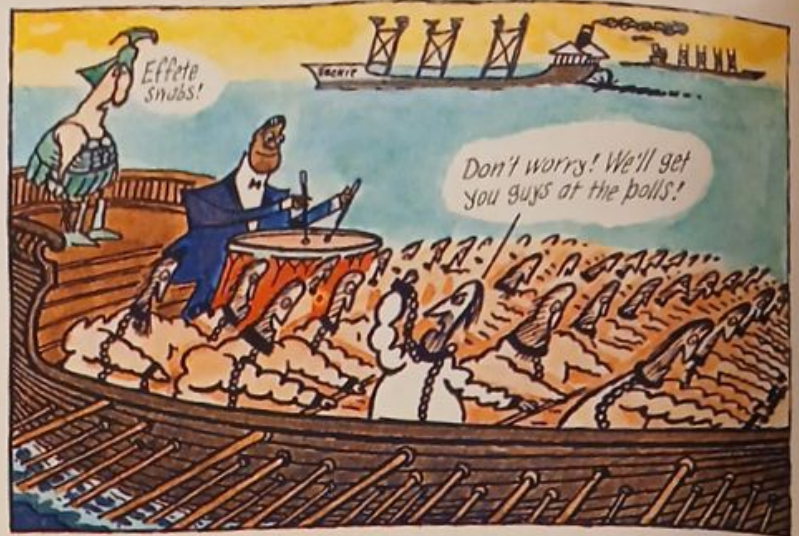


The nations took Kings as
their Leaders. And the Kings
took the Nations for What
They were Worth.

By Arnold Roth



But World War*1 came Along and
Made the World Safe for Democracy.



So, the Greeks got Themselves
Some Democracy.

Then, Martin Van Buren
and Marco Polo waved
the Magna Carta since
They had not heard, at
all, about World War*1.



The Constitutional Convention was
a Big Hit and Thomas E. Dewey
Lost by a Hair.



An Undentured slave, CrissCrossX, discovered
Peanut Butter thereby Winning the Olmpics and
procuring Credit for his Race.



Sailors on a Russian Warship were off their feed and put Fidel Castro into the Sugar Business.



Schools invented Freedom Picketing,
Pot & Herbert Marcuse which brings
us to Nowadays.

HOW POLITICS WORK (politics — not politicians)



An individual forms a profound political philosophy
and other tricks.



With like-minded individuals, he forms a political "party." As parties go, you could have more fun all by yourself.



The party holds a convention and nominates candidates to represent them in elections. Unfortunately, the candidates are very representative of them.

Major, lesser and dissident parties all vie for the voters' interest, money and support, but, mostly, money. Voters vie to be left alone, but, mostly, to keep their money to themselves.



On election day, an informed, aware, aroused and determined electorate races to the polls to express its whim and kill a couple of minutes.



The elected politicians take office, and everybody is delirious.



The System Don't Work... WE LOST!



QUESTIONS FOR & FROM POLITICS FANS

Do politics make you happy?

Are you crazy?

Will politics make you big and strong like your Daddy?

Is your Daddy big and strong and crazy too?

Can the U.N. continue to keep out foreigners?

Why do blacks call it the "White House"?

Does Billy Graham go around saying "Politics is dead"?

Politics eats it?



Is Jackie Kennedy really a Mediterranean?

Was "Rutherford B. Hayes" his real name?

"One Man, One Vote" sucks?

If you know the answers to any or all of these questions and are a good liar, you should consider a career in politics or as a male nurse in a leper colony. Take two weeks off before elections to shoot pool and get into other trouble.

A cartoon illustration of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a light-colored top and a dark skirt, shouting with her mouth wide open. A large speech bubble above her contains the text "THREE HEADS, HOO, HOO, HOO!". She is looking towards a man standing in a doorway. The man has three heads on a single body, wearing a dark sweater and light-colored trousers. He is looking back at the woman. The scene is set indoors, with a doorway and a wall visible.

FOUR, OH MY, HA HA

A cartoon illustration showing a woman on the left with long, wavy hair, shouting with her mouth wide open. Above her, the text 'FIVE! OH HO-HA-HO' is written in a stylized, hand-drawn font. To her right, four identical men are standing in a row, all laughing hysterically with their mouths open and eyes squeezed shut. They are wearing simple, short-sleeved shirts. The background is minimal, with some light shading suggesting an outdoor setting.

A black and white cartoon illustration. A man is lying in bed, covered with a blanket. He has a unique, double-headed head. The head on the left is turned towards the left and has a speech bubble that says "GOOD NIGHT...". The head on the right is turned towards the right and has a speech bubble that says "DEAR.". The man is wearing a striped pajama top. To his right is a window with a view of a dark night outside. A tree is visible through the window, and on a sign or fence in the background, the words "HE HE HE" are written in a stylized, jagged font. The artist's signature "M. A. G." is visible in the bottom left corner of the drawing.

FOTO FUNNIES



WHEN
MY HAIR
SHALL
SHADE
THE
SNOW-
DRIFT,



AND
MINE
EYES
SHALL
DIMMER
GROW,



I WOULD
LEAN UPON
SOME
LOVED ONE,
THROUGH
THE VALLEY
AS I GO.



I WOULD
CLAIM
OF YOU A
PROMISE,
WORTH
TO ME A
WORLD
OF GOLD,



IT IS ONLY
THIS, MY
DARLING,
THAT YOU'LL
LOVE ME
WHEN
I'M OLD.

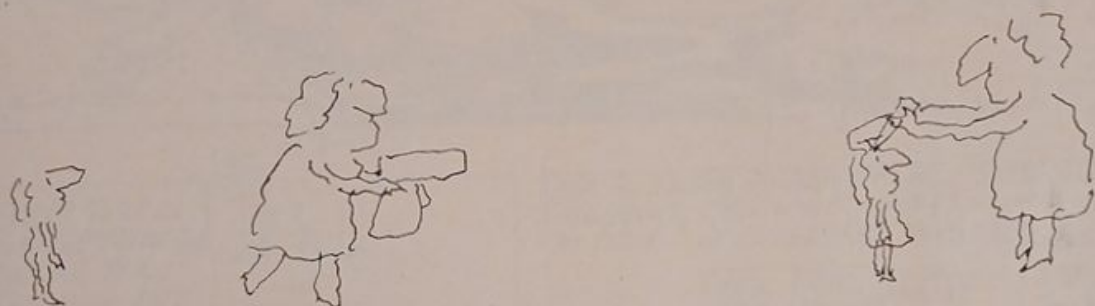
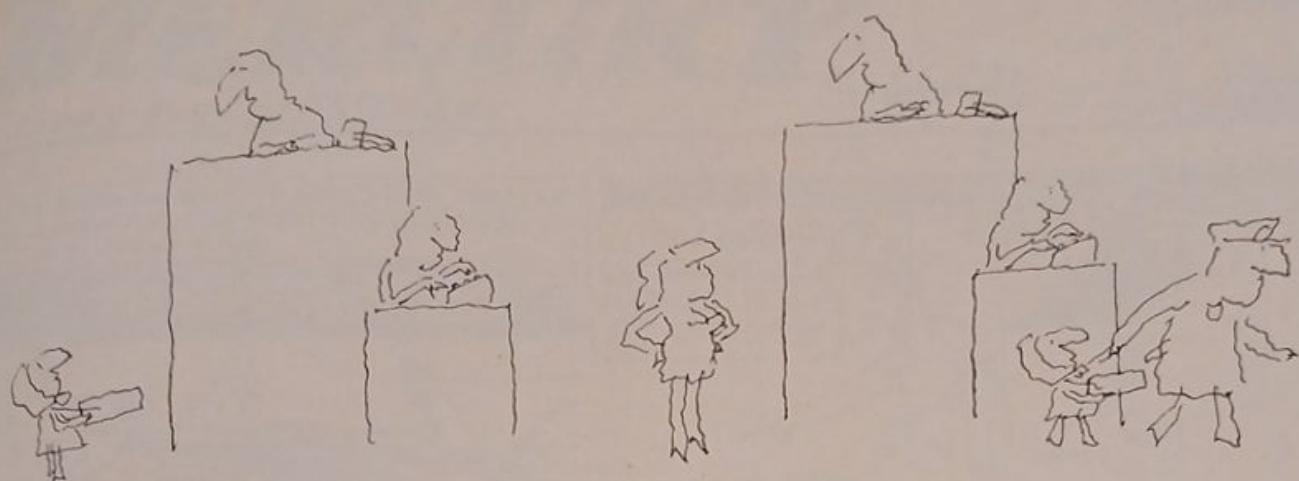


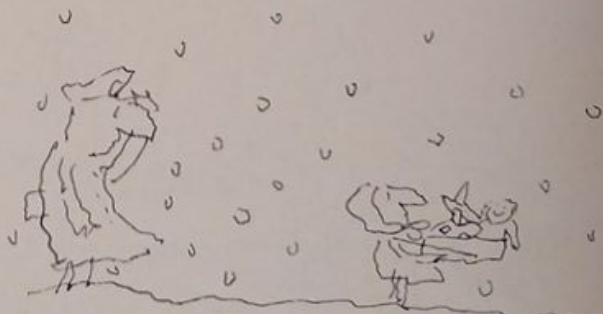
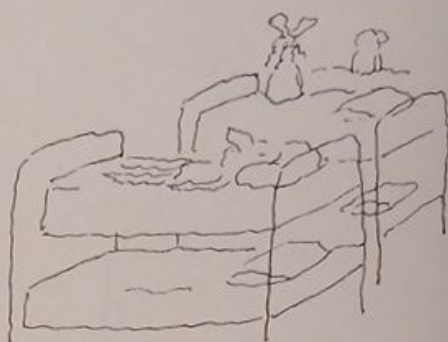
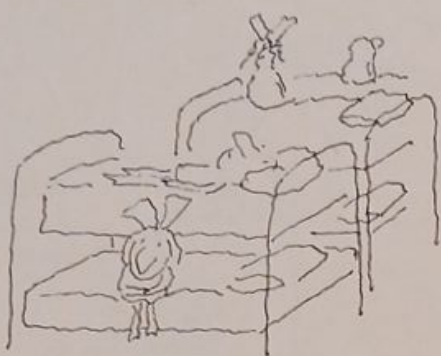
LIFE'S MORN
WILL SOON
BE WANING,
AND ITS
EVENING BELLS
BE TOLLED,
BUT MY HEART
SHALL KNOW
NO SADNESS,
IF YOU'LL
LOVE ME WHEN
I'M OLD.



THE
LITTLE MATCH
GIRL
BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
RETOLD
BY R. D. GLECHMAN







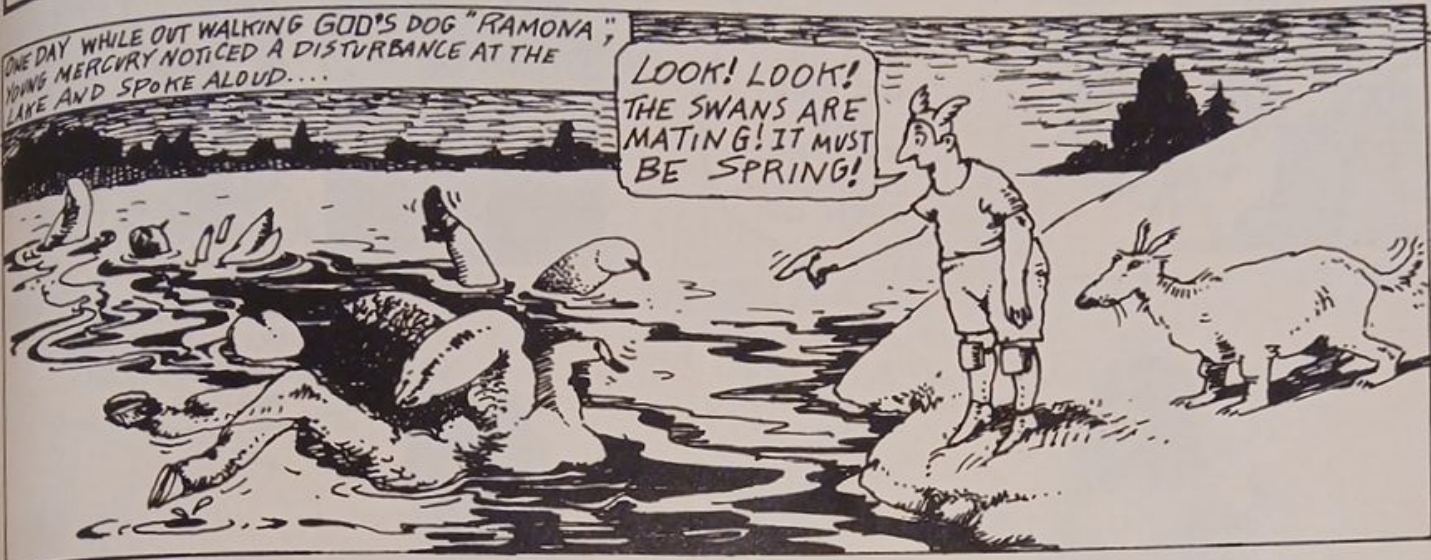
MERCURY

God's own Messenger



ONE DAY WHILE OUT WALKING GOD'S DOG "RAMONA", YOUNG MERCURY NOTICED A DISTURBANCE AT THE LAKE AND SPOKE ALOUD....

LOOK! LOOK! THE SWANS ARE MATING! IT MUST BE SPRING!



I'M GOING TO TELL GOD IT'S **SPRING**! I'LL BE THE FIRST TO TELL HIM AND HE'LL GIVE ME A SWEET, I KNOW IT.



FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES IT WAS GOD'S HABIT TO TRAVEL 'INCOGNITO', HIS WHEREABOUTS KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW! AT PRESENT HE IS CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS A BAKERY WINDOW.

WELL GOD, IT IS SPRING.

NO, IT ISN'T.



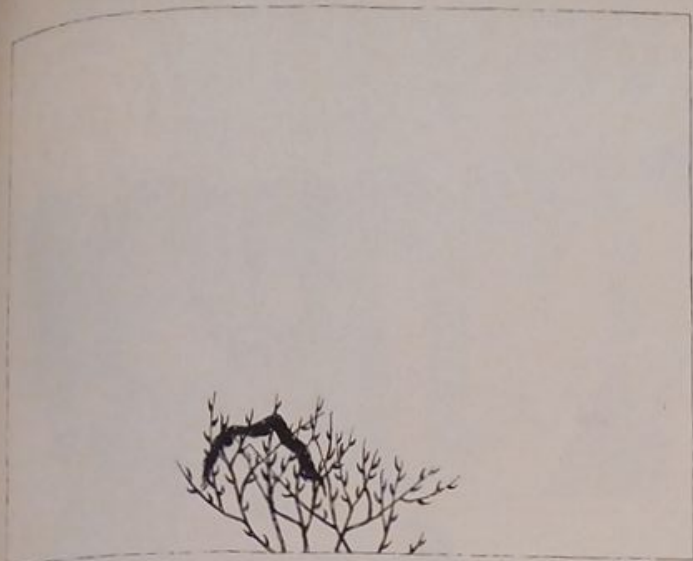
FOR LONG MOMENTS MERCURY DESCRIBED THE STRANGE MATING RITUAL HE HAD SEEN. UNCONVINCED, GOD AGREED TO DON A NEW DISGUISE AND ACCOMPANY HIS MESSENGER TO THE LAKE....



DISGUISED AS A GIFT SET OF KINGS MEN TOILETRIES, GOD FOLLOWED RAMONA & MERCURY. BUT WHEN THEY GOT TO THE LAKE THE SWANS WERE GONE.



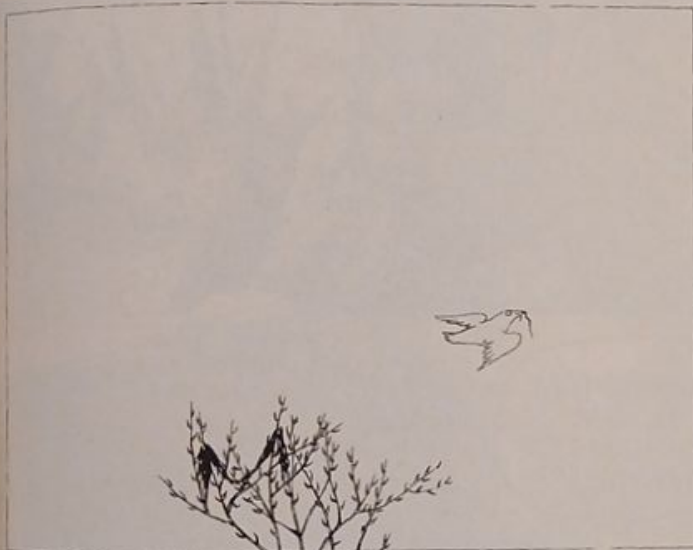




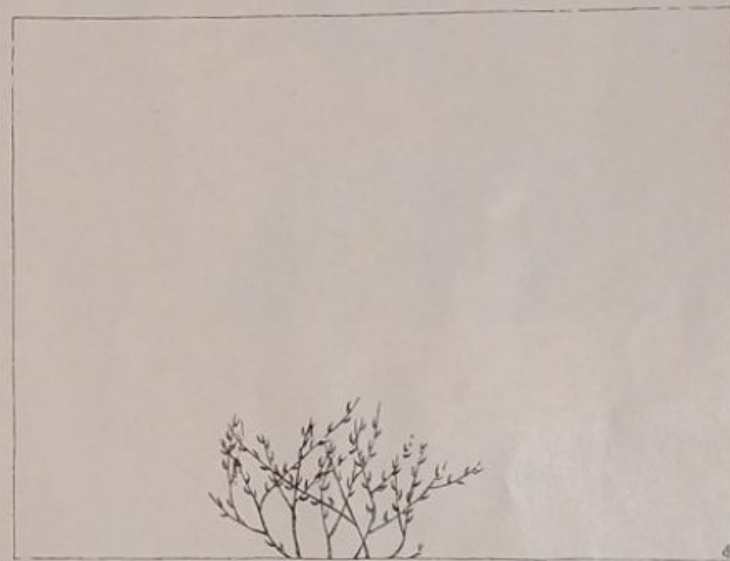
After crossing over several fields it landed inextricably in a thorn bush.



Rain fell frequently, then snow.



With spring birds came and took bits of it for their nests.



By the end of summer nothing was left of the sock to speak of.





♪
GUESS
WHO? ♪





THE VENTURES OF



ZIMMERMAN



SEMITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Master
OF WAR

60-70



SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S
ISSUE

ZIMMERMAN'S
GREATEST HITS!

FEATURING...

GROSS MAN
TAMBOURINE MAN
WEBER MAN

STORY BY: TONY HENDRA AND
SEAN KELLY
DRAWN BY: NEAL ADAMS

ANDRU
Esposito

To Honor A Decade of Dissent

The Counterculture Mint announces an important series of hand-struck medals in costly sterling silver or priceless 14-karat gold. Individually numbered, hallmarked, and authenticated. Full bas-relief, mirrored border, rolled edge. Handcrafted presentation case. Destined to increase in value. Available at prestige head shops.



THE 1968 CHICAGO CONVENTION MEDAL



ALTAMONT



KENT STATE



RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

Available soon: *Changes*, the story of our times told in commemorative medals. Each medal will honor an important symbolic figure of the recent past, and will be emblazoned with an appropriate motto. The first medal, representing the close of the fifties, will be a specially struck *Junior Achievement* medal. The final medal, representing the dawn of the seventies, will honor the *Junior Executive*. Other medals will picture Martin Luther King ("Change Through Nonviolent Protest"); Peter, Paul and Mary ("Change Through Singing Songs"); Ken Kesey ("Change Your Head, Change the World"); the Weathermen ("Change Through Armed Love"); and the *Street Hustler* ("Spare Change?"). "The Story of the Coins, The Moving Autobiography of a Youth of Our Times" appears, paragraph by moving paragraph on the reverse side of each coin.

Story of the Coins

I was pretty straight in high school, I guess. I went to church camp. I won the Junior Achievement award. My folks were very proud.

In 1964 I saw Martin Luther King's March on Washing-

ton on television. That really put me through some changes. I got interested in civil rights in my spare time.

I date my real involvement with the counterculture from the night I saw Ken Kesey on "Meet the Press." It was really far-out. I saw that I was one with the cosmos. My folks wanted to switch the channel. I saw we were on different sides.

It's hard to believe, but until 1968 I believed that change was possible through existing channels. But when I saw the network coverage of the '68 convention I began to understand where the Weathermen were at. I began to wear jeans again. I stayed mad. My Mom and Dad couldn't even talk to me. I came very close to leaving home.

Then one day on "Lamp Unto My Feet" I saw a special on the Jesus Freaks. I acknowledged Jesus Christ as my personal savior. I went to church camp. My folks were so proud.

Now I've finished graduate school, and I've been lucky enough to receive a junior-executive position with the Incremental Insurance Group. I've paid my dues, and I'm happy to say that my dues are paying off for me. □

1946 - RAVAGED BY WAR, THE FABLED CITY OF DULUTH, MINNESOTA, FACES ECONOMIC EXTINCTION.



FEARING FOR HIS VERY GROSS PROFIT BEFORE TAXES, THE BRILLIANT ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR ABE ZIMMERMAN VOWS TO FLEE THE DOOMED CITY. HE AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, BEA, CHOOSE AS THEIR HAVEN FAR-OFF HIBBING, MINNESOTA, MORE THAN FORTY MILES TO THE NORTH-WEST. THINKING ONLY OF THEIR INFANT SON, ROBERT, THEN SEND HIM ON AHEAD...



...NOT FOLLOWING THEMSELVES UNTIL THE LAST TOASTER HAS BEEN SOLD.



THE ORIGINS OF ZIMMERMAN

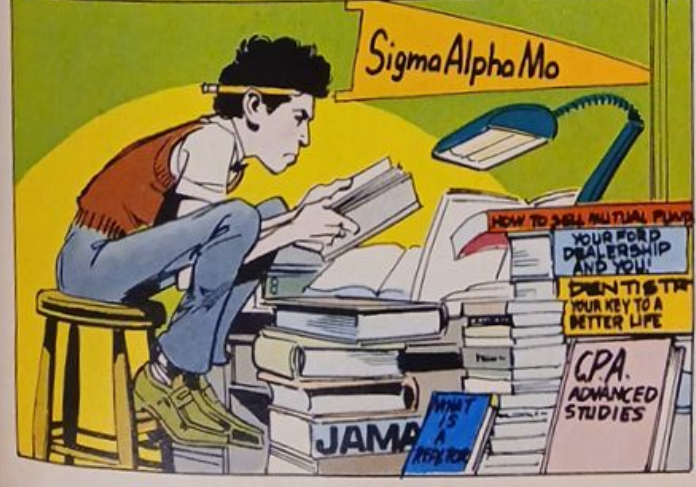
OKAY, A DOLLAR NINETY-FIVE FOR THE BAT. LEMME GET BACK TO YAH ABOUT THE BALL.



SAFE IN HIBBING, THE ZIMMERMAN FAMILY PROSPERS, AND IT IS HERE THAT AS THE YEARS PASS, YOUNG BOBBY BEGINS TO DISCOVER THE INCREDIBLE HIDDEN POWERS THAT DESTINE HIM TO BE A LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME!



CERTAIN THAT HIS EXTRAORDINARY POWERS MUST REMAIN A SECRET KNOWN TO HIM ALONE, YOUNG ZIMMERMAN SEARCHES FOR A ROLE TO MASK HIS TRUE IDENTITY.



THE CRAZED BLACKMOOR PUTS YOUNG ZIMMERMAN ON THE RIGHT TRACK. HE REALIZES THAT NO ROLE COULD BETTER SERVE HIS PURPOSES THAN THE UNORTHODOX SENSITIVE LIFE OF A SINGER. HE DEVELOPS SKILLS...



... AND ACQUIRES MATERIALS.



HE FINDS A NEW NAME...

BOBBY SHAKESPEARE?
BOBBY LOVELACE?
BOBBY YEATS?
BOBBY...

LOOKIN' FOR
SOME POMS
BY SOME GUY
NAMES DIAL-ANN
THOMAS.

THAT'S
PRONOUNCED
DYLAN.



... AND EVEN CHANGES HIS APPEARANCE.



AND IN HIS SECRET
IDENTITY AS THE
GOY FROM THE
NORTH COUNTRY,
HE SAYS A RESTLESS
FAREWELL TO HIS
FOND PARENTS...



'N' THIS HERE'S A
BLUES LEADBELLY
LEARNED ME.



NO
PARKING
EVER
BETWEEN
THE YIMMIES
1900-2000



... AND MAKES FOR NEW YORK ON HIS SACRED MISSION TO SCREW THE WORLD AND MAKE A BUNDLE. NOW HIS SECRET IS SAFE. NONE SUSPECT THAT IDEALISTIC COMMITTED LITTLE FOLK-SINGER BOB DYLAN IS IN FACT THE AMAZING ZIMMERMAN - FASTER THAN A PROXY BALLOT, MORE POWERFUL THAN AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE, AND ABLE TO BUY TALL BUILDINGS WITH A SINGLE BOND!

AMERICA'S YOUTH IS GATHERED, AS USUAL, FOR AN EVENING OF FOLK MUSIC. AND AMONG THE ANGRY, DEDICATED, AND HIGHLY PAID PERFORMERS IS A YOUNG MAN KNOWN ONLY TO HIS FRIENDS AND FANS AS BOB DYLAN.

I BIN THINKIN' 'N' WORRYIN' 'N' WRITIN' 'BOUT ALL OF THE BADNESS PREJUDICE 'N' FIGHTIN' 'N' MADE ME AN ALBUM 'N' WROTE 'BROADSIDE' A LETTER HOW THE WORLD WOULD BE NICER IF PEOPLE WERE BETTER 'N' IT'S HARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD...

HE'S SO RIGHT. ALL NEGROES SHOULD BE EQUAL.

ALL NEGROES SHOULD BE BLACKS!

STALIN WASN'T A REAL COMMUNIST. I WAS A REAL COMMUNIST!

THIS IS SO MUCH MORE ETHNIC THAN, LIKE, THE KINGSTON TRIO!

FOR, IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY, ZIMMERMAN PERFORMS CONTINUALLY, ON STAGE AND OFF, DETERMINED THAT WE WILL KNOW HIS SONGS WELL BEFORE HE STOPS SINGING....

'N' IT'S A HAAARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD... 'N' IT'S A HAAARD...

ZIMMERMAN

in "THE BRITISH ARE COMING!"

SHE LUVS YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH.

THEY'VE LANDED! THEY'RE HERE! THE FABULOUS MOP TOPS!

MINI

TRENDY

FAB

POP!

MOD

GEAR

PUT ON

FELLOW PACIFISTS, THIS MEANS WAR!

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY REIGN?

IT'S A HAAARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD...

SHRRREEEEKKKK

SUDDENLY, ZIMMERMAN'S CAREER, NOT TO MENTION THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, IS THREATENED BY AN INVASION OF SCREAMING FOREIGNERS.

THE FOLK-SONG ARMY PREPARES FOR A BRAVE BUT HOPELESS ACOUSTIC COUNTERATTACK ON THE AMPLIFIED POWER OF THE LONG-HAIRED INVADERS...

YOU THREE TAKE THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. JOANIE AND I WILL HOLD THE LEFT WING. BY THE WAY, JOANIE, WHERE IN FOLK IS YOUR BOYFRIEND BOBBY?

WHO NEEDS THAT LITTLE CREEP? BUT IF ONLY ZIMMERMAN WERE HERE!

...TEMPTED ONLY FOR A MOMENT TO SURRENDER AND SELL OUT.

HMMM. I WONDER HOW "SILVER DAGGER" 'D SOUND THROUGH A MARSHALL AMP?

THROUGH WALLS, HIS RELATIVELY SENSITIVE EARS MAKE THE PLUTOCRAT OF POP AWARE OF THE IMPENDING CATASTROPHE....

THIS COULD BE A JOB FOR ZIMMERMAN!

LOOK UP, STUPID!



ZIMMERMAN in WOODSTOCK

HIGH IN THE ROLLING HILLS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS GATHER TO PARTICIPATE IN YET ANOTHER CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES....

MEANWHILE, IN A BIG PINK HOUSE NOT FAR AWAY, LIFE FOLLOWS THE SAME OLD HUMDRUM PATTERN FOR SUPERSTARS BOBBY DYLAN AND HIS LOVELY SIDEKICK QUEEN JOAN (APPROXIMATELY) BAEZ....

BOY AM I TIRED OF THIS JERK! IF ONLY I COULD MEET A REAL MENSCH LIKE ZIMMERMAN!

YAY, LADY, YAAAY!

HEY, YOU GUYS, IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES.

MUSTN'T BE LATE - THEY'RE ALL MY CHILDREN AND I'M THEIR POET!

SEE YOU LATER, JOANIE.

HOW ABOUT A QUICK ONE, COUNTRY PIE?

AW, C'MON, BOB, WE'VE ALREADY GOT FOUR....

MEANWHILE, AT THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES, ALL IS NOT WELL....

FROM NOW ON THIS IS A FREE CONCERT!

FREE!

FAR-OUT!

SHITTY ACID!

WHAT ABOUT FREE HUEY?

BACKSTAGE THERE IS CONSTERNATION....

FREE CONCERT?

I'M RUINED?

HOW CAN I AFFORD NOT TO PAY MY TAXES?

RUINED? I'M WRECKED!

HMM, THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR ZIMMERMAN!

STEPPING INTO A NEARBY SOUND-BOOTH, THE ORDINARY RUN-OF-THE-MILL SUPERSTAR TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO



ZIMMERMAN!

UP, UP, AND OY VEY!



THE SAVIOR OF THE SIXTIES SPEEDS TOWARD MEGALOPOLIS THE ZIMMERMOBILE ...

THRUWAY NORTH

THRUWAY SOUTH



MY GOD, THERE ARE MILLIONS OF THEM! MOVIES... ALBUMS... BOOKS... A TV SERIES, T-SHIRTS, POSTERS, SOUVENIR MUGS... IT'S A GOLD MINE!

BUT IT WON'T BE EASY FOR OUR HERO: FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND THRUWAYS OF UPPER NEW YORK STATE EMERGE THE DREAD WEATHERMEN!

DEATH TO REVISIONIST LACKEY ZIMMERPERSON!

FREE MUSIC!

FREE DOPE!

FREE DUMB!



WATCHTOWER JOKER CALLING THIEF. ACTIVATE PLAN BAKUNIN. WE'LL BLOW AWAY THAT LITTLE TOOL OF TIN PAN ALLEY!



IN MEGALOPOLIS ALL SEEMS QUIET....

HOPE I WASN'T BEING FOLLOWED...



THOOM



THE UNSCRUPULOUS ENEMIES OF CONSTRUCTIVE CAPITALISM HAVE MINED THE ENTIRE CITY!

OY! GOTTA WATCH THOSE PARKING METERS!



BRAVELY DOUBLE-PARKING THE ZIMMERMOBILE, ZIMMERMAN DECIDES TO GO IT ON FOOT. BUT THE WEATHERMEN ARE EVERYWHERE...



THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE...

REALIZING THAT HIS SECRET IDENTITY IS THREATENED, ZIMMERMAN MAKES A DARING AND UNCHARACTERISTIC MOVE.



TAXI!

COLUMBIA!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES...



WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

WHERE'S DYLAN?

BUT HIS FIRST BRAVE EFFORT IS FOILED BY DUDES OF THE INSIDIOUS WEATHERMEN...

SURE WE COULD CO-OPT IT AND MAKE A FORTUNE - BUT JUST THIS ONCE, ZIMMERMAN, LET'S LET THE KIDS HAVE IT ALL TO THEMSELVES...

LISTEN, BUSINESSMAN, THAT'S MY WINE YOU'RE DRINKING!



MOMENTS LATER HE ARRIVES AT THE FABLED WARNER BROTHERS SEVEN ARTS BUILDING, ONLY TO FIND IT SURROUNDED BY WEATHERMEN...

BACK, REVANCHIST PIG! UP THE UAR! NO MORE RIP OFFS! TRASH ZIMMERMAN!

GOTTA MAKE A DEAL FOR THE GANG... ABOVE ALL, FOR JOANIE...



WARNER BROS SEVEN ARTS

OKAY, EVERYONE, HERE'S CONTRACTS FOR YOU ALL TO APPEAR ON DICK CAVETT!



SO ZIMMERMAN PASSES THROUGH THE GATES OF EDEN.



THE BROTHERS WARNER SOON REALIZE THAT THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHING LIKE THE MIGHTY ZIMM...



...HE DOESN'T UNDERESTIMATE THEM, AND THEY DON'T UNDERESTIMATE HIM!



WITH SECONDS TO SPARE, ZIMMERMAN RETURNS TO THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES....



ZIMMERMAN RESUMES HIS SECRET IDENTITY AS JUST PLAIN FOLK-SINGER BOB DYLAN AND REJOINS HIS JUBILANT FRIENDS.



SEBASTIAN, WHAT YA HEAR FROM ZAL?



SOMEDAY... SOMEDAY I'LL MEET ZIMMERMAN HIMSELF.



THE ADVENTURES OF VIRGIL VIRGIN! A SEXUAL CASE HISTORY

by E. Subitzky

CHAPTER ONE: OUT OF COLLEGE!

WE'RE SO PROUD OF YOU, SON!

NOW GO OUT AND FIND YOURSELF A GOOD JOB AND A NICE GIRL!

THANKS MOM! THANKS DAD!

ONE DAY

VIRGIL, THIS IS PAULA! SHE'S GOING TO WORK THE COUNT IN OUR LIMA DIVISION!

NICE TO MEET YA!

SAME HERE, HEH HEH!

WELL, I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO YOUNG BEANBAGS ALONE!

SHE SEEMS NICE! I'LL TRY TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

NICE WEATHER. ISN'T IT, HUH, HEH HEH!

REPORT TO MR. SMITH AT THE LOCAL BAKED BEAN FACTORY!

AT THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

AND I HAVE A B.A. IN ADVANCED 4-DIMENSIONAL LASER CALCULUS!

AT THE FACTORY

REMEMBER, SON, OUR PRESIDENT HIMSELF STARTED AS A BEAN COUNTER!

AND THAT'S 1,076 PER CAN!

THANK YOU, SIR!

GEE I HOPE SOME GIRLS WORK HERE! 1 2 3

AND DON'T FORGET TO COUNT FASTER WHEN YOU GET TO THE HIGH NUMBERS BECAUSE THEY TAKE LONGER TO SAY!

AND WATCH FOR "DISTORTED BEANS" WHICH CAN SOMETIMES LOOK LIKE TWO!

STOP STARING AT MY TITS!

VIRGIL BEGINS TO WONDER WHETHER HE IS EVER GOING TO GET HIS INDOCTRINATION INTO MASCULINITY!

HE GROWS MORE DESPERATE!

GIVE ME THE ONE THAT SHOWS THE MOST PUBLIC HAIR!

HE TRIES COMPUTER DATING!

HI! ARE YOU THE 5'6" 130-POUND BLUE-EYED BLOWIE WHO MAJORED IN MATHEMATICS, LIKES TO PLAY CHESS AND CROQUET, AND BELIEVES IN EQUAL RIGHTS FOR LEPERS?

NO, YOU MUST MEAN MY GORGEOUS ROOMMATE...

WHO BECAME A NUN YESTERDAY!

I WOULD HAVE CALLED YOU TO CANCEL THE DATE, BUT MY ORDER FORBIDS THE USE OF CARBON GRANULES, WHICH ACT AS A PIEZO-ELECTRIC GENERATOR IN EVERY TELEPHONE MOUTHPIECE!

THE YEARS PASS AND VIRGIL IS PROMOTED!

SON, YOU ARE NOW IN CHARGE OF THE ENTIRE COUNTING DEPARTMENT!

AND REMEMBER WE'RE "COUNTING" ON YOU!

ONE DAY

MARCIA, THIS IS THE FOURTH CAN YOU'VE LET THROUGH WITH 1,077 BEANS!

PLEASE DON'T FIRE ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING...

VIRGIL AGONIZES...

NO, NO... THIS ISN'T THE WAY I WANT IT. SHE'S A GOOD KID WHO DOESN'T WANT HER GERMAN SHEPHERD TO STARVE...

WHAT SHOULD I DO TO KEEP MY JOB, BOSS? MANT? JUST NAME IT!

JUST GET BACK TO WORK AND BE CAREFUL!

BOY, AM I A SHMUCK...

CHAPTER TWO: THIRTY!

STILL SUFFERING FROM HIS PROBLEM, VIRGIL MAKES A BIG DECISION!

MY TROUBLE IS THAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A GOOD, CLEAN, SENSITIVE GIRL WHO WOULD MAKE A GOOD WIFE AND MOTHER!

VIRGIL GOES WHERE HE HAS NEVER GONE BEFORE: THE SEEDY SIDE OF TOWN!

WOW! IS THIS SEEDY!

HI! I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES SILK STOCKINGS!

I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES LEATHER TOILET SEATS!

I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES TO BODY-PAINT WOMEN WITH COLDS!

I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES TO ACT OUT DIRTY TALKS!

I'M A PERVERT WHO LIKES TO LOOK UP "WHORE" IN UNABRIDGED DICTIONARIES!

FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR ONE THING ONLY... I'M GOING TO BECOME A TIGER!

SUDDENLY A WOMAN COMES UP TO VIRGIL!

HI! MY NAME IS CHRISTA AND THIS MORNING I REACHED THE SEVENTH STAGE OF SEXUAL LIBERATION!

WHAT'S THAT, HEH HEH?

COME UP TO MY PAD AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

READY?

YES!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU TAKING OFF YOUR CLOTHES FOR?

I THOUGHT...

SILLY! DOING IT IS ONLY THE SIXTH STAGE OF SEXUAL LIBERATION! THIS IS THE SEVENTH!

WE JUST SIT IN OPPOSITE CORNERS OF THE ROOM AND THINK ABOUT IT! FREE OF MUNDANE MATERIAL CONSIDERATIONS. TRULY A PURE EXPERIENCE!

OOOH! AHMMH! OOOH! SO GOOD! MORE! AHMMH!

GAHA! NO! NO! OHOMYGOOMGEEZOH NO MY GOD!

YOU WERE REALLY GREAT! HAVE A CIGARETTE AND COME BACK ANYTIME!

DISAPPOINTED AGAIN, VIRGIL WALKS OUT INTO A SNOWFALL...

WHEN...

PSSST, BUDDY! \$49.95?

I WANTED TO AVOID THIS, BUT...

OKAY!

I'M REALLY A POLICEMAN! YOU HAVE SIXTY MINUTES TO LEAVE THE SEEDY SIDE OF TOWN!

LATER

MAYBE MASTERS AND JOHNSON ARE LOOKING FOR NEW VOLUN...

OOOPS! EXCUSE ME!

MY FAULT ENTIRELY! MY NAME IS CINDY! I'M A GOOD, CLEAN, SENSITIVE GIRL WHO WOULD MAKE A GOOD WIFE AND MOTHER! I HAVE A B.A. IN ROMANTIC LANGUAGES AND I'M LOOKING FOR A HUSBAND!

WADNA GET MARRIED?

AND DON'T COME BACK!

CHAPTER THREE: MIDDLE AGE!

VIRGIL IS NOW EARNING \$35,000 A YEAR AS VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF BEAN CALCULATIONS!

HE HAS A HOUSE IN A FANCY SUBURB AND SIX KIDS!

AND THEN THE CESSPOOL EXPLODED

HI DAD! VVVVVV

WHAT'D YOU BUY?

THAT NIGHT

NOT NOW! I HAVE A HEADACHE!

A NEW KIND OF HEADACHE POWDER WITH 6 ACTIVE INGREDIENTS

TRY THIS! ON TV THEY SAY IT

TV GIVES ME A HEADACHE!

TWO YEARS LATER

THAT'S 872 HEADACHES IN A ROW! SHOULDN'T YOU SEE A DOCTOR?

DOCTORS GIVE ME A HEADACHE!

I'VE NEVER HAD A DRINK BEFORE! IT'S TASTY!

HAVE ANOTHER AND TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE BEAN BUSINESS!

AT THE JOB

VIRG, IS SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU? YOU MISCALCULATED THE BEAN/SYRUP RATIO AGAIN AND J.B. HIMSELF NOTICED!

I GUESS I AM A LITTLE TENSE LATELY!

THEN STOP OFF WITH ME ON THE WAY HOME!

NO BUTS! APRÈS VOUS!

A BAR? BUT...

VIRG, THIS IS MELISSA! MEL, MY BUDDY HERE IS A LITTLE TENSE!

POOR PUSSYCAT!

AND THEN I SAID TO HIM, "MAYBE YOU CAN SKIN A LIMA BEAN AUTOMATICALLY, BUT I CAN'T JUST FIRE 200 PEOPLE LIKE THAT!"

GOOD FOR YOU!

YOU KNOW, YOU REMIND ME OF MY NINTH EX-HUSBAND! HE WAS VERY SEAY!

AW, I'M STARTING TO BALD!

I... I'D BETTER GO NOW! MY WIFE WILL WORRY.

LATER

LOOK, HONEY, I PICKED UP A NEW SEX MANUAL ON THE WAY HOME FROM WORK!

PRINTED MATTER GIVES ME A HEADACHE!

NEXT EVENING

AND HE REALLY WAS WILLING TO VENTILATE THE ENTIRE CHILI SECTION?

MEL, YOU'RE REALLY QUITE A LISTENER!

VIRG, I BETTER GO.

LATER

THE KIDS ARE ASLEEP! WANNA SEE SOME PORNOGRAPHIC HOME MOVIES?

NEXT EVENING

SUPER-8MM GIVES ME A HEADACHE!

NEXT EVENING

AND THEN I THREW THE BEANS AT HIM!

MY TWELFTH EX-HUSBAND WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING!

BUT I REALLY SHOULDN'T COME UP TO YOUR PLACE!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD COMPANY!

MEET FRED, MY THIRTY-SEVENTH HUSBAND!

LATER

IT'SY-POO, WANNA HOLD HANDS?

NEXT EVENING

CAN I WATCH YOU IRON YOUR PANTIES?

NEXT EVENING

YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY WITH THE PLUMBER? BUT CAN'T WE DISCUSS IT?

NOT NOW, I HAVE A HEADACHE!

THAT'S JUST WHAT MY TWENTIETH EX-HUSBAND ONCE SAID!

NOW BEAT IT, BUDDY, BEFORE I CREAM YOU ONE GOOD!

NOT NOW! I HAVE A HEADACHE!

NOT NOW! I HAVE A HEADACHE!

CHAPTER FOUR: RETIREMENT!

IT IS WRITTEN: "AN IDLE MIND IS THE DEVIL'S PLAYTHING," AND NO ONE KNOWS THIS BETTER THAN THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN PENSIONED OFF!

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, AFTER A LIFETIME OF SEXUAL FRUSTRATION, VIRGIL'S MIND FINALLY SNAPS!

GAA

HE BECOMES A DIRTY OLD MAN WAUDDERING THE CITY IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT

COUGH! WHERE?

HE STANDS OUTSIDE THE RAILROAD STATION AND WATCHES PRETTY GIRLS GET IN AND OUT OF TAXICABS!

SNORT! COUGH!

AHHHH!

HE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF "GOLDEN AGE" DISCOUNTS TO X-RATED MOVIES!

HOW PLEASANT? NOT NEAR QUOTE

HE RUBS AGAINST WOMEN IN CROWDED ELEVATORS!

GROWING MORE DESPERATE, HE PINCHES WOMEN ON THE BEHIND WHILE PRETENDING TO TIE HIS SHOELACE!

FINALLY, EVEN THESE DEGRADATIONS CAN SATISFY HIM NO LONGER! HE CRAVES MORE!

GRRR

HE EXPOSES HIMSELF ON THE SUBWAY!

GOD, THAT WAS GOOD!

NOW A HARD-CORE "FLASH" ADDICT, HE DOES IT AGAIN AND AGAIN!

I THINK I'LL TRY A BIG BLONDE TODAY!

IN A VARIATION, HE TRIES "MOONING" OUT A SKYSCRAPER WINDOW!

HE ACHIEVES WIDE NOTORIETY!

THE PRICE OF EYESHADES IN THE CITY TRIPLES AS GOOD WOMEN RUSH TO BUY THEM!

BUT EVEN THIS ISN'T ENOUGH FOR POOR VIRGIL!

HMMM...

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, VIRGIL SNEAKS ABOARD THE PARADE'S TALLEST FLOAT!

THE NEXT DAY, MILLIONS TURN OUT TO SEE THE BIG PARADE!

IS IT MY IMAGINATION, HARRY, OR DO THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN SEEM TO BE PAINTING IN THE PATH BEHIND US?

MUST BE THE HEAT!

FINALLY THE F.B.I. RUSHES IN!

... AND ANYTHING YOU DON'T SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU ALSO!

VIRGIL IS TOSSED INTO THE NOTORIOUS "PERQUEST ISLAND" PRISON WITHOUT BAIL!

HE IS CONVICTED BY A JURY OF TWELVE HOUSEWIVES!

THE JUDGE REMANDS HIM TO A CRUEL FATE!

GUILTY... AND NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT EITHER!

I SENTENCE YOU TO FIVE YEARS OF ATTENDING SENIOR CITIZEN "MAKE A FRIEND" LUNCHEONS!

GAAA...

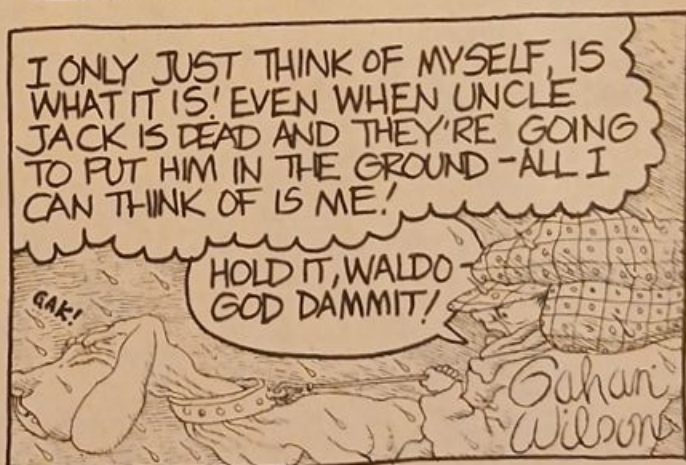
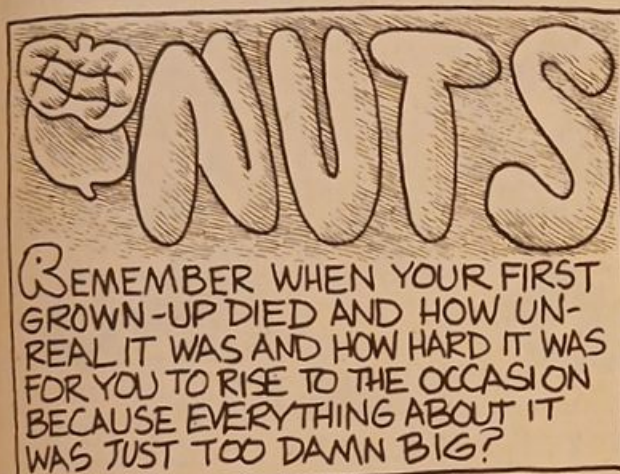
WANNA SEE A 3-D HOLOGRAM OF MY GRAND-CHILDREN?

WANNA HEAR A STEREO CASSETTE RECORDING OF MY GRAND-CHILDREN?

WANNA SEE A SET OF PLASTIC MODELS OF MY GRAND-CHILDREN?

WANNA SEE LIFESIZE WAX MODELS OF MINE?

WANNA SEE FORTY-FOOT WEATHER BALLOONS SHAPED LIKE MY GRAND-CHILDREN?



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IDYL



MULE'S DINER stan mack

MULE, YOU LOOK AT ME NOW, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW I ONCE HAD IT MADE.



HE GOT REAL EXCITED. IT WAS AWFUL.



WELL, SOMEHOW A DUDE NAMED JONES CAUGHT THE ACT AND DECIDED TO MOVE IN.



HERMAN SMELLS BURNING FLESH, SPOTS JONES'S NOSE AND IS OVERCOME WITH PASSION.



I HAD MONEY AND SPENT IT - THREW IT AWAY.



AFTER AWHILE HE'D HAVE HAD ENOUGH AND HE'D PAY ME \$100.



HE WAS CRAZY CLEVER. FIRST HE BOUGHT RED WINE, PEPPERCORNS, BAY LEAF, CLOVES, ONIONS, AND ROSEMARY.



BY THE TIME I ARRIVE, HERMAN'S MADE A NEW DEAL - EVEN UPPED THE PRICE.



THERE WAS THIS RICH OLD GUY - HERMAN - HAD A THING FOR NOSES. I WORKED A DEAL WITH HIM.



I'D RACE OUT AND SPEND THE DAY SPENDING AND FORGETTING.



LATER, HE MIXES ALL THIS STUFF TOGETHER, SLICES INTO HIS NOSE, POURS THE MIX INTO THE CUTS, AND CHILLS OVERNIGHT.



JONES WAS IN AND I WAS OUT. CREDITORS CLOSED IN, FRIENDS LEFT, COULDN'T FIND A JOB. I NEVER GOT ANOTHER BREAK.



EVERY MORNING AT 6:00 AM, I'D SNEAK INTO HIS PLACE AND SIT QUIET WHILE HE MAKES OUT WITH MY NOSE.



WHAT A GREAT TIME! I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT TOMORROW.



NEXT MORNING AT 5:00 HE SNEAKED INTO HERMAN'S KITCHEN AND STUCK HIS NOSE ON A HOT GRILL.



HOW CAN YOU FIGURE IT, MULE? A GUY CRAZY ENOUGH TO MARINATE HIS OWN NOSE.



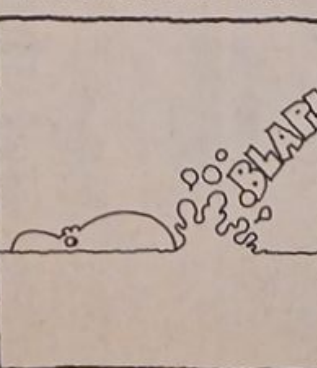
**FAMOUS
COMIC
ARTISTS
SCHOOL**
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 5

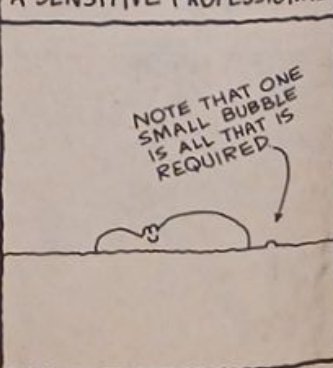
HIPPOPOT-AMUS FARTS

AN OVERSTATED HIPPOPOTAMUS FART CAN TURN OFF THE SENSITIVE READER. "WHO NEEDS THIS SHIT?!", HE OR SHE MAY SAY.

OVERSTATED, MUD-SPLATTERING HIPPOPOTAMUS FART



DELICATE HIPPO FART, TASTEFULLY DRAWN BY A SENSITIVE PROFESSIONAL



NOTE THAT ONE SMALL BUBBLE IS ALL THAT IS REQUIRED

the AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS

HEY, ALEX, LISTEN: CAPTAIN MENSHEVIK'S CARNIVAL IS COMING TO TOWN THURSDAY...

FORGET IT! WE'RE NOT JOINING ANY CARNIVAL FREAK SHOW!

NO, NO, ONE OF THEIR ATTRACTIONS IS THE TROTSKY SISTERS, SIAMESE TWINS!

LET'S SEE THAT!

GEORGIE BOY, ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

I THINK SO, ALEX.

THURSDAY, THE BIG DAY! CAPTAIN MENSHEVIK'S CARNIVAL IS IN TOWN! (PLOT THICKENS)

GEORGE, TALKING TO THAT DWARF, THAT'S THEM!

NICE, VERRRRY NICE! WHAT A CUTE LITTLE ASS. HEY GEORGE, YOURS LOOKS THE INTELLECTUAL TYPE - YOU KNOW, BOOKS, POETRY, OPERA - ALL THAT HIGH-CLASS STUFF...

HEY, BUDDY, WHERE CAN WE FIND THE TROTSKY SISTERS?

THEY ARE, I MEAN DEY IS OVAH IN DE BLUE TRAILER, BOSS.

OH, MY...

CARNIVAL

079

MINE LOOKS INTELLECTUAL? YOU'VE DECIDED WHICH ONE I'LL GET?

I'M YOUR OLDER BROTHER, GEORGE.

YEAH, BY FOUR OR FIVE SECONDS. LOOK, YOU WANT THE PRETTY ONE? OKAY! BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET IN HER PANTS!

I WON'T LIE DOWN! I'LL SCREW HER STANDING UP!!

OKAY, MR. PENIS, PICTURE THIS - WHILE YOU FONDLE HER I PICK MY NOSE AND EAT THE SNOTS! THAT'LL GET HER NICE AND HOT! AND I'LL SING, YEAH, I'LL SING "RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET" LOUD AS A BASTARD!

WOW! WILL THE AESOP BROTHERS RESOLVE THIS? AND WILL GEORGE REMEMBER ALL THE WORDS TO "RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET"? CHECK ONE: YES NO

ONE YEAR AFFAIR

JUST 52 WEEKS FROM TODAY, THE CHARACTERS INTRODUCED HERE WILL TERMINATE THEIR RELATIONSHIP... THIS, THEN, IS THE IGNOMINIOUS BEGINNING OF A...

CHAPTER 1... "THE MEETING"

MISS! YOU DROPPED YOUR BOX OF... AH...

THANKS! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ONE OF THESE AS A REWARD?!

PHONE

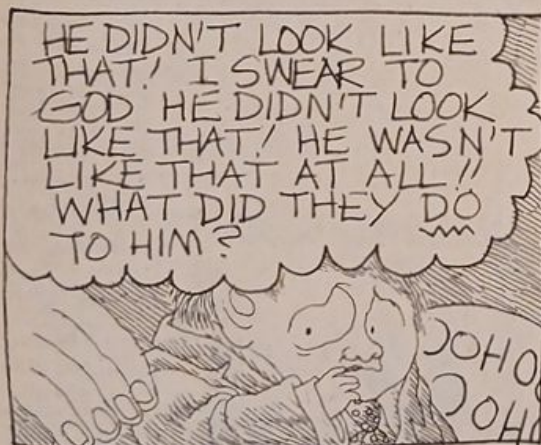
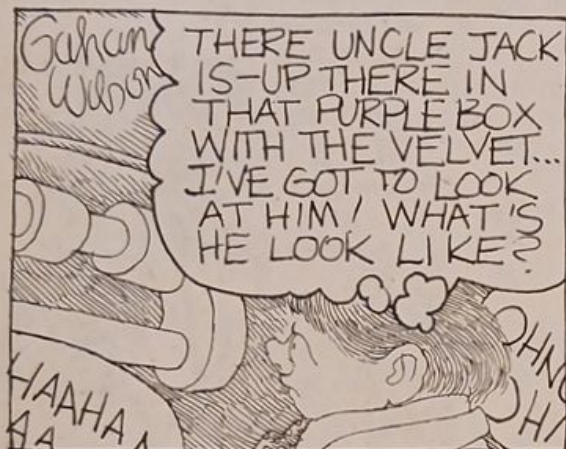
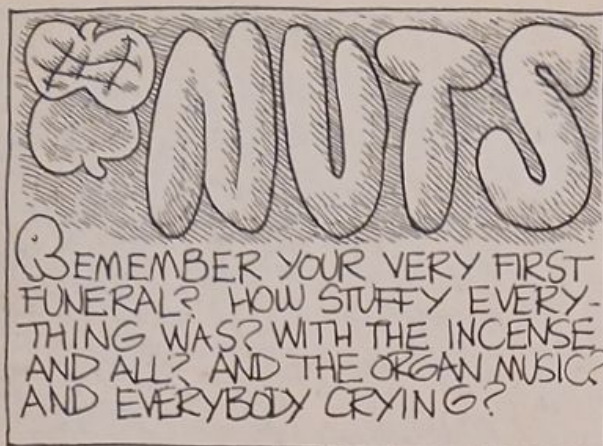
UH...

Price + Rent

UH...

Next: "EVEN BIGGER THINGS"

© B.V.P.



HE, A MAN, AND SHE, A WOMAN... TWO BEINGS IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE, AND WITH ONLY 51 WEEKS LEFT OF THIS, A...



CHAPTER 2: GETTING HER NUMBER



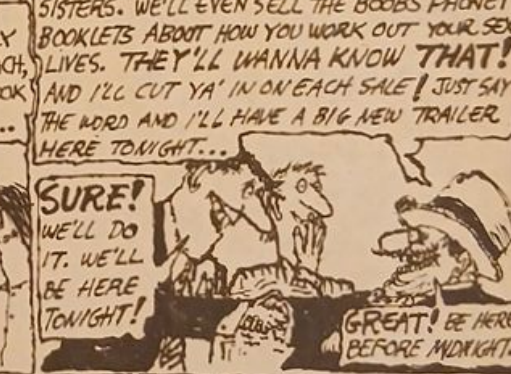
NEXT: GOING DOWN LIKE A BUNNY

THE NAMES: JILL AND STEVE
THE PLOT: ROMANCE
THE SCENE: THEIR THIRD DATE



THE STORY SO FAR:
GEORGE AND ALEX ARE AT CAPT. MENSHEVİK'S CARNIVAL HOPING TO MAKE OUT CARNALLY WITH ANOTHER PAIR OF SIAMESE TWINS, THE KAPLAN SISTERS. ALEX WANTS THE PRETTY ONE AND GEORGE OBJECTS.

Please Read on →



NUTS

REMEMBER HOW THE FIRST FUNERAL YOU HAD TO GO TO WENT ON AND ON, AND THE LONGER IT WENT ON, THE LESS IT SEEMED TO HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

HOW COME THEY DID THAT TO UNCLE JACK - PUT LIPSTICK ON HIM, AND THAT STUFF ON HIS EYEBROWS? AND HE NEVER COMBED HIS HAIR SLICK LIKE THAT!

SNIF

Graham Wilson

AND NOW, FRIENDS, GATHERED HERE IN THE MEMORY OF JACK (ER) WALKER, BELOVED HUSBAND OF (UHM) MARY WALKER AND FATHER OF (EH) SUSAN AND (AH) PHILLIP AND (PAUSE) AND GOOD NEIGHBOR TO THE MANY WHO WILL FIND IT DIFFICULT TO FORGET HIM. BUT WHILE THIS OCCASION WE MUST REJOICE, FOR HIS DEPARTURE FROM THIS LIFE, AND IS EVEN NOW BEING RECEIVED IN HEAVEN. IT IS A GREAT DAY FOR ALL OF US TO REALIZE THAT, EVEN THOUGH HE WILL NOT BE ALONE, BUT WITH US WHO CAME FROM (AH) HINSDALE, I FEEL HE IS NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE, THERE TO AWAIT C

...AND THIS STUFF THE MINISTER'S SAYING IS JUST A LOT OF BULLSHIT, THAT'S ALL - JUST A LOT OF BULLSHIT!

...AND THAT KIND OF MUSIC THEY'RE PLAYING ON THE ORGAN - HE HATED THAT KIND OF MUSIC! IF HE HEARD THAT KIND OF MUSIC HE'D TURN IT RIGHT OFF AND GO TO ANOTHER STATION!

Wow Voon

THIS VERY MOMENT TELLING US NOT TO MOURN HIM, BUT TO REMEMBER HIM. IT'S SAD.

Wow Voon

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 6

THE PEACE SIGN

IF THE COMIC ARTIST IS TO KEEP HIS WORK RELEVANT HE MUST LEARN TO DRAW THE PEACE SIGN OR BE LABELED A RIGHT WING RACIST WAR MONGER HONKY PIG.

RIGHT



WRONG



BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

GLEEK WIZARD

AN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF
RELATIVITY



by VAUGHN BODE ©

TODAY, **TURD**, I GOING TO
DEMONSTRATE THE RELATIVITY OF
TIME. WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO
AWAKE YOUR DIM, MILK-LIKE
PERCEPTION OF TIME AN
ENVIRONMENT.

OMPH!



MY
BALLS.

OF COURSE, AN NOTICE
HOW DA PAIN IS
CHANGING YOUR
PERSPECTIVE ON LIFE...
AN PAYIN YOU BACK FOR
BALLIN' DA ORPHAN GIRL.

OBSERVE, YOU RUNTY BACK-STABBER,
HOW **TIME** HAS CHANGED. HOW
EACH **MOMENT** SEEM LIKE HOURS.
HOW DISTORTED YER REALITY
HAS BECOME... WHAT A **FLOOD**
OF SENSATIONS YOU IS HAVING.

IMAGINE DAT LITTLE CREEP BEATIN'
MY TIME WITH THE ORPHAN CHICK.
I'LL COME BACK IN A HOUR OR SO
AN KICK EM IN THA **BALLS** AGAIN.
JUST TO REINFORCE HIS
LEARNING EXPERIENCE..



The AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS



THE FLOT SO FAR,
GEORGE AND ALEX
VISIT SIAMESE TWIN
GIRLS AT A CARNIVAL.
CAPT. MENSHEVNIK,
THE OWNER, COMES
UP WITH AN EXOTIC
IDEA...

THE BOYS WILL
JOIN THE CARNIVAL
AND BE BILLED AS
HUSBANDS OF THE GIRLS.
HOPING TO MAKE OUT
IN BED, THEY AGREE,
ONLY TO FIND OUT
THAT THE GIRLS ARE
MARRIED.

THEY MULL OVER
THEIR DEJECTION IN
THE GIRLS' TRAILER.
ALL ARE READ ON.

GEORGE, LET'S COOL
IT. WE'LL STICK IT
OUT FOR A WHILE,
WHADDYA SAY?



MIGHT AS WELL.
WE GAVE UP OUR
APARTMENT AT
MRS. RONAN'S...
OKAY, WE'LL SEE.



MORNING

...WAKE UP, GEORGE, THE
TRAILER'S STOPPED. LET'S
GO GET SOME COFFEE...



LOOK, THE PHONEY MARRIAGE
WITH THE GIRLS IS OUT, SO I
GOT ANOTHER ANGLE...



HEY, I BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU
GUYS - WE GOT PROBLEMS! THE
GIRLS HAVE BACKED OUT ON THE DEAL!



I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING
ALL SET FOR THE
FIRST SHOW TONIGHT.



... AND YOU ARE NO DOUBT WONDERING HOW THIS
SENSITIVE GIRL CAN PERFORM SIMPLE BODILY
FUNCTIONS IN THE PRESENCE OF A MAN, EVEN IF
HE IS HER BROTHER. AH, BUT WHAT OF THE MORE
INTIMATE MOMENTS - WHAT OF ROMANCE? I HOPE
I HAVEN'T SHOCKED THE LADIES... LET ME ASSURE
YOU THAT THERE HAVE BEEN MANY SUCH MOMENTS
IN THE LIVES OF EACH. HOW WERE THESE INTIMACIES
PERFORMED? IS IT POSSIBLE FOR BOTH TO PERFORM
SIMULTANEOUSLY? IF SO, DID THEY? THE ANSWERS TO
THESE AND MANY OTHER QUESTIONS, LADIES AND GENTS, ARE
HERE IN PLAIN WORDS WITH REVEALING DIAGRAMS IN THIS
BOOK I HOLD IN MY HAND, AND IT'S YOURS
FOR ONLY TWO DOLLARS...

... AND, MAY I ADD, LADIES AND
GENTS, I RECEIVE NOT ONE PENNY
FROM THE SALE OF THIS BOOK.
EVERY RED CENT GOES INTO THE SPECIAL
'SURGICAL FUND' SO THAT SOMEDAY
LEO AND LANA CAN BE FREED FROM
THIS ACCURSED BOND OF FLESH...



WELL, READERS,
YOU MUST
ADMIT THAT
CAPTAIN
MENSHEVNIK
IS A SLICK
BUGGER!
NEXT MONTH
THE
CARNIVAL
GEEK
(ECHHHH!)
ATTEMPTS
TO RAPE
LANA!
(ALEX)
DON'T MISS IT!

ONE YEAR AFTER
STEVE HAS SURVIVED THE BIKE ACCIDENT AND HAS
DECIDED TO DOUBLE WITH JILL'S ROOMMATE AND
HAROLD...



WHAT AM I GOING
TO DO? I HAVE A HARD
ENOUGH TIME BEING
ENTERTAINING WHEN
I'M HEALTHY!

I'VE GOTTA
CALM DOWN...
BE COOL...



JILL,
I...



HEY, JILL BABY!
WHAT'S SHAKIN'?
STILL HAVE THAT
SILKY HAIR,
I SEE.

MIND IF THE LADY JOINS ME
FOR A FEW MINUTES, FELLA?



MAYBE
IF I START
BLEEDING...

NEXT: MOONLIGHT ROMANCE

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IDYL

ARTS- TOTE

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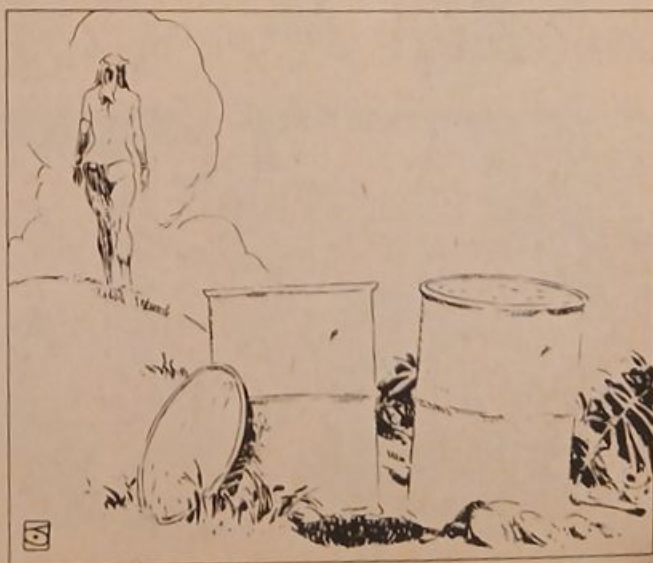
BARRELS!



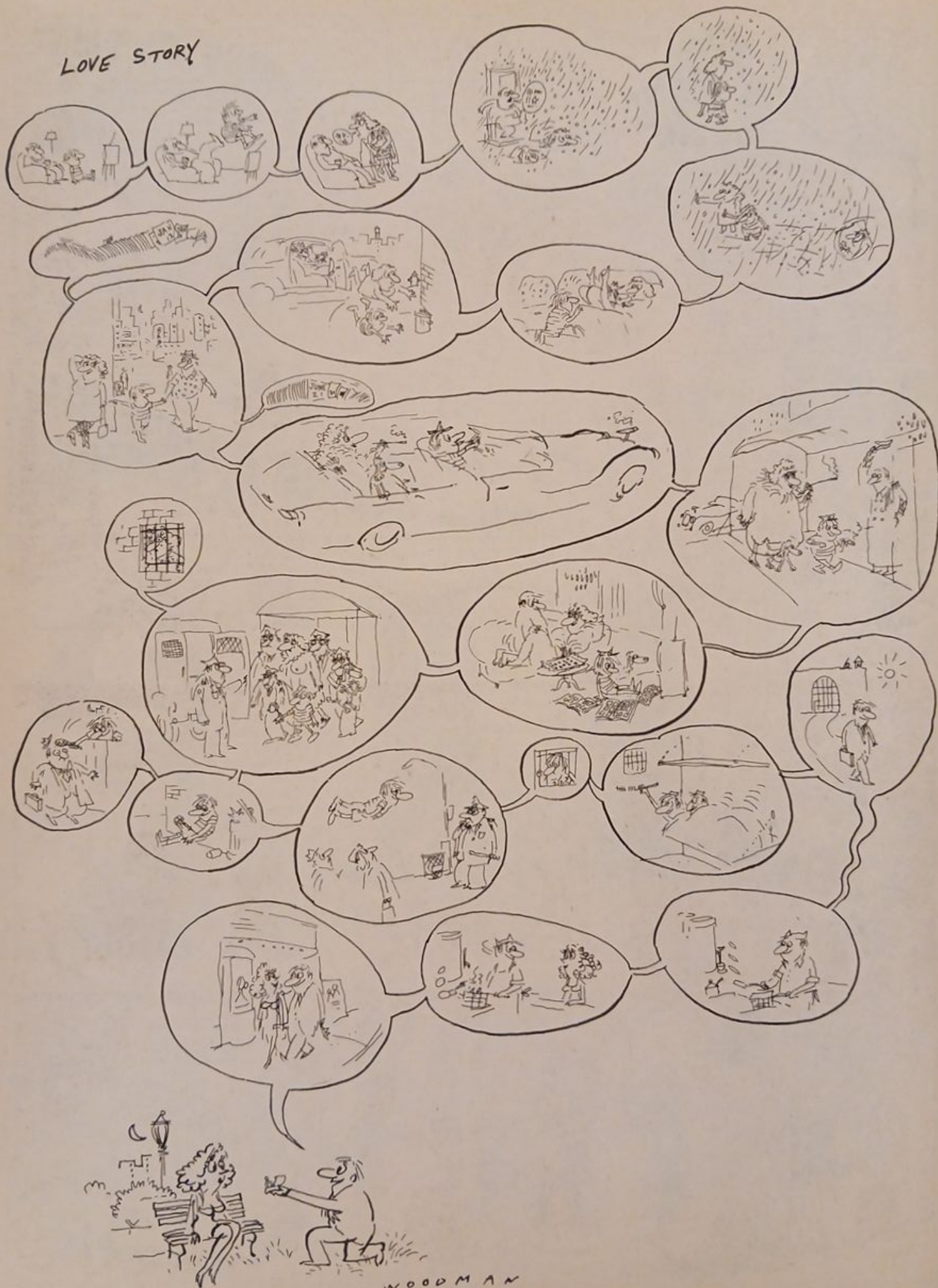
I WONDER
IF THERE'S
ANYTHING
IN THEM.



NOTHING IN
THIS ONE.



LOVE STORY





ANID



BONNIE



Trots and Bonnie



NOTE: WE HAVE ALL HEARD OF THE MUCH-PUBLICIZED "SEXUAL REVOLUTION"! HOWEVER, DEEP INSIDE, DON'T YOU REALLY KNOW IN YOUR HEART OF HEARTS THAT YOUR PARENTS AND TEACHERS AND CLERGYMEN WERE REALLY RIGHT ALL ALONG THAT SEX REALLY IS DIRTY AND DEGRADING, NOT TO MENTION SMELLY? THIS SERIES IS DEDICATED TO GIVING "EQUAL TIME" TO THE ONLY VIEWPOINT THAT CAN SAVE YOUR TARNISHED SOUL....





Russ de la Rocca - Worm Trainer of the Americas



DIFFERENT STORY M.K. BROWN

GIL AND HIS NEW WIFE BETTE (HIS FORMER WIFE, HAVING BEEN STUNG REPEATEDLY WHILE IN GIL'S PRESENCE BY POISONOUS FLYING ANTS, DIVORCED HIM IN 1958) WERE OUT DANCING AND HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES WHEN SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF NOWHERE...



POISONOUS FLYING ANTS! AIMED STRAIGHT AT BETTE! OH NO! GASPS GIL - NOT AGAIN!



BETTE SOON ADJUSTS TO HER NEW ROLE... AT TIMES SEEMS EVEN TO ENJOY IT... BUT FOR GIL IT'S A... "DIFFERENT STORY."



WHAT HO! YOU'VE BEEN TURNED INTO A PIG!



DON'T WORRY, DEAR THINGS COULD BE WORSE.



COINCIDENTAL Juxtaposition COMICS!

by E. Subitzky

GREAT WEATHER! GOOD DAY FOR A PIC-NIC! I'D SAY!

WHY EVEN TO MY VAL-IT'S BEAUTIFUL!



EVEN SOMEONE NORMALLY AS NASTY AS DR. FUC MANCHU WOULD SMILE!

EVEN A COLLORATURA ORDINARILY KNOWN AS A HIGH KING WOULD HIT HIGH A!



WELL THEN! LET'S GRAB THE BULLS BY THE HORNS!

COME ON! WE'LL HIT THE BEACHES TOO!



MAYBE I CAN EVEN BORROW MA'S TURB AT, I ON PRETTY BEACH BLANKET!

WE'LL GO WHERE THERE'S NOTHING TO DIS-MA'S TURB AT, I ON MY BLANKET AND YOU ON YOURS!

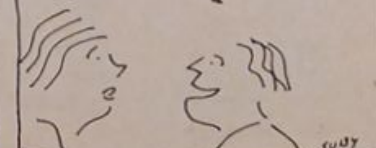


TO A FART! OUT!



IT ALL SOUNDS AS EX-CITING AS CAN BE! WE'LL BUY SOD-AS!

IT WILL BE A TRULY UNUS-UAL AND PLEASANT AFTERNOON! BUT ITS LATE! O MY! WE'D BETTER HURRY!



THE END!

\$NUTS

ONE HANDY THING ABOUT BEING A KID WAS THAT YOU WERE VERY CLOSE TO OTHER KIDS AND YOU COULD UNDERSTAND HOW THEIR MINDS WORKED.

WELL, WE CERTAINLY ARE GLAD YOU WERE FREE TO SIT WITH BABY PHIL, AND I'M SORRY WE HAD TO CALL ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE!

THAT'S OK, MRS. ELLIOTT. RIGHT, MRS.

WE'LL BE BACK FAIRLY EARLY. THERE'S MILK AND COOKIES IN THE ICEBOX. CALL THIS NUMBER IF ANYTHING HAPPENS.

BYE, BYE.

GOODBYE. CLICK

NOT A BAD DEAL. COOKIES ARE OK, AND IT'S NICE TO HAVE AN EVENING WITHOUT GROWN-UPS.

WAAAA!

OH, SHIT!

WAAAA!

WAAAA-AAAAA-AAAAA!

I'VE IGNORED HIM FOR MORE THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES AND HE'S STILL AT IT!



I DON'T KNOW WHY PEOPLE MAKE SUCH A BIG DEAL ABOUT QUIETING BABIES. IT'S A CINC.

DISGUSTED! YES, WE ARE DISGUSTED THAT OUR READERS MIGHT FANTASIZE ABOUT POSSIBLE SEXUAL RELATIONS BETWEEN STEVE AND JILL...

WE WANTED TO SHOW YOU THE STORY OF THEIR ROMANCE REALISTICALLY AND WITH DIGNITY. BUT NO! YOU INSIST ON UNDRESSING OUR CHARACTERS WITH YOUR MINDS, DON'T YOU?

DO WE DESERVE THIS? MUST OUR CHARACTERS "DO IT" EVERY WEEK TO GET YOUR ATTENTION?

WELL, FORGET IT, PEOPLE... THIS AIN'T THAT KINDA STRIP!



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THE AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS



C'MON, ALEX, WE GOTTA DRESS. WE GO ON IN TWENTY MINUTES.

HOW MUCH DOUGH YOU GOT, GEORGE?

OH, ABOUT THREE DOLLARS.

NO, I MEAN ALL TOGETHER, SAVED UP?

ABOUT EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS IN TRAVELERS CHEQUES, WHY?



LET'S QUIT THIS GODDAM CARNIVAL! WE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH - WE'RE FORTY MILES FROM LOS ANGELES, LET'S GO! LET'S GO RIGHT NOW AND SCREW MENSHEVIK GOOD! WHADDYA SAY?

AND THEY LEAVE FOR THE CITY OF ANGELS

OH, MAN, I FEEL LIKE I CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD LEAVIN' THAT BASTARD MENSHEVIK AND HIS CRUDDY CARNIVAL!



I'LL BET HE'S...

MADAME WISHES TO KNOW IF YOU WANT A RIDE TO HOLLYWOOD.



WELL, UH, WE'RE GOIN' TO LOS ANGELES.

I'LL DROP YOU OFF THERE. YOU POOR DEARS, YOU ARE SIAMESE TWINS AREN'T YOU? I CAN EMPATHIZE WITH YOU. I HAVE AN AFFLICTION MYSELF - PLEASE, GET IN...

YOU SAID YOU'RE AFFLICTED WITH SOMETHIN', LADY?

PLEASE, CALL ME AURORA. YES, DAHLING, I AM A NYMPHOMANIAC.



HOLY HYMEN! WHAT OBTAINS?

COULD SHE BE AURORA BOREALIS, THE MOVIE STAR OF THE THIRTIES WHO USED TO STAR WITH CLIVE BROOK, RICARDO CORTES, GUY SPENDING, JOE FENNER, et...???

ONE YEAR AFTER



WHY DO I SEE HIM?

I'M NOT VERY ATTRACTED BY HIS LOOKS.

HE'S QUIET WHEN I'M NOT.

HE LIKES FOLK-I LIKE ROCK.

WE DO SHARE SOME OPINIONS...

BUT I PUT MORE EMPHASIS ON MONEY THAN HE DOES.

I LIKE MUSCULAR GUYS.

HE'S NO JOCK.

SO WHY DO I SEE HIM?

FACE IT, KID - YOU'RE HORNY.

SO WHY DO I SEE HIM?



IDYL



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THE AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS



ALEX GEORGE

ALEX AND GEORGE QUIT CARNIVAL LIFE AND HEAD FOR LOS ANGELES. AURORA BOREALIS (MOVIE STAR OF THE THIRTIES) GIVES THEM A LIFT AND TELLS THEM THAT SHE TOO IS HANDICAPPED. A VICTIM OF NYMPHOMANIA!

DAHLINGS, WOULD YOU JOIN ME AT MY HOME FOR AN OMELET?



THAT WOULD BE NICE. YEAH, I'M HUNGRY. I'D LIKE ALSO TO SHOW YOU MY SCRAPBOOK.



HERE WE ARE, DAHLINGS. OKAY, LADY, LET'S SEE YOUR SCRAPBOOK.

COME, DAHLINGS, MY SCRAPBOOK IS UPSTAIRS.

WHAT ABOUT THAT OMELET?

LATER, MY SWEET.

HEY, LADY, WE HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE THIS MORNING.

TEDIUM, TEDIUM.



SIR, IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU OBLIGE MADAME.

SHE WILL SLASH HER WRISTS OTHERWISE!



IN AURORA'S BOUDOIR



DAHLINGS, BEFORE WE LOOK AT MY SCRAPBOOK WOULDN'T YOU BOTH LIKE TO MAKE LOVE TO A REAL LIVE MOVIE STAR?

MINUTES LATER



HEY, CHAUFFEUR! CALL A DOCTOR! SHE COULDN'T HAVE BOTH OF US AT THE SAME TIME SO SHE SLASHED HER WRISTS!

rodriquez

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

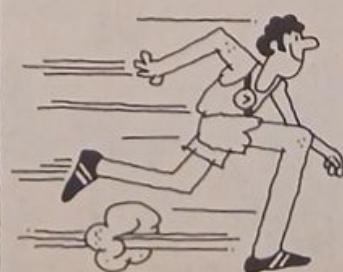
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON #7

SPEED LINES

THE CORRECT USE OF SPEED LINES GIVES ACTION TO ANY DRAWING. THE COMIC ARTIST WHO FAILS TO PERFECT THIS IMPORTANT ASPECT OF HIS CRAFT MAY EVENTUALLY FIND HIMSELF UP SHIT CREEK.

RIGHT



WRONG



MULE'S DINER

stan mack

SEEMS LIKE OLD DOBBS SPENDS A LOT OF TIME IN YOUR MEN'S ROOM, MULE.

HE DOES - LISTEN TO THIS STORY.



WHEN DOBBS WAS A KID, HE WENT TO WORK FOR ACME BOLT, IN ACCOUNTING.



IT WAS A PRETTY BORING JOB. THE EMPLOYEES WOULD USE ALL KINDS OF EXCUSES TO BUG OUT.



DOBBS WAS QUIET AND A FAST WORKER, AND NO ONE NOTICED WHEN HE BEGAN HITTING THE MEN'S ROOM FOUR TIMES A DAY.



AS THE YEARS WENT BY, HE DEVELOPED ROUTINES - AN HOUR WITH THE PAPER IN THE MORNING...



...URINAL, HAIRCOMBING, AND SOCIALIZING; SOMETIMES HE WOULD TAKE WORK IN.



WHEN HE WAS FORTY, THERE WAS A MANAGEMENT CHANGE, AND DOBBS WAS TO BE TRANSFERRED TO SOME OTHER FLOOR.



HE WAS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER HIS OWN TRANSFER PAPERS. BUT THAT DAY DOBBS SPENT THE AFTERNOON IN THE MEN'S ROOM.



HE MEANT TO DELIVER THE PAPERS THE NEXT DAY, BUT HE STOPPED IN TO READ THE PAPER FIRST, AND, BEFORE HE KNEW IT, IT WAS 5:00 P.M.



BY THE THIRD DAY, DOBBS REALIZED THAT ANYONE WHO KNEW HIM ASSUMED HE WAS WORKING ELSEWHERE IN THE BUILDING.



ON PAYDAY HE WENT DOWN TO THE CASHIER AND FOUND THAT THE COMPUTER HAD SPAT OUT HIS CHECK AS USUAL.



DOBBS SETTLED INTO A ROUTINE. EVERY DAY HE COMMUTED FROM NEW JERSEY TO THE EIGHTH FLOOR MEN'S ROOM AT ACME BOLT.



DOBBS KEPT TO HIMSELF, AND THERE WAS NO ONE TO CARE OR SUSPECT.



IT WASN'T BORING. THERE WERE PEOPLE TO CHAT WITH AND DAILY PAPERS TO READ.



HE HAD BOWEL MOVEMENTS FOUR TIMES A DAY, URINATED TEN TIMES, WASHED HANDS AND COMBED HAIR CONSTANTLY.



THE FEW PEOPLE WHO RECOGNIZED DOBBS THOUGHT OF HIM AS A FAITHFUL, PULL EMPLOYEE.



WHEN HE WAS SIXTY-THREE, DOBBS FOUND A NOTE ATTACHED TO HIS CHECK. IT ASKED HIM TO REPORT TO A VICE-PRESIDENT'S



...OFFICE, WHERE HE WAS GIVEN A RETIREMENT WATCH AND CONGRATULATED ON THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OF FAITHFUL SERVICE.



AND NOW HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS DAY IN MY MEN'S ROOM. IF YOU'RE GOING IN, WILL YOU BRING HIM THIS CUP?



NUTS

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD TO WAIT FOR SOMETHING YOU REALLY WANTED, MAYBE BECAUSE YOU HAD TO SAVE UP FOR IT, AND HOW YOU WANTED IT MORE AND MORE?

THIS WOLF U-BOAT MODEL THE ONE YOU WANT, KID?

YES, SIR!

IT'S COSTING ME A WHOLE THREE ALLOWANCES, BUT IT'S GONNA BE WORTH IT!

OH, IT'S MINE, AT LAST! AFTER WEEKS! MINE, MINE, MINE! I'VE GOT IT RIGHT HERE IN MY HANDS! I'M GONNA BUILD IT!

GEE, IT SEEMS A LOT LITTLER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE...

YOU'D THINK THEY'D MAKE THESE THINGS SO THEY FIT TOGETHER BETTER! YOU'D THINK THAT THEY COULD AT LEAST DO THAT!

SO LONG, KID!

SO LONG WOLF U-BOAT.

Gahan Wilson

THE STORY OF JILL AND STEVE IN THE THIRD ROMANCE-FILLED MONTH OF THEIR...

ONE YEAR AFFAIR

SO, STEVE, YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND?

YES, MOM.

HARRY, ASK YOUR SON ABOUT HIS GIRLFRIEND.

HOW'S YOUR GIRLFRIEND?

OKAY, DAD.

Reese-Preis

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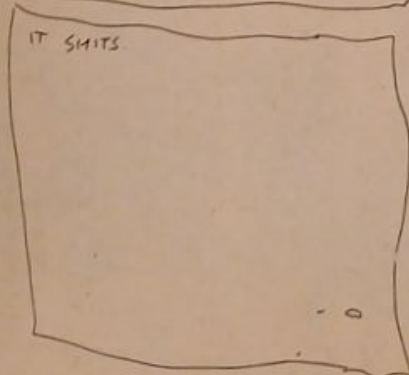
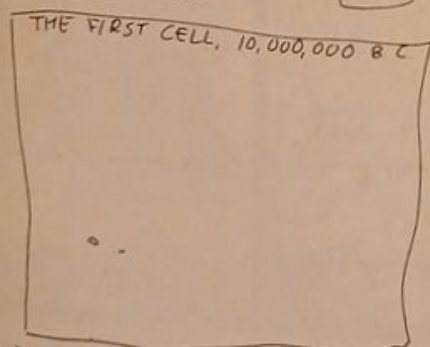
NEXT: BACK TOGETHER AGAIN...

TROTS AND BONNIE



THE BEGINNING OF LIFE

by E. Subitzky



THE END

TROTS and BONNIE



DIRTY DUCK and WEEVIL

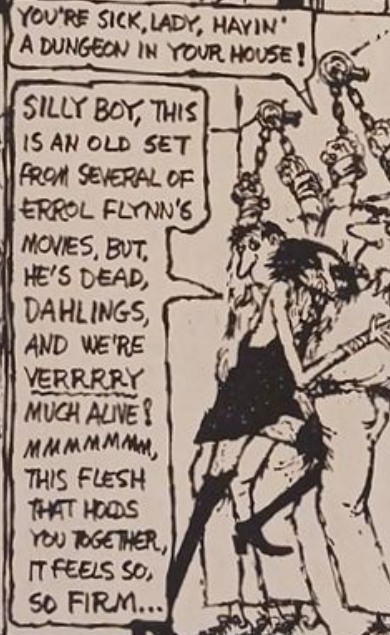


THE AESOP SIAMESE BROS TWINS

THE STORY SO FAR...
AURORA BOREALIS CUTS
HER WAISTS IN FRUSTRATION
WHEN SHE FINDS THAT THE
AESOP BROS. CANNOT PERFORM
'COITUS TU DIC AD
SEMPE THYMUS'.



SOME HOURS LATER



NO MORE PROBLEMS



COUNT-THE-MISTAKES PORNO COMICS! by E. Subitzky

THERE ARE 117 DIFFERENT MISTAKES IN THE COMIC STRIP BELOW!
SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN FIND!



THE END



NEXT: JILL GOES HOME...



IDYL



© JONES 1973



MY, HOW TIME FLIES! JUST THIRTEEN WEEKS AGO, TWO STRANGERS MET, AND ALREADY THINGS ARE GETTING DIFFICULT. JOIN US NOW, AS JILL VISITS HER MOM...



NEXT: DON CORNELIUS, WHERE ARE YOU?

AND NOW...

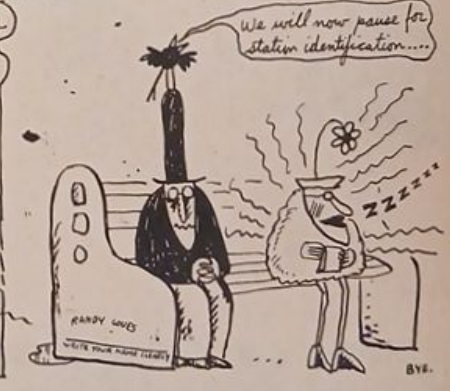
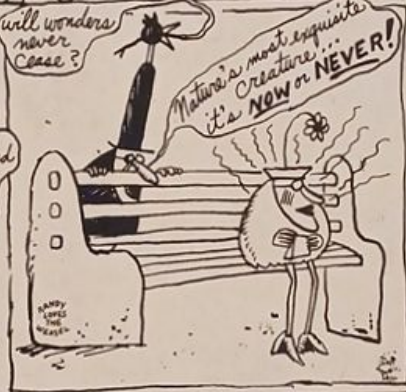
Chicken

THE STRIP THAT ASKS THE QUESTION: TOUGH SHIT!!

GUTZ

I'll be okay in a minnit, fans... had a rough nite out with some of the birds...

THIS STRIP IS FOR RUBEN KRANTZ, GULDENSTERN + DANIELLE RENTON?



HAVING CLARIFIED THE SITUATION ON THE HOME FRONT, JILL RETURNS FOR AN EVENING WITH STEVE...



NEXT: THE HITCH





NEXT: MORE SURPRISES!

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